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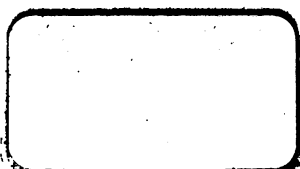
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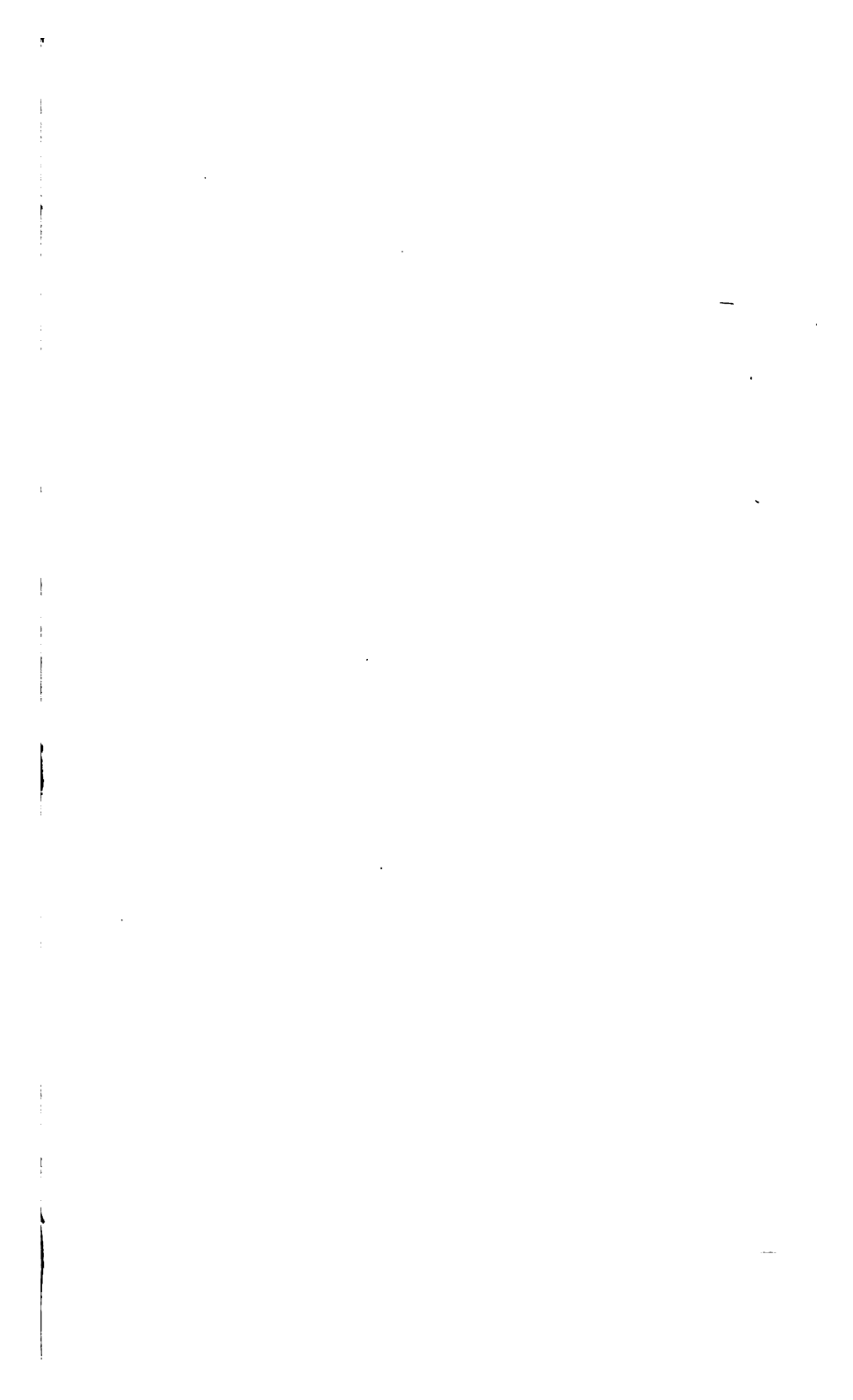
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Sporting Magazine

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR,

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF

THE TURF, THE CHACE,

And every other Diversion

Interesting to the

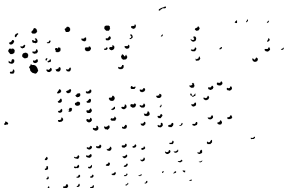
Man of Pleasure, Enterprize & Spirit.

VOL. 22.



London.
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1803.



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THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR APRIL, 1803.

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Embellished with a View of M. A. L'Etang's Repository, in Calcutta.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Description of Mr. Porter's celebrated Picture of the Battle of Lodi, came too late for insertion in the present Number, but will appear in the next.

A Communication accompanying the above, from an Old Correspondent, is in the same predicament; but willing, *nimo subservire*, the subject may be resumed whenever opportunity shall occur.

A List of Latin Signatures, assumed by polemical authors, is deemed obsolete. There are many *bald writers* still in being; but none would adopt the signature of *Calvus*.

The Anecdote of Mental Reservation, has been repeatedly told without the least *reserve*.

The Communication from Stratford-on-Avon may be found under the head of Fox-Hunting.

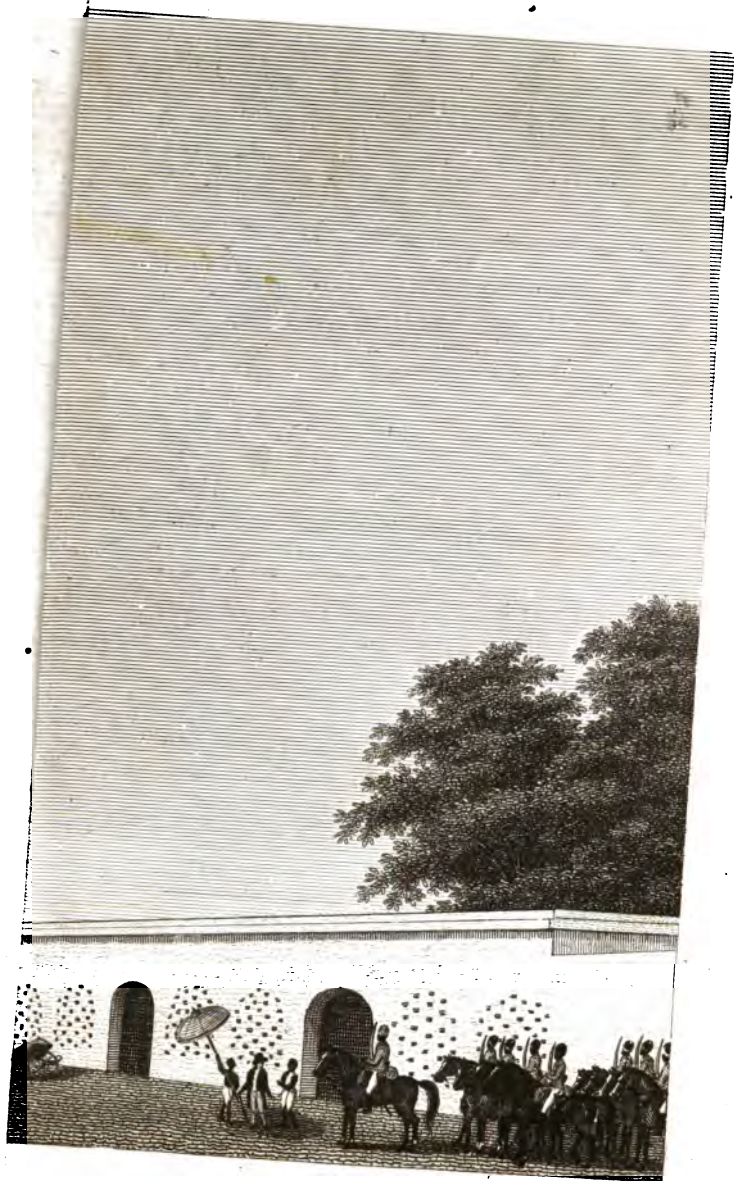
Upon Firing at Marks in our next.

The Account of the Funeral of Thomas Moody, on whom the Ballad in our Poetical Department for this Month was written, appeared in the Sporting Magazine for December, 1796.

DULWICHENSIS, a Correspondent, remarks, that both the Monthly and Sporting Magazines must surely have made an error of the press, in the account of Mr. Brown's horses, given by Mr. Lawrence, where it is strangely expressed, that an old horse was seen dying by inches, "during seven weeks." Doubtless Mr. L. must have written *several* weeks. "In fact," says our Correspondent, "I was a disgusted spectator, among others, of this miserable scene. The horse belonged to Mr. S.; and, instead of thirty, as Mr. L. has stated, I have been lately assured, he was upwards of forty years of age, before Mr. S. turned him off."

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THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR APRIL, 1803.

VIEW

OF

M. A. L'Etang's Repository in Calcutta.

An Engraving to face this Page.

WITH the drawing of Young Patrician, from which an Engraving was given in our 123d Number for December last, we received an Elevation and Ground Plan of M. L'Etang's Repository. The latter we could not use; but the other is here given. The writing under the drawing was—

“View taken the 29th of July, 1801, when the Most Noble Marquis Wellesley, K. P. Governor-General, &c. &c. honoured the Repository with a visit.

“Dedicated to Charles Cockereel, Esq. who, conjointly with Sir Charles Blunt, Bart. projected and liberally encouraged and patronized the undertaking.”

The gentleman who made the original drawings is Mr. Pichon, a resident at Calcutta, and of whose taste and talents we conceive a very high opinion.

It may here be proper to express our gratitude for the loan of the

drawings; and should we be honoured with any future favours in the same way, it shall be our study to do credit to them, by procuring masterly engravings.

A few fine proof impressions of the *Repository*, and of *Patrician*, are reserved for connoisseurs.

MR. RICHARD KNIGHT,

Late Huntsman to Earl Spencer.

Whose Portrait was given in our Magazine for October last.

HAVING been prevented by a combination of unexpected circumstances from performing our promise of an earlier account of this celebrated Huntsman, we avail ourselves of the first possible opportunity to communicate to our friends such traits of superiority in his vocation and excellence in the field, as cannot fail to gratify their wishes. The sporting hero of these memoirs, was humbly descended, and took his first view of the world, at Rode, a small village in the county of Northampton, where, by the industrious endeavours of his

A 2

friends,

friends. he was intended to have displayed his manual abilities in the character of a country cordwainer, or in other words a maker of shoes; nature, however, revolted at the idea, the "soul of Richard" became superior to the grovelling suggestion, and he felt the impressive impulse, that he should find himself more agreeably and more firmly fixed in a seat upon the saddle, than upon the hard stool of repentance, paying his incessant devours to the awl, and the lapstone.

With a mind thus elate and prepared for a more active life, he was admitted into the stables of the late Lord Spencer as a helper, from which happy period he conceived his fortune as a sportsman completely made, and which he afterwards found most amply verified. From this subordinate situation, his steadiness, sobriety; and punctuality soon insured promotion; in a very short time after his introduction, his attachment to the hounds, horses, and sport, rendered his services of so much importance to the establishment, that he made his appearance in the field under the new appointment of a whipper in. The hounds at that time were hunted by a Richard Knight, but not related in any degree to the subject of this essay; and Samuel Dimbleton, now living, was his cotemporary as fellow whipper in.

Mr. Richard Knight, of whom we are now treating, is the son of a William Knight, who was acknowledged a most capital Huntsman of that time, and hunted the fox hounds of the late Robert Andrew, Esq. of Harlston Park in Northamptonshire, who died in 1739; but the hunting establishment was continued by his successor. These hounds, when hunted by William, the father of the present Richard, happening to find a fox in tally ho! covert, near the

famed Naseby Field, William, in his great anxiety to lay close to the hounds, received a blow from the branch of a tree, which instantly deprived him of an eye; this loss, however, in the heat of the chase remained undiscovered, till having ran the fox to ground at Holdenby; the hounds in scratching at the earth, threw some dirt or sand into the other eye, at which moment he perceived he had totally lost the sight of that where the blow from the bow was received.

In the year 1756 these hounds belonging to the present Robert Andrew, Esq. hunted a bag fox, which was turned out near Ravensthorpe, and killed near Towcester, after a long and excellent run. This chase was the first ever rode by the late Lord Spencer, who immediately after purchased a pack of fox hounds; and, as is reported by some, took the said William, the father of Richard, to hunt them; which is, however, a deviation from the true state of the transaction. Upon the death of Knight, the late Earl Spencer's original Huntsman, the powers of the present Richard were called into action; he was appointed to the supreme command; from which lucky hour may be dated the origin of all his future greatness in the field, where, it should seem, nature had intended him to become the most conspicuous. During the number of years he continued in a department of so much sporting importance, no man in such situation could have been entitled to more respect, or held in higher estimation.

His abilities as a Huntsman stood the test of nice investigation, with the most experienced judges, for the long term of between twenty and thirty years, at the close of which it was universally admitted his qualifications were not to be exceeded.

exceeded. Although his weight was constantly increasing—till it nearly reached eighteen stone—he was always a fair and bold rider, being invariably well in with the hounds, and it was admitted, in making his way across a country, particularly upon an emergency, his equal has never been seen. For the most part he possessed or retained the *suaviter in modo*, but at times there was a little austere acidity, which constituted a drawback. This might probably have proceeded from the adulation of some high characters who servilely sought to court his attention in the field; or to the pesterings of those juvenile popinjays, who, with “an infinite deal of nothing,” are always endeavouring to attract the attention of a Huntsman from the sport to some ridiculous frivolities of their own. His voice was remarkably fine, and his language to the hounds melodious and attracting. Under all which excellence, it can create no surprize, that he continued in his situation till a revolution took place in the establishment; when his official functions ceased.

After having unremittingly persevered as Huntsman to the late and present Earl Spencer, for the number of years before mentioned, the hounds, passing under the denomination of the Pichely Pack, were disposed of, with every thing appertaining, to Mr. Warde; under whose management, liberality, and hospitality, they have attained the reputation of being at the present day the most perfect in the kingdom. At the time of transfer, the farther services of Mr. Knight were dispensed with, and he has retired to enjoy himself upon a small farm, near Thrapston, in his native county; where, in high health and spirits, at sixty years of age, he lives universally respected. And should

the hounds once more revert to their former owner, of which there is a rumour and much expectation, there can be no doubt but Mr. Knight's sporting abilities, notwithstanding his advanced time of life, will again be called into action.

MORLAND'S HUNTING PIECES.

WE should have before noticed four large prints on hunting subjects from original paintings by that extraordinary genius Mr. George Morland.—The prints are engraved in mezzotinto by Mr. Bell, in his best manner, the size 20 inches by 26, and form a set of prints that should be seen in the hall or parlour of every true fox hunter in the kingdom. The designs are truly original; and in proof of their value, the paintings were sold after the engravings were published, at Tom's Coffee house, for near two hundred pounds.

ROYAL CHASE.

IT cannot be unobserved by our Sporting friends, what a want of accuracy there generally appears in the diurnal literary vehicles of sporting intelligence; this can only arise from the weakness of the engines affording the information; strangers to the different tracts of country, as well as to the names of rustic mansions and their opulent possessors, the reporters seem to communicate a much greater proportion of fertility than of fact.

Saturday, April 2. His Majesty, attended by his equerries, reached Ascot Heath about ten o'clock, where Lord Sandwich attended in his official capacity, with the stag hounds

hounds ready, and a carted deer in waiting. Immediately after the arrival of his Majesty, the stag was turned out; and, breaking view with Hatchet-lane on the left, the hounds were laid on, and the scent laying well upon the heath, the pack lay so well at him, that he instantly took to the inclosures, and topped all the lofty intervening fences, till reaching the verdant turf of Winkfield Plain, he crossed it at his utmost speed, took the paling of Windsor Great Park, and soon running into a herd of fallow deer constituted a temporary confusion, till after some delay, the hunted deer was singled out, and the original chase renewed. Soon after the hounds were again laid on, he re-leaped the Park Paling near Sand-pit Gate; turning to the left, he ran that part of Cranbourn Chace, till the leading hounds pressing closely upon him, he once more leaped into the Great Park, and making directly for the sheet of water, crossed it below Cumberland Lodge; going entirely round which, with the hounds close at his haunches, he by a most wonderful exertion leaped into the garden, but in leaping out again, had so far exhausted himself, that the hounds running up to him, he was safely secured after a very entertaining chase of two hours, with but very trifling interruption.

On Easter Monday his Majesty, attended by Generals Gwynne and Manners, reached Ascot Heath about the usual time, where full two hundred horsemen, and a great number of carriages filled with beautiful females, were ready to receive him. The morning being exceedingly fine, the feelings of every individual, seemed exhilarated to an equal degree of sympathetic enthusiasm. The deer, upon being liberated amidst the congratulations and exclamations of so numerous an assemblage, made his first point for

Sunning Hill Wells; but, turning suddenly to the left, he topped Mr. Crutchley's Park fence, through his park and wood, still reaching the left of Winkfield Plain, he headed, bore to the left, skirted Warfield, passed Bracknall, and over the heath by South Hill Park, Swinley Lodge, and Tower Hill, where he made a direct double over Bagshot Heath, the leading hounds running breast high and with great speed, so that horses were seen gradually declining wherever the chase had been carried along, in consequence of the great heat, and the breaking away of the hounds, which it was not always in the power of the yeomen prickers to stop; passing Bagshot, West End, and Chobham, he was taken in a small mill stream at Horsell, after an admirable run of near three hours, during which the hounds were observed to tail so much from the excessive heat and thirst, that upon the open heath, the team was sometimes not so little as a mile in length, and of horsemen it was more than double that distance.

The second hunt in Easter week was attended with circumstances of a more variegated complexion, a favourite deer was turned out with similar ceremony, and at the same spot. After a momentary survey of the numerous company, and a view of the open and immense tract before him, he went off in gallant style for Bagshot Park, but reaching the summit of the hills, he made a turn to the right, crossed the outlines of Cæsar's Camp, passed South Hill and through Easthampstead Park, to the very spot where he had been twice before taken when run up. Here great anxiety prevailed lest he should again stop, and the chase be so soon at an end; the despondency though general was however unnecessary, for, upon the hounds getting near him, he went off with

with renovated speed, leaving Bracknall to the right, and taking the inclosures he passed through the whole chain, by Warfield and Winkfield churches, over Winkfield Plain, Cranbourne Woods, St. Leonard's Hill, and into the stream at Clewer Mill. Here the hounds were drawn off for a few minutes. till leaving the water, they were again laid on and the chase renewed. Finding the hounds gaining ground upon him, he made for the water, and in the deepest part crossed the Thames. The great struggle between the emulous and holiday sportsman, was now who should have the credit of being the first through the towns of Windsor and Eaton, to attract the gaze and excite the smiles of the giggling spinsters, each anxious to have a sportsman in her arms. The hounds having got round, were laid upon the scent on the Buckinghamshire side, but the deer declining farther adventure in the open country, soon doubled, and regaining the Thames, took soil in the deepest part near Surly Hall with a brace of the leading hounds so close at his haunches, that they soon seized him, and would have inevitably drowned him, but for the timely assistance of a neighbour in a punt boat, who rescued him from the hounds with his boat-hook, and he was secured without the least injury after a most capital chase, three hours of which was excellent running.

FOX HUNTING.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

THE following remarkable circumstance which happened to Mr. Corbet's fox hounds, may not be unacceptable for your entertaining Magazine, I am, &c.

ON Easter Monday, Mr. Corbet's fox hounds, found a fox at the Lynch Woods, and run him in one hour, to Lord Hertford's Park, where they pressed him so close that he took the great water, and at the same time three colts swam across; as soon as the fox got to shore, he run through a herd of deer every hound viewing him; when, being pressed hard, he leaped through the window into Lady Hertford's beautiful ornamental dairy, close to the house, many of the hounds followed and killed him, to the great satisfaction of a numerous field of sportsmen: the whole scene was beautiful beyond description.

*Stratford-on-Avon,
April 12, 1803.*

THE Hempsted hounds, says a correspondent, beat all the world. A brace of foxes were unkennelled by them on Easter Monday; the hounds divided; three couple went off with the horsemen, the other two couple were left in the wood, and after a few minutes pressing, the fox was forced to fly cover; the former run twenty minutes and was lost. The latter, after half an hour's burst, was killed, to the no small pleasure of the rustics, who only were present, till Mr. A. came up in search of his hounds.

HARRIERS.

AMIDST the frequent and fashionable transfer of hounds, horses, and estates, occasioned by an overwhelming attachment to the turf, or a prepossessing predilection for the "hazard of the die," the pack of Robert Andrew, Esq. of Harlstone Park, in the county of Northampton, mentioned in our memoirs of Mr. Richard Knight,

Knight, have been maintained in the same family for a century past, with the most unsullied, true, old English hospitality, by the present proprietor and his universally respected predecessors. Hounds so long accustomed to the same management, and to the same country, may naturally be concluded equal to any in the kingdom. To the distinguished liberality and sporting energy of the owner, so well known in every part of the surrounding country, may be added the admitted excellence of his hounds, and the wonderful runs they constantly have in their own district, where the hares are known to afford better chases, and to stand longer before hounds, than in almost any other part of the kingdom.

On the 3d of March, with a numerous field of horsemen for the conclusion of the season, a hare was started in the liberty of Holdenbury, and the hounds being near her, when she got up, she was prevented from an attempt at either head or double, having no alternative but to face the open country and break away in fox-like style before the hounds; the scent laying well, and the hounds running breast-high, the chase afforded no chance of shifting or shuffling, but every man who indulged a hope of laying any where within sight, or hearing of the pack, was obliged to take leaps, and fences in stroke of the most dangerous description. The hare having in the first burst and alarm, been pressed from the tract of which she had a perfect knowledge, continued her career in a direct line across the country, to the inexpressible happiness of the boldest riders, while others despondingly declined, and were left in almost every direction behind. The chase was one of the severest ever seen with harriers, the hare having crossed several different

Lordships, with almost unprecedented fortitude, and the most incredible exertions to save her life, which, however, she was unable to effect, falling a victim to the steady and fleet pack, after an uninterrupted run of two hours; to have been present at and gone through which, would have been no disgrace to the first fox-hunter in the universe.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,
TAKING a ride lately, to see an old friend, who resides on the Surry hills, I was informed, that Mr. Stapylton, in that neighbourhood (Croydon bottom) had then, in tackle, the largest yearling bred colt in England, I accompanied my friend to view this famous colt, and found him entirely deserving the character which common fame had given of him. He is in colour a light bay, of vast size, got by Pipator, and engaged in next year's Derby stakes. We may, probably, by and by, be obliged with a portrait of him, in your Magazine, a repository of the likenesses of eminent horses. Mr. Stapylton has already refused SIX HUNDRED GUINEAS for him.
 I am, &c. DITCH IN.

COCKING.

A DOUBLE day's play of sixteen cocks was fought at the Military Arms, Gosport, on Monday, 11th April, 1803, between the gentlemen of Portsmouth, Horwood feeder; and the gentlemen of Gosport, Frood feeder; for five guineas a battle, and fifty pounds the main, which was won by Gosport, four a-head. The knowing ones were taken in, as the odds before going to pit was seven to four and two to one, on Portsmouth.

A BATTLE,

A BATTLE.

*Between Six Men of the Inniskilling Foot,
and a Boy of the Berkshire Militia.*

OUR Correspondent, in an account of a late Tour to the West, referring to the day concerning which he had written, that it had nearly terminated with a dreadful tragedy, says—"A reputable inhabitant of Southampton invited me to take with him a cup of home-brewed, at Mr. Saunders's, the Blue Pig, in East-street. We were blowing our *biscars*, and warmly commending the beverage that gives a brilliant complexion to the cheek of the country lass, that nerves the arm of our peasantry, and stimulates our Britons to battle, when there entered our room six privates of the Inniskilling Foot. They were all clean, well-dressed men, and politely begged pardon for taking their seats at our table, which they had not done had there been room for them in the kitchen. Being not over fastidious, we gave them welcome, and turned to our own business and conversation, while our new neighbours called for plenty of Mr. Saunders's stingo. From small beginnings mighty things aspire,
What then in smoke began, now ends in fire.

What a bewitching devil is too much liquor! It is the key that unlocks the heart of imprudence, and lets out all the secrets of the soul. Whatever traits of folly mingle in our composition, liquor presents them to the judicious observer with all their deformities.

The good ale now began to operate with our Hibernian companions: modest diffidence became wholly banished; when one of our pot-valiant heroes protested, no regiment in the service was so brave as the Inniskillings; that they would

fight all the armies of hell, headed by the great devil himself; and then they began all together to talk of the wonders they had done with the Duke of York, in Flanders, during the last campaign, and what they would do the next, if led on by that brave commander. From boasting, they sunk to a greater folly, masculine salutation! and absolutely would have confounded me with an Irish kiss! but I kept my man at arm's-length, assuring him, that although man-kissing might be thought very polite in his country, in mine it is detestable; that, if a female of his country had offered me such a favour, I should have thought myself highly honoured; but to take it from him, only disgraced me. More liquor was called for; every face became inflamed, and now, becrimsoned like the western sky at a summer-setting sun, their noise and folly soon brought up the landlord. They were requested to keep the peace or quit the house: at length they were forced from it. In their retreat, one of them struck a tight lad of the Berkshire militia, quartered at the Blue Pig. A bloody battle soon ensued: four of these Inniskilling heroes fled, but two stood their ground to engage the Berkshire Boy, who played his part so well, that one of the boasters measured his own length, and could not rise from the ground to account for it; while the other was so dreadfully mauled that the blood flowed from his wounds as from the scuppers of a slaughter-house, and my right hand was covered with the purple *exuvia*. I have heard that revenge is peculiar to base minds—I mean not to be national; but our Inniskilling hero drew his side-arms; and, with an aspect more ferocious than ever fell from the pencil of Fuseli, flew towards the triumphant Berkshire

B

Boy,

Boy, and had certainly sent his bayonet through the heart of the lad, if one, at the hazard of his life, had not forced it from the Inniskilling. An officer was sent for, and the sanguinary brute hurried away to his barracks. A calm instantly succeeded this dreadful storm: we wiped the blood from our clothes, talked over the provocation; and, after commenting on the beastly habits of drunkenness, and the fatal consequences, retired from the scene of action, wishing well to the brave Boy of Berkshire.

J. N.

For the Sporting Magazine.

HONEST PETER,

REMARKABLE CHARACTER.

THE subject of the following lines was reared up in the uniform habits of industrious labour. He was a peaceable, as well as an honest man, and by nature and education was well fitted for those laborious employments through which kings and their subjects are supplied with bread and the essential necessities of life. He was as well adapted by nature for those useful employments, as others are for the just defence of their king and country, when hostile attempts or invasions are in agitation. But honest Peter, meeting heart wounding vexation, where he had a just right and title to expect tenderness and affectionate treatment, in 1795, enlisted, under Colonel Robinson, into the Loyal Suffolk Fencibles. In the month of October last, he returned to his father and mother in a state of deep decline; and, on the 15th instant, March 1803, re-

signed up his existence, in the most tranquil state of mind, well satisfied and much pleased to yield his breath in his own native village, and under the roof of his father's cottage;—a man of unceasing industry—a man of peace and content, and of sound judgment—a man worthy to be held up as an example to all the laborious inhabitants of these kingdoms. And the kind and ready attendance he met with from his aged mother—a woman whose mild and peaceable disposition, and obedient conduct, deserves the highest applause, and would nearly obliterate all remembrance of those who inherit the perverseness similar to that of the invader of poor Peter's serenity—assuaged the pain, weakness, and affliction of Peter, and smoothed his bed of death.

FREEDOM LOST AND REGAINED.

HONEST PETER, to comfort him, took him a wife;
But she prov'd a cross piece, and the plague of his life,
A rib rough and crooked, a thorn in his side,
And he sorely repented the knot he had tied:
He groan'd in his heart, utter'd many a sigh,
Because the drawn noose he could never untie;
But he thought to slip thro' it, if any such thing;
So he 'listed to fight for his country and king:
And he left his cross rib, who never was kind,
To grumble and growl, as she thought fit, behind.
But she, full nor fasting, was never content;
So she pack'd up her alls, and after him went,
But Peter was greatly obliged by death,
Who, in three little months, put a stop to her breath;

Which

Which gave to poor Peter his freedom
and ease;

He could eat, drink, and sleep, and rise
too, as he'd please.

Sweet freedom, delightful! thou soother of
life,

Thou giv'st more content than a vexa-
tious wife.

Ye wives be admonish'd, nor merit the
rod

Of language severe, nor the judgment
of God:

Be mild and engaging, smile, sing, some-
times laugh;

But ne'er wound the soul of your pains-
taking half;

You are bone of his bone, when once
made his bride;

Then don't prove a rankling thorn in his
side;

But engagingly soften the cares of his
life,

And shew that you merit the name of a
wife.

But enough of this preaching, which few
will admire,

But after the sequel, perhaps, will in-
quire.

The favours of fortune do sometimes
flow double,

Giving freedom and easement from sor-
row and trouble;

As Peter experienc'd—for peace was
proclaim'd,

And his liberty Peter then fully at-
tain'd.

He return'd to his friends, with them
gave up life,

And here he is laid, fifty leagues from
his wife;

Since for ever, so far death has fix'd
them asunder,

If they quarrel again, it will be the
world's wonder.

The above is literally true. The
parents, whom I have mention-
ed, are my very near neighbours.
He was buried this evening, March
the 18th.

A. B.

Stambourn, March 18, 1803,

DEAD ALIVE.

*"Raw-head and bloody Bones, Ghosts,
Witches, fearful Sights, Shrieks by
Moon light, horrible Appearances
in the Dark, Scratching Fannies,
rattling of Tea-cups."*

THE following circumstance, in
a credulous and superstitious
age, would have been ranked in
the chronicles of the times as a
supernatural and miraculous oc-
currence; in the present, for it
happened very lately, it had no
other effect, even amongst the ig-
norant, than to excite a temporary
surprise and discussion, and then
pass silently into oblivion. The
present writer records what his
own eyes and ears witnessed.

A London mechanic of some
little property, having, very early
in life, totally exhausted his consti-
tution by irregularities, retired to
the outskirts of the town, with the
view of retrieving his health by
draughts of pure oxygen, not in-
deed exhibited by expensive che-
mical apparatus, in dribblets, but co-
piously inhaled from the common
atmosphere. He entertained, be-
side, the good old notion, that to
strengthen himself, nothing farther
was necessary, than to stuff his
maw with such as are called good
things; and, had success depended
on the quantity of the medicine re-
ceived, no man could have stood a
better chance. The quantity of
calf's foot jelly, soups, rice, oysters,
chocolate, thick milk, and other
good things, diluted with wine and
ale, which, exclusive of his regular
meals, this sick man devoured daily,
would exceed all belief, were they
particularized. The good things,
however, did this patient no other
good, than to confirm his debility,

B 2 and

and hasten his deliverance. They had, however, the effect of acting as a stimulus to one of the most diabolical tempers in nature; and the man, in a fit of raging fury, burst a blood-vessel, and perished amidst torrents of blood gushing from his mouth and ears. The character of the man, and the terrible mode of his death, heightened by the execrations he uttered, had no doubt well prepared the minds of the people of the house for what was to happen. He died in the morning, and was, in the afternoon of the same day, put into a strong elm coffin, which was placed on a large deal table, the lid of the coffin being laid securely on, but a little aperture left for air at the head. About twelve, the next day, a mighty and sudden noise was heard in the room, as if the floor were beat in; and the consternation of the people of the house was extreme. In a half joke, it was said, the alarm could proceed from no other cause, than the devil coming for the soul, if not the body, of the wicked man, and that his holiness meant to take the whole room with him. No one had the courage to mount up to the room where the corpse was deposited, until evening, when the master of the house came home. Unlocking the door, he found the noise had proceeded simply from the coffin lid, massy and heavy as it was, falling on the floor. How such a thing could happen, was matter of curious conjecture. It was so securely laid on, that nothing short of considerable force could move it: the chamber door was locked, and not even a cat could have access to the room. The circumstance can in no possible way be accounted for, than in the supposition that the man was alive when put in the coffin, and that, in consequence of a struggle in the

agonies of death, his convulsive arms heaved up the lid, and violently threw it down on the floor.

As another proof that premature interment may occasionally happen in this country, as well as Spain, where it must most assuredly happen full often—a tailor, in Marybone, some years since apparently died, and his loving wife provided him a very handsome coffin, to the stitching up of which, however, the tailor, somewhat recovered by his nap, demurred, assuring them, *viva voce*, they made more haste than was agreeable. He was nevertheless so well pleased with the vehicle which he had essayed, that he kept it by him several years, and was finally buried in it.

A GHOST SEER.

Broad Sanctuary.

HUNTING OUR ANCESTORS!

O! partial Fortune, what a jilt art thou!
 Fools are thy favourites! 'tis to them
 you spare;
 While modest merit bends the bashful
 brow,
 And feels the pang that's only known
 to care.

A FEW miles to the north-west of Axminster is the seat of Sir John P——, Baronet. The building is very capacious, and exhibits, without and within, great splendour and magnificence. Beside other pictures, here are many excellent portraits, principally of the family; but most of these have been much injured, not by time, but by a more destructive enemy—by folly!

In the year 1780, when their High and Mightinesses the Mops of

of London, were playing their devilish tricks in that great city, Sir John and his merry companions were performing similar atrocities at this divine mansion, fit for gods!

In the great hall of the P——s, have been hanging, for many generations, the portraits of an honourable race of progenitors, pleasantly reminding the curious traveller, by their *costume*, of the various changes of fashion, as she has been pleased to follow, through space, the busy wings of time; and these were ever subjects of a quiet government, till the last possessor thought proper to bring about a revolution, and place legislators, heroes, and magistrates, on a level with the lowest order of things.

The Honourable Baronet, it seems, with his *quondam* friends, being one morning disappointed of the pleasures of the chase, by the insolence of the surly elements, Sir John, and his Nimrodian phalanx, determined to hunt these unoffending shades, with their thongs: then, to work they went; tallyho was the word, and they absolutely continued this kind of *divertissement*, till every sheet of Canvas hung down in strips and tatters, and the once magnificent hall of the P——s presented a scene not unlike the inside of a Chick lane, rag-warehouse.

Thus, in the boiling moments of inebriation, while reason lay fast asleep, folly, in league with riot and wanton dissipation, rent asunder the veil of modest propriety; the profound studies of the great masters insulted; and Rubens and Vandyke no more respected than the post-daubing at the door of a pot-house.

Just as this famous hunt was over, this raging battle of the Bacchanalians, in came Mr. G. Ralph,

the painter, and, with a sorrowful countenance, like a sad herald from the vanquished, obtained permission to dispose of the dead; and, when the conquerors left the field, the limner, and the lady of the mansion, greatly to the credit of her liberal mind, put together these venerable characters, but for whom Sir John had never been in existence, nor this tale recorded, so little to the Baronet's gratification.

N.

FEMALE CRICKET PLAYERS.

A Letter written by the late Duke of Dorset, to a Circle of Ladies, his intimate Friends, describing a Cricket Match played at the Oaks, in Surry, by some of the first Female Characters in the Island; accompanied with a Drawing of the Scene, by his Grace's own Pencil.*

LADIES,

WHILE you are eagerly pursuing the round of court-pleasures, and cutting out new figures for fashion, permit me to add to your entertainments a novelty of no less singularity than those which of late so amply diverted your little society. Divest yourselves, then, for a moment, of too much importance; cast aside your needles, and attend to my essay.

Though the gentlemen have long assumed to themselves the sole prerogative of being cricket-players, yet the ladies have lately given in a specimen, that they know how to handle the ball and the bat with the best of us, and can knock down a wicket even as well as Lord Tankerville himself.

* The drawing is unfortunately lost.

The inclosed drawing, which I thought proper to make for your information, is a true representation of a cricket-match played lately in private between the Countess of Derby and some other ladies of quality and fashion, at the Oaks, in Surry, the rural and enchanting retreat of her ladyship.

I shall not particularize the dress of the ladies on this occasion, as the drawing will fully describe it; nor shall I pass any censures on their usurping a game which custom, that cruel tyrant, has hitherto confined to the opposite sex.

What is human life but a game of cricket? and, if so, why should not the ladies play at it as well as we? Beauty is the bat, and men are the ball which are buffeted about just as the ladies skill directs them. An expert female will long hold the ball in play, and carefully keep it from the wicket; for when the wicket is once knocked down, the game of matrimony begins, and that of love ends.

Methinks I hear some little macaroni youth, some trifling apology for the figure of a man, exclaiming with the greatest vehemence, How can the ladies hurt their delicate hands, and even bring them to blisters, with holding a nasty filthy bat? How can their sweet, delicate fingers, bear the jarrings attending the catching of a dirty ball? Are they not afraid lest the ball should misplace an ivory tooth, or extinguish the fire of an eye which has long been considered as a blazing meteor in the horizon of beauty, and which has brought many a roving, obdurate, and flinty heart, to a true sense of its duty? Are not the soft charms of music, accompanied with the melody of female voice, and the delight of their conversation, more irresistible than all the masculine sports they can usurp? And is there

not reason to believe, that if cricket should become the favourite game of the ladies, they will next learn fencing, and kill half of us in duels?

Mind not, my dear ladies, the impertinent interrogatories of silly coxcombs, or the dreadful apprehensions of demi-men. Let your sex go on, and assert their right to every pursuit that does not debase the mind. Go on, and attach yourselves to the athletic, and, by that, convince your neighbours the French, that you despise their washes, their paint, and their pomatums; and that you are now determined to convince all Europe, how worthy you are of being considered the wives of plain, generous, and native Englishmen.

AN ESSAY

ON THE

MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

IT has been generally believed, that many different kinds of birds annually pass from one country to another, and spend the summer or the winter where it is most agreeable to them; and that even the birds of our own island will seek the most distant southern regions of Africa, when directed by a peculiar instinct to leave their own country. It has long been an opinion pretty generally received, that swallows reside during the winter season in the warm southern regions; and M. Adanson particularly relates his having seen them at Senegal, when they were obliged to leave this country. But, besides the swallow, Mr. Pennant enumerates many other birds which migrate from Britain at different times

times of the year, and are then to be found in other countries; after which they again leave these countries, and return to Britain. The reason of these migrations he supposes to be a defect of food at certain seasons of the year, or the want of a secure asylum from the persecution of man during the time of courtship, incubation, and nutrition. The following is a list of the migrating species:

1. Crows. Of this genus, the hooded crow migrates regularly with the woodcock. It inhabits North Britain the whole year: a few are said annually to breed on Dartmoor, in Devonshire. It breeds also in Sweden and Austria: in some of the Swedish provinces it only shifts its quarters; in others it resides throughout the year. We are at a loss for the summer retreat of those which visit us in such numbers in winter, and quit our country in the spring; and for the reason why a bird, whose food is such that it may be found at all seasons in this country, should leave us.

2. Cuckoo. Disappears early in autumn; the retreat of this and the following bird is quite unknown to us.

3. Wryneck. Is a bird that leaves us in the winter. If its diet be ants alone, as several assert; the cause of its migration is very evident! This bird disappears before winter, and revisits us in the spring, a little earlier than the cuckoo.

4. Hoopoe. Comes to England but by accident: Mr. Pennant once indeed heard of a pair that attempted to make their nest in a meadow at Selborne, Hampshire, but were frightened away by the curiosity of the people. It breeds in Germany.

5. Grouse. The whole tribe, except the quail, lives here all the

year round: that bird either leaves us, or else retires towards the sea-coasts.

6. Pigeons. Some few of the ring-doves breed here; but the multitude that appears in the winter is so disproportioned to what continue here the whole year, as to make it certain that the greatest part quit the country in the spring. It is most probable they go to Sweden to breed, and return from thence in autumn; as Mr. Ekmark informs us they entirely quit that country before winter. Multitudes of the common wild pigeons also make the northern retreat, and visit us in winter; not but numbers breed in the high cliffs in all parts of this island. The turtle also probably leaves us in the winter, at least changes its place, removing to the southern counties.

7. Stare. Breeds here. Possibly several remove to other countries for that purpose, since the produce of those that continue here seems unequal to the clouds of them that appear in winter. It is not unlikely that many migrate into Sweden, where Mr. Berger observes they return in spring.

8. Thrushes. The fieldfare and the redwing breed and pass their summers in Norway and other cold countries; their food is berries, which, abounding in our kingdoms, tempts them here in the winter. These two, and the Royston crow, are the only land-birds that regularly and constantly migrate into England, and do not breed here. The hawfinch and crossbill come here at such uncertain times, as not to deserve the name of birds of passage.

9. Chatterer. The chatterer appears annually about Edinburgh in flocks during winter; and feeds on the berries of the mountain ash. In South Britain it is an accidental visitant.

10. Grosbeaks.

10. Grosbeaks. The grosbeak and crossbill come here but seldom; they breed in Austria. The pine grosbeak probably breeds in the forests in the Highlands of Scotland.

11. Buntings. All the genus inhabits England throughout the year; except the greater brambling, which is forced here from the north in very severe seasons.

12. Finches. All continue in some parts of these kingdoms, except the fiskin, which is an irregular visitant, said to come from Russia. The linnets shift their quarters, breeding in one part of this island, and remove with their young to others. All finches feed on the seeds of plants.

13. Larks, fly-catchers, wag-tails, and warblers. All of these feed on insects and worms; yet only part of them quit these kingdoms; though the reason of migration is the same to all. The nightingale, black-cap, fly-catcher, willow-wren, wheat-ear, and white-throat, leave us before winter, while the small and delicate golden-crested wren braves our severest frosts. The migrants of this genus continue longest in Great Britain in the southern counties, the winter in those parts being later than in those of the north; Mr. Stillingfleet having observed several wheat-ears in the isle of Purbeck on the 18th of November. As these birds are incapable of very distant flights, Spain, or the south of France, is probably their winter-asylum.

14. Swallows and goat-sucker. Every species disappears at the approach of winter.

WATER-FOWL.

Of the vast variety of water-fowl that frequent Great Britain, it is amazing to reflect how few are known to breed here: the cause

that principally urges them to leave this country, seems not to be merely the want of food, but the desire of a secure retreat. Our country is too populous for birds so shy and timid as the bulk of these are: when great part of our island was a mere waste, a tract of woods and fen, doubtless many species of birds, which at this time migrate, remained in security throughout the year. Egrets, a species of heron now scarce known in this island, were in former times in prodigious plenty; and the crane, that has totally forsaken this country, bred familiarly in our marshes: their place of incubation, as well as of all other cloven-footed water-fowl, the heron excepted, being on the ground, and exposed to every one. As rural economy increased in this country, these animals were more and more disturbed; at length, by a series of alarms, they were necessitated to seek, during the summer, some lonely safe habitation.

On the contrary, those that build or lay in the almost inaccessible rocks that impend over the British seas, breed there still in vast numbers, having little to fear from the approach of mankind: the only disturbance they meet with in general being from the desperate attempts of some few to get their eggs.

CLOVEN-FOOTED WATER-FOWL.

15. Herons. The white heron is an uncommon bird, and visits us at uncertain seasons; the common kind and the bittern never leave us.

16. Curlews. The curlew breeds sometimes on our mountains; but, considering the vast flights that appear in winter, it is probable that the greater part retire to other countries: the whimbrel breeds on the Grampian hills,

hills, in the neighbourhood of Invercauld.

17. Snipes. The woodcock breeds in the moist woods of Sweden, and other cold countries. Some snipes breed here, but the greatest part retire elsewhere; as do every other species of this genus.

18. Sandpipers. The lapwing continues here the whole year; the ruff breeds here, but retires in winter; the redshank and sandpiper breed in this country, and reside here. All the others absent themselves during summer.

19. Plovers and oyster-catcher. The long-legged plover and sanderling visit us only in winter: the dottrel appears in spring and in autumn; yet, what is singular, we do not find it breeds in South Britain. The oyster-catcher lives with us the whole year. The Norfolk plover and sea-lark breed in England. The green plover breeds on the mountains of the north of England, and on the Grampian hills.

We must here remark, that every species of the genera of curlews, woodcocks, sandpipers, and plovers, that forsake us in the spring, retire to Sweden, Poland, Prussia, Norway, and Lapland, to breed: as soon as the young can fly, they return to us again, because the frosts, which set in early in those countries, totally deprive them of the means of subsisting; as the dryness and hardness of the ground, in general, during our summer, prevent them from penetrating the earth with their bills, in search of worms, which are the natural food of these birds. Mr. Ekmark speaks thus of the retreat of the whole tribe of cloven-footed water-fowl out of his country, Sweden, at the approach of winter; and Mr. Klein gives much the same account of those of Poland and Prussia.

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20. Rails and gallinules. Every species of these two genera continue with us the whole year; the land-rail excepted, which is not seen here in winter. It likewise continues in Ireland only during the summer months, when they are very numerous. Great numbers appear in Anglesea the latter end of May; it is supposed that they pass over from Ireland, the passage between the two islands being but small. As we have instances of these birds lighting on ships in the channel and the Bay of Biscay, we may conjecture their winter-quarters to be in Spain.

FIN-FOOTED WATER-BIRDS.

21. Phalaropes. Visit us but seldom; their breeding-place is Lapland, and other arctic regions.

22. Grebes. The great-crested grebe, the black-and-white grebe, and the little grebe, breed with us, and never migrate; the others visit us accidentally, and breed in Lapland.

WEB-FOOTED BIRDS.

23. Avoset. Breed near Fossdike, in Lincolnshire; but quit their quarters in winter. They are then shot in different parts of the kingdom, which they visit, not regularly, but accidentally.

24. Auks and guillemots. The great auk or penguin sometimes breeds in St. Kilda. The auk, the guillemot, and puffin, inhabit most of the maritime cliffs of Great Britain, in amazing numbers, during summer. The black guillemot breeds in the Bass Isle, and in St. Kilda, and sometimes in Llandidno rocks. We are at a loss for the breeding place of the other species; neither can we be very certain of the winter residence of any of them, excepting of the lesser guillemot and black-billed auk, which, during

ring winter, visit in vast flocks the Frith of Forth.

25. Divers. These chiefly breed in the lakes of Sweden and Lapland, and in some countries near the pole; but some of the red-throated divers, the northern and the imber, may breed in the north of Scotland and its isles.

26. Terns. Every species breeds here; but leaves us in the winter.

27. Petrels. The fulmar breeds in the isle of St. Kilda, and continues there the whole year except September and part of October: the shearwater visits the Isle of Man in April; breeds there; and, leaving it in August or the beginning of September, disperses over all parts of the Atlantic ocean. The storm-finch is seen at all distances from the land on the same vast watery tract; nor is it ever found near the shore, except by some very rare accident, unless in the breeding season. Mr. Pennant found it on some little rocky isles off the north of Sky. It also breeds in St. Kilda. He also suspects that it nestles on the Blasquet Isles off Kerry, and that it is the gourder of Mr. Smith.

28. Mergansers. This whole genus is mentioned among the birds that fill the Lapland lakes during summer. Mr. Pennant has seen the young of the red-breasted in the north of Scotland: a few of these, and, perhaps, of the gooseanders, may breed there.

29. Ducks. Of the numerous species that form this genus, we know of few that breed here: the swan and goose, the shield-duck, the eider-duck, a few shovelers, garganics, and teal, and a very small portion of the wild-ducks.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE
CANTAB FROM NEWMARKET.

JACK RUBRICK and TOM MERTON
meeting.

Jack Rub.

WHAT, Tom Merton in England? My old friend and schoolfellow! how do you? Your hand, Tom! I did not think you had been in our hemisphere. A commission took you from us in the middle of Westminster college; and how has it disposed of you since, Tom?

Mer. For three years, my dear Jack, I have been stationed at Gibraltar, from whence I have been returned little more than so many months.

Jack Rub. So you have been studying the tactics at the Hercules Pillars, while I have been cudgeling mathematics at Cambridge. How we diverge like rays from the same centre! We walk through life together, indeed; but seem hitherto like parallel lines destined never to meet. But I am heartily glad of this rencontre.

Mer. And I as heartily—But, by your boots and your language, Jack, I should imagine you to be just fresh from the university.

Jack Rub. You have hit it. I am so.—Not immediately though; for I flew off in a tangent, the beginning of last week, to Newmarket. It was the second spring meeting; and I chose to take the sun's altitude on the course every day; make a few observations, during the heats, upon matter and motion, with as many calculations as a lottery-office-keeper on the doctrine of chances.

Mer. What a hard student! But was there good sport?

Jack Rub. Sport! you talk as if you

you were speaking of a common country race. They never think of sport. It is all *business* at Newmarket, man!

Mer. Well, was the business good, then.

Jack Rub. Many thought excellent; but it was quite an inverse *ratio* to me, Tom! Fourscore minus, I promise you. My quarter's allowance, which I had just received at Lady-day—thirty guineas!—gone. Reduced to sell my little horse *Phosphorus* for thirty more! gone. And I was obliged to give a promissory note for twenty more. So that, if you understand algebra but half so well as I do, Tom, you will find, by all the powers of numbers, that I was just eighty guineas a loser.

Mer. Thirty, and thirty, and twenty? fourscore exactly, Jack! I have just so much arithmetic.

Jack Rub. The odds were all hollow in my favour too!—Were you ever at Newmarket?

Mer. Never.

Jack Rub. I'll tell you, then—It was a four-mile heat, on the long course—a match between Harefoot, Piscator, Galloper, and Julia!—At first going off, they kept pretty even together, Galloper and Julia, Piscator and Harefoot, cheek-by-jowl, and formed a kind of parallelogram. When they came to describe a circle on the round course, you might almost as soon have squared the circle, as told which would be the winner. Then away they went, whip and spur, through the Devil's-ditch, like the devil himself! Coming up Choak-jade, Galloper lagged behind. Harefoot, though some thought her touched in the wind, got ahead of the other two; and she before, with Piscator and Julia abreast of each other, formed an equilateral triangle. A thousand pounds to a China-orange on Harefoot—when,

all of a sudden, with a damned eccentric motion, she made an acute angle on the wrong side of the post—Piscator started and stumbled; but, by the bye, I believe his rider played booty—Julia won the stakes, and the knowing-ones were all taken in.

Mer. And poor Jack Rubrick into the bargain.

Jack Rub. Poor, indeed, Tom! I discovered as absolute a *vacuum* in my breeches pockets, as in those of a heathen philosopher. I would fain have been among the red-ribbands and black-legs at *Hell* in the evening, and tried my luck with tossing the *cubes* about; but not a single guinea left to bribe my fortune, or take me off the course. By good luck, Frank Whip of Clare-Hall was there, and, being on a scheme to London, brought me up to town in his curricule.

Mer. And what's your business here, Jack?

Jack Rub. Partly to get a fresh recruit from Old Squaratoes, by getting money for a list I have made out of mathematical books.

Mer. Well, as we have met, let us crack a bottle together.

Jack Rub. With all my heart!—Come along my boy.

SPORTING WITH THE CREDULOUS.

MR. BURROW, the late ingenious traveller in the interior of Southern Africa, relates the circumstance of his meeting with two men, in the district of the Elephant's River, whom, "from their countenances," he says, "I could perceive to be Europeans. They had been long enough in the country to forget their own language, but not to learn that of the Dutch; so that in fact they scarcely had the

means of making themselves intelligible to any one. The one was an Irishman, the other English; and both were probably deserters from the army or navy. The first had taken up the profession of a *Water-wyser*; or, Water-doctor: and had shewn sagacity enough to establish a sort of reputation in the country. By speaking little, looking wise, and frequent application of a double convex lens to the eye, which had an air-bubble in it, he practised with great success on the credulity and ignorance of the Dutch farmers, and had obtained from them, by this and other means, a pair of horses, and several hundred rix-dollars of paper money. Lighting their pipes at the sun by means of his glass, and the persuasion that the air-bubble within it was a drop of water that possessed the sympathetic quality of always turning towards its kindred element, had such an irresistible effect on the rude minds of the African boors, that the Irishman, like a true quack, appreciated his consequence so highly, that he never deigned to pay a visit to any farmer, in order to examine the state of his water, without a previous fee. Observing me laugh at the credulity of the people gaping at his mountebank tricks, he took occasion to speak to me apart, begging, for God's sake, I would not detect the imposture, as he was now in such good practice that he was able to keep an assistant. Surprise ceases at the credulity of men born in the wilds of Africa, on reflecting to what extent credulity has been urged by the impostors of Europe, who have succeeded in living upon the folly of those who have been weak enough to listen to them. Animal magnetism has raised many a quack to a state of grandeur, at the expence of credulity; and the nonsense of the divining rod still has its votaries.

BOXING.

BELCHER AND FIRBY.

NOTWITHSTANDING the pains which were taken on Monday evening by the Magistrates of Suffolk and Cambridge, to prevent Belcher and Firby, alias the young Ruffian, from meeting to fight a pitched battle, it was impracticable to drive them from their purpose, when the winner was allured by promise of a purse of 100 guineas, which had been raised by subscription among the amateurs and sporting gentlemen at Newmarket. Late on Monday evening, after the notice had been given them not to fight, a private meeting was held by the amateurs of boxing, to consider what was best to be done in such a perplexing state; after many propositions had been stated, it was agreed that early on the following morning the two heroes of the fist should repair to the nearest spot of ground in Essex, and where they might fight unmolested, being out of the jurisdiction of those magistrates who signed the notice. Accordingly about six o'clock, on Tuesday morning, April 12, all those in the secret began to stir, and much bustle took place in providing vehicles of conveyance, and horses, to transport the parties to the field of battle.

About seven o'clock, the cavalcade began to move. Belcher proceeded in a post-chaise, between his bottle holder and second, Bill and Joe Ward. The company pursued the London Road, till they came to Bone Bridge, and then turned to the left towards Linton, which place the cavalcade passed through to the great terror of the rustics, who were made to believe the French had taken possession of Newmarket,

Newmarket, and that they were saving themselves by flight.—About half a mile from Linton, and fifteen miles from Newmarket, the company having arrived in the County of Essex, they turned from the road side on to a level piece of ground, and there resolved the contest should be decided. Belcher appeared as cheerful as if he had come to take possession of an estate.—Firby did not seem dismayed, and the amateurs looked for skill and science in boxing in the very greatest perfection. When they called to recollection the many feats performed by Belcher, and that Firby had formerly gained great celebrity by beating the old Ruffian, and several others, it was not doubted but he was the only man of the present day that could cope with the Bristol hero. It was judged expedient to delay no time in setting to, to prevent the possibility of an interruption. There was little difficulty in forming the ring, as there were very few pedestrians present. This being done, the combatants were called forth, and informed that one hundred guineas was the sum collected, and that with regard to the terms on which they fought, they were left to themselves. It was then agreed on between Firby and Belcher that the winner should receive 90 guineas, and the loser 10; and then, without further ceremony, the combatants began to strip, and at a quarter past nine, set to. Great anxiety was expressed in every countenance while each was standing on his guard, waiting his antagonist's blow. After a pause of a few seconds, Firby made a hit at Belcher's head, which he avoided, and returned a blow with his left and right hand, but which made no impression. They closed, and Belcher fell undermost, but no harm done. Two to one was now offered

to be taken that Firby would win, which could not easily be obtained at starting. Thus concluded the first round.

Second Round.—A short but severe round; Belcher hit Firby on the mouth with his left hand, the blood gushed out violently; he followed him up with his right hand, and placing a blow on Firby's right side, he fell. Three to one in favour of Belcher.

Third Round.—Firby made a blow at Belcher's head, which Belcher caught, and returned the blow, which Firby stopped. Belcher hit again at him, which was also well parried. Belcher following him up, fighting half-armed, Firby fell. No harm this round.

Fourth Round.—They both rallied; some hard blows struck on each side. Firby had got a black eye; and, from a blow of the body, vomited a quantity of blood, which fell over Belcher's small clothes. On closing Belcher fell, and, while on his knees, Firby struck him. A cry of *foul! foul!* resounded from all quarters. Belcher appealed to the company, but wished to take no advantage of the circumstance, but to go on. A further interruption here took place, by the arrival of one constable and a parson from Linton, who attempted to stop the further proceeding of the battle; but no respect was paid to the Cloth or legal authority, and the combatants commenced the

Fifth Round.—A great deal of shifting. Firby was afraid to come close, Belcher beckoned to him. Firby then came up and hit, but so slow, that Belcher was able to avoid it by jerking his head, and making a violent blow at Firby's side—he fell. Belcher looked round and smiled; Firby began to exhibit symptoms of distress.

Sixth Round.—This was the most desperate and best fought round;

round; but Belcher's strength seemed to increase, while his opponent's fell off; Belcher smiled and looked round while in the heat of the battle. Firby made several attempts to hit Belcher with great violence, but which Belcher either avoided by stooping his head or stopping; not one of Firby's blows told. Belcher, eagerly watching an opportunity, hit Firby in the stomach with his left hand; at the same time closing with him, gave him a most violent cross buttock.

Seventh Round.—Very hard straight forward fighting on both sides. Firby could not fight in his usual way, but hit round. It was evident he had considerably the worst of it. Odds now ten to one.

Eighth Round.—Firby rallied again, made a hit at Belcher, which was stopt in great style; Firby received another violent blow on his mouth, which cut his lips. He hit Belcher a severe blow in return, but did not draw blood; the odds, however, were reduced to five to one.

Ninth Round.—Firby fought shy, Belcher followed him round the ring, hitting several blows, which were stopped, they closed, and Firby fell under.

Tenth Round.—On setting to, Belcher gave Firby a severe blow over the right eye, and immediately resumed a defensive position, when he smiled, and said, "How do you like that, John?" Firby did his best to make a violent blow at Belcher, but having overreached himself, fell without a blow. Belcher smiled, and pointed at him with his finger.

Eleventh Round.—Belcher followed Firby round the ring, the latter stopping, as well as he could, Belcher's blows, but which was not done effectually. Belcher hit him several severe blows, and knocked

Firby down. Firby's friends interfered, and said he could do no more. Thus ended the contest, after 20 minutes fighting.

During the whole fight Firby never had once a chance of success. He was always considered a first-rate pugilist; but whether it was owing to the fear of Belcher's great name, or to a falling off of his usual style of fighting, it was certainly agreed on all hands that he fell greatly short of what might have been expected. He was much bruised in the body, received two black eyes, and his mouth desperately cut. Belcher had not a blow about him which could be perceived, and seemed quite composed throughout the contest.

In the midst of the battle, a Gentleman offered to bet twenty to one on the fight, which Belcher hearing observed, "you may make it one thousand to one, it is safe enough."

FATAL DUEL.

ON Wednesday, the 6th instant, towards the close of the evening, a fatal duel took place on Primrose-hill, near Chalk Farm, in the road to Hampstead. It was between Colonel Montgomery, of the army, and Captain James Macnamara, of the navy. They were both, about four o'clock on the same day, riding in Hyde Park, and each had a Newfoundland dog following him. The dogs unfortunately quarrelling, the Colonel got off his horse to protect, or separate his dog from the other; at the same time he called out to Captain Macnamara to call off his dog.

As the circumstances of this unfortunate affair, and its consequences, have been pretty accurately

ately detailed from the examination before the Coroner's jury, we here present the evidence as given upon that occasion, in preference to the general accounts that have appeared in the public papers.

CORONER'S INQUEST.

On Friday the 8th instant, at half past 12 o'clock, the body of Colonel Montgomery was removed from Chalk Farm to Mr. Byng's, his brother-in-law's, in St. James's Square. The body was opened, for the purpose of ascertaining whether a pistol-ball was the cause of his death, as the Coroner deemed this necessary to be done previous to the inquest being taken on the body. At seven o'clock, the inquest was taken at the Long-room in Camden-Town, as follows:—

Mr. Heaviside, the surgeon, deposed, that about five o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, Captain Macnamara's nephew called upon him, and stated, that his uncle was unfortunately engaged to fight a duel, and wished him to attend him to the spot where it was expected to take place. On his attending Mr. James Macnamara to his uncle, he found Captain Barry along with him, when they got into a hackney-coach, and proceeded to the ground near Primrose-hill. When they arrived, they found Sir William Keir on the ground, but Colonel Montgomery did not appear for some time afterwards: when he arrived, the distance of twelve paces was fixed. The gentlemen took their stands, and fired nearly together. Colonel Montgomery fell; and not having provided any surgical assistance, the witness offered his service; but on going up to him, the Colonel exclaimed, "I am shot through the heart," and immediately expired. The ball appeared to have entered between

the fourth and fifth ribs. Just at this period, Captain Barry called to the witness to tell him that Captain Macnamara was wounded. Mr. H. therefore went to his assistance, and found that the ball had entered just above the right hip, and had traversed the belly. Both the deceased and Captain M. were taken to Chalk Farm; and shortly after, Captain Barry, Captain M. and himself, returned to town in the hackney-coach. The witness then continued to state what he discovered on opening the body of the deceased, which he had been required to do. The ball, he said, had passed through the lobe of the lungs, and had torn the large vessels in its passage. There was a portion of the ribs on the right side driven into the lungs, and from three quarts to a gallon of blood effused into the chest. On examining the inside of the ribs, on the left side of the chest, he found many of them broken, which made him conclude that the ball had passed through the chest. He took out the ball from under the left shoulder-blade, which must have made its way there between the sixth and seventh ribs.

Lord Burghersh said, on coming out of St. James's Park, next to Hyde Park, on Wednesday afternoon, he saw a number of horsemen, and Colonel Montgomery among them: he rode up to him at that time; he was about twenty yards from the railing next to Hyde Park Gate. On one side of Colonel Montgomery was a gentleman on horseback, whom he believed was Captain Macnamara. The first words he heard, were uttered by Colonel Montgomery, who said, "Well, Sir, and I will repeat what I have said; if your dog attacks mine, I will knock him down." To this Captain Macnamara replied, "Well, Sir, but I conceive the language you hold is arrogant, and not

not to be pardoned." Col. M. said, "This is not a proper place to argue the matter; if you feel yourself injured, and wish for satisfaction, you know where to find me." Captain M. replied, "Not for what has happened; but if you were to insult me, I would take notice of it as soon as any man." Colonel M. said, "No, Sir, I wish to seek no quarrel; but I adhere to what I originally said, if your dog were to attack mine, I would knock him down." Captain M. again repeated, "it was arrogant language, and that he would as soon meet Col. M. as any other man." Col. M. again observed, "he desired no quarrel with him." Captain M. then rode on, but shortly turned round, and repeated, "that he would as soon fight as any man," at the same time shaking a stick at Col. M. which he held in his hand. Col. M. and his friends then rode out of the Park along Piccadilly, and were about fifty yards behind Capt. M. and two gentlemen in company with him. From the conversation that took place, the witness considered the dispute entirely settled; and, under that conviction, Mr. W. Sloane quitted the party. The deceased, with Mr. S. Sloane, and witness, rode down St. James's-Street, and turned into Jermyn-Street. Captain M. pursued his way along Piccadilly. About the middle of Jermyn-Street, the party heard a noise of horses coming along the street. One of the gentlemen on horseback he did not know; the other was Mr. W. Sloane; they were not quite together; the stranger was one of those whom he had seen riding along with Capt. M. When he came to Colonel Montgomery, he told him he wished to speak with him. Col. M. replied, "Certainly." The gentleman pointed to the Colonel to go for-

ward, which he did. Colonel M. then beckoned to Mr. W. Sloane, who had gone on, to come to him; when he came up, Capt. B. and Col. M. were pointing to their watches, after which, the stranger left them, and returned to Captain M. who was at a short distance. Witness then rode up to Col. M. and said, "Is any thing going to happen?" He replied, "No, nothing but an explanation, which is to take place at my lodgings." Witness then went to an hotel in Jermyn-Street, and saw Colonel M. ride past; he nodded to him: was about 20 minutes past five o'clock.

Mr. Stephen Sloane.—I was with my brother, in Hyde Park. Colonel M. came up to my brother, whom he knew. We were retiring towards Piccadilly, from the bridge in the park. The dogs were then behind. Colonel M. looked round; and, upon seeing his dog, which was a young Newfoundland one, engaged fighting with another of the same kind, but larger and stronger, he got off his horse, in order to part them; Colonel M. observing at the same time that he would knock the other dog down if he flew upon his dog. Captain Macnamara then rode up, and said, if Colonel M. knocked his dog down, he must knock him down also. I have forgotten what was exactly Colonel Montgomery's answer; but I think it was, that the Park was too public for the adjustment of a dispute. He then gave Captain M. his name, not his card. Captain Macnamara then, in a violent passion, told his name, and that he was in the Royal Navy. Capt. M. observed, it was arrogant to desire him to call off his dog. Col. M. observed, Capt. M. could not suppose he intended any insult to him, either by what he had said or done; and he concluded by saying, that

that if Captain Macnamara's dog did again commit any violence, he would do what was in his power to defend his own dog. They then passed on together towards Piccadilly, through the gate, and separated after a few paces. Capt. M. and his two friends rode along Piccadilly towards St. James's-Street; and the deceased, in company with my brother, Lord Burghersh, and myself, went the same way. When we got to St. James's-Street, my brother parted from us, and we turned along Jermyn-Street nearly as far as St. James's church. My brother came up to Col. M. and was immediately followed by another person, who desired to speak to Col. M. It was one of Capt. Macnamara's party. The deceased, the gentleman, and my brother, went on a few paces together. Col. M. and the gentleman took out their watches, and then Capt. M.'s friend turned about and rode off towards St. James's-Street. I asked Col. M. the reason of the person coming up? He told me it was in order to appoint a meeting for the explanation of the quarrel. Col. M. then rode off towards St. James's-Square, and then returned and galloped up Jermyn-Street. It was about 20 minutes past five. Colonel Montgomery's conduct throughout was cool and unruffled by any passion, except at the moment when the dog was attacked.

Mr. William Sloane.—When Col. Montgomery's dog was attacked, Col. M. jumped off his horse to rescue him. Col. M. called out to Capt. Macnamara to take off his dog. Capt. M. replied, "Have you the arrogance to say that I am to take away my dog?" I heard the expression of arrogance made use of several times by Capt. M. Lord Burghersh joined us at this time. Col. Montgomery expressed a disincli-

nation to quarrel, but said, "If Capt. Macnamara felt himself hurt, he knew where to find him." Both parties proceeded towards Piccadilly; Capt. M. and his two friends being a little before. I conceived the matter was ended. (The witness then deposed to the same effect as his brother, up to the time they reached St. James's church). A gentleman came up, and desired him to name his time and place. Col. M. said, "Matters of this consequence were better settled as soon as possible." He then appointed in two hours time; and added, that he thought a pistol should be the weapon employed, as it was most used in this country. The deceased wished me to go with him to Lord Paget's, but his Lordship was out of town. He then hinted that I might be his second; but I wished him to consult those who had more experience than myself. He then said, he would go to Mr. Upton's, and desired me to go to Sir William Keir, which I did, and told him all that had happened. Sir William was quite shocked at what had happened. Col. M. came in half an hour afterwards, and asked Sir William to be his second, which he consented to. Col. M. asked if he had got any pistols? He said he had a brace, but they were out of order. I suppose they were the pistols made use of. Colonel Montgomery asked me for the loan of my horse for Sir William to ride to the deceased's house. Sir William inquired whether the deceased or I knew where Capt. Macnamara was to be found. He said it would be necessary to see Captain M. or his friend before any thing so serious as a meeting took place. They then rode away, and I saw no more of them.

Mr. James Macnamara.—I did not know the deceased. I was

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riding

riding on horseback on Wednesday afternoon, about four o'clock, in company with Capt. Barry and Capt. Macnamara. Capt. M. and Col. Montgomery had each a Newfoundland dog following him, which, on meeting each other, began fighting. Col. M. got off his horse in a great passion, and swore he would knock Capt. Macnamara's dog down. Capt. M. called to him, and said, "You will please to recollect it is my dog." Col. M. said, "I do not care if it is your dog, I will knock him down." He repeated this several times. Capt. M. then said, "You shall knock me down first." Col. M. replied, "That shall be as it may happen," at the same time observing, "why don't you get off your horse and take away your dog?" Capt. M. said, he was not accustomed to be spoken to in that way. To which Col. M. replied, that "if he had offended him, he knew where to call upon him," (the deceased had previously given his address). Captain M. said, "I shall do that without asking for your permission." Capt. M. Capt. Barry, and myself, rode out at the gate along Piccadilly, and Colonel Montgomery and his friends followed us at the distance of about fifty yards. Col. M. turned down St. James's-Street, and we went on. Captain Barry, at the instance of Captain Macnamara, went after Colonel Montgomery to request a meeting on account of the words he had spoken, and to give him the choice of the time, place, and weapons. After Captain Barry had overtaken Colonel M. in Jermyn-Street, I saw them pull out their watches. The Colonel then beckoned to a person behind to come up to him, and Captain Barry returned to Captain M. While we observed this, we were near St. James's-Street. Captain Barry on

his return, informed Captain M. that Colonel M. had appointed a meeting in two hours, and that he had chosen pistols. We then parted. I went to Mr. Heaviside, to desire him to attend Captain M. On my return, I met Capt. M. in Piccadilly, and Capt. Barry arrived soon after in a coach, and brought a case of pistols with him. Then Mr. Heaviside, Capt. Barry, and Capt. Macnamara, were driven away to Primrose-hill. I followed them on horseback. When I arrived, Colonel Montgomery was not come; but Sir William Keir was waiting for him. It was near half an hour before he came, in a hackney-coach, with pistols. Capt. M. sent Capt. Barry to know if he would make an apology. I heard Capt. B. inform Capt. M. that he refused. The ground was then measured at twelve long paces. Each took a pistol. Col. M. levelled his first; when both were presented, Colonel M. lowered his, and took another level. They then both fired; and Colonel M. fell. Mr. Heaviside went up to him, and put something on his wound. Capt. M. called to Capt. B. and said he was wounded: he was supported into Chalk Farm. The deceased was likewise carried thither. Capt. M. said to Mr. Heaviside, "Is there any danger?" Mr. H. replied, "No." Capt. M. said, "I do not speak for myself; I mean for Colonel Montgomery, who, I fear, is dreadfully wounded." The seconds then took their horses, and rode off together. In answer to a question put by the Coroner, the witness added, Captain M. was as much agitated at Primrose-hill, as when the quarrel first took place.

A person who called himself Pat, an Irish groom, deposed to the fighting of the dogs in the park, and the dispute in consequence. He

was

was also at Primrose-hill. Being asked who fired first, he said, "There was not the twinkling of an eye difference; but if any, Colonel Montgomery had it."

Colonel Gillespie was called to prove that there was no previous animosity between the parties, as they were strangers to each other before this fatal catastrophe.

The Coroner, in his address to the jury, stated the law to be, that where two persons met to fight, without having had sufficient time to cool upon their quarrel, in the event of the death of one, the crime of murder could not be charged against the other. The present case certainly was of this description; the quarrel having begun at five o'clock, and the duel taken place two hours after. He then expressed his opinion, that the observation of the deceased, "that Captain Macnamara knew where he was to be found," could have no other meaning than a challenge; and he thought this circumstance was favourable to Captain Macnamara.

The jury retired a short time, and at one o'clock in the morning returned a verdict of—*Manslaughter*.

The following brief account has been published, with seeming authority, but whether so or not, we are unable at present to tell:—

"To prevent any misrepresentation, the following is a correct detail of the duel that took place between Colonel Montgomery, and Captain Macnamara of the Navy, taken from the information of a gentleman, who was on the spot:

"On Wednesday evening, these two gallant officers were riding in Hyde-park, each followed by a Newfoundland dog; the dogs attacked each other, which caused an unpleasant altercation; the Colonel was very warm, and remonstrated very haughtily, which was retorted by Capt. M. who told him he was an of-

ficer of the Navy, and unaccustomed to such imperious language: the Colonel's answer was—"Sir, you know where to find me;" and this was loudly repeated and reiterated.

"A rendezvous was the consequence; which took place, by Colonel M.'s appointment, at seven o'clock that evening, on Primrose-hill. An apology was offered on the ground by Captain M.'s friend, which was refused. The ground was measured—twelve very long paces. The Colonel fired first; his shot took place in the lower part of Captain M.'s belly, who returned the fatal fire that deprived Colonel M. of existence."

For the printer's convenience, we must here close this article, with only noticing the following subsequent occurrence, and which will be succeeded by others, that must appear in some other part of our Magazine, either for the present or next month.

On Thursday the 14th Mr. Heaviside, the surgeon, dressed the wound of Captain Macnamara, at Blake's Hotel. As soon as he had dismissed his patient for the day, Townshend, one of the Bow-Street officers, read to him, Mr. H. a warrant from Sir Richard Ford, and arrested him as a principal in the murder of Colonel Montgomery. Such is the language of the law, which regards every one who is present as a principal in a duel, if previously privy to it. Mr. Heaviside attended on the field as Captain Macnamara's surgeon.—He was conveyed to Bow-Street, where he underwent a private examination before Sir Richard Ford.—Several persons who were spectators of the duel were also examined privately, and bound over to appear. After the examination, Mr. Heaviside was fully committed to Newgate for trial, standing charged with aiding and assisting in the murder of Colonel Montgomery. He went to Newgate in

his own carriage, in the care of Townshend, accompanied by Mr. Holloway, his solicitor.

On Friday the 15th, Sir Richard Ford attended at Blake's Hotel, Jermyn-Street, in order that the examination of the different witnesses respecting the duel, taken before him, might be read and sworn to in the presence of Captain Macnamara; which being done, the parties were bound over to give evidence on the trial, and a commitment to Newgate was made out for Captain M. but which remains in the hands of the officer who has him in custody.

Mr. Cline, and three other eminent surgeons, who attend the Captain, declared on oath that he could not at present be removed with safety, on account of an inflammation having taken place, occasioned by a part of the cloaths forced in by the ball remaining in the wound, and which had produced a considerable degree of fever.

Mr. Erskine, and Mr. Knowles were present on the part of Captain Macnamara, but did not think it necessary that any application should be made for his being admitted to bail in this stage of the business, as the Sessions were to commence on the Wednesday following.

LIFE
OF
MAJOR LEESON.

THIS gentleman was for many years a well known character on the turf; he died on the 1st of February in an obscure lodging in the rules of the King's Bench. Those who have only heard of the irregularities of the latter days of the

late Major, might suppose that silence would be the best tribute that could be paid to his memory. This consideration, however, would defeat the principal end of biography—instruction. Patrick Leeson, the subject of this sketch, was born at Nenagh, in the county of Tipperary, in the year 1754. It cannot be said, that fortune smiled deceitful on his birth, for the wealth of his family consisted only of a few cows and horses, and a farm, on which three generations had subsisted with peace and competence.

Patrick's father had received an education beyond that of an husbandman; who was obliged to till the ground with his own hands; but as his sober wishes never strayed beyond the bounds of his own farm, he was at first determined, that his son should tread in his own steps, and that he should not be spoiled by an education beyond his humble views. Patrick, however, was soon distinguished by a quickness of perception, and a promptitude of expression, beyond his years; and in order that these qualities might be improved to a certain extent, he was sent to learn the Latin tongue under the instruction of a relation, who looked upon all science and human excellence to be treasured up in that language, with which he was well acquainted, for he had made it his study from his boyish days up to his grand climacteric. Our young pupil made so rapid a progress in his grammar, that his perceptor and father began to conceive the highest hopes of his talents; and, as they were both very pious men, they thought such a star should shine only in the hemisphere of the church, to use the pedagogical expression.

Patrick, it seems, was not so deeply enamoured with abstinence and prayer,

prayer, for he was already put upon this regimen; he thought that youth might indulge without criminality, in some of those amusements which are peculiar to that season; such as dancing, wrestling, riding, &c. in each of which he excelled, nature having favoured him with a fine person, and a healthy constitution.

He had now nearly accompanied the prince of Roman historians through all his battles, sieges, &c. when a circumstance happened which put a stop to his classical career:—a recruiting party came to Nenagh, the “ear-piercing fife, and the spirit-stirring drum” were not lost in such a buoyant mind; and Patrick protested that he would rather carry a musket as a private, than rule a score of parishes with the nod of a mitre. His grand-uncle, a catholic priest, was consulted on the occasion. The good old man, after some consideration, gave it as his opinion, that his nephew was destined by nature to wear a red coat instead of a black one; and that examples were not wanting in his own family of those that had risen to unenvied honours in the tented field. Patrick’s views were liberally seconded by a Scottish nobleman.

At the age of seventeen, he came to London, as ignorant of the world as if he had just dropped into it. As he had spent, or rather wasted his time, to use his own phrase, in the study of words, he began to study things; for this purpose he was sent to Mr. Alexander’s academy at Hampstead, where in a very short time he laid in a tolerable stock of mathematical knowledge. He was now transplanted, through the munificence of his noble patron, to the celebrated academy of Angers, in France; where he had the double advantage of finishing his military studies, and at the same time of learning the French language, which

he spoke, ever after, with fluency. Whilst at this seminary he fought a duel with Sir W. M——; the courage exerted by these two gentlemen on that occasion, has been always spoken of to the honour of both. He was soon after appointed a lieutenant in a regiment of foot, in which he conducted himself with the propriety of a man who considers the word soldier and gentleman as synonymous terms.

The only act of indiscretion that can be laid to his charge, if it can be called by that name, will find a ready apology in the impetuosity of youthful blood, and the affection he bore to every man in the regiment, which was reciprocal. The serjeant, a sober steady man, was wantonly attacked by a blacksmith, who was the terror of the town. The serjeant defended himself as long as he was able with great spirit, but was obliged, after a hard contest, to yield to his athletic antagonist. This intelligence reached Mr. Leeson’s ears the next morning: without delay he set out in pursuit of the victor, whom he found boasting of the triumph he had gained over the *lobster* as he called the serjeant. The very expression kindled Leeson’s indignation into such a flame, that he aimed a blow at the fellow’s temple, which he warded off, and returned with such force, that Leeson lay for some minutes extended on the ground. Leeson, however, renewed the attack; victory, for a considerable time, seemed to declare on the side of his antagonist; but as soon as the scale turned in favour of the lieutenant, he followed one blow after the other with such rapidity and success, that the son of Vulcan sunk at last, and yielded up the palm, with a copious effusion of blood, the loss of seven or eight teeth, and eyes beat to a jelly. In order to complete the triumph, Leeson placed him in a wheel barrow; and

and in this situation he was wheeled through all the town amidst the acclamations of the populace. Soon after this, Mr. Leeson exchanged his lieutenancy for a cornetcy of dragoons. It may seem a little extraordinary, that a man who had escaped those snares that are strewn in the paths of youth, should fall into them at a time when prudence began to assume her influence over the heart. The gaming table now presented itself in all its seductive charms. He could not resist them; and an almost uninterrupted series of success led him to Newmarket, where his evil genius, in the name of good luck, converted him in a short time into a professed gambler. At one time he had a complete stud at Newmarket; and his famous horse *Butter* carried off all the capital plates for three years and upwards. As Leeson was a man of acute discernment, he was soon initiated into all the mysteries of the turf. He was known to all the black legs, and consulted by them on every critical occasion. Having raised an independent regiment, he was promoted to a Majority. He continued for time to maintain the dignity of his rank, and even expressed a wish to resume that conduct which had endeared him for many years to the good and the brave; but the temptations which gambling held out were too strong to be resisted, and a train of ill luck preyed upon his spirits, soured his temper, and drove him to that last resource of an enfeebled mind—the brandy bottle. As he could not shine in his wonted splendour, he sought the most obscure public houses in the parlious of St. Giles's, where he used to pass whole nights in the company of his countrymen of the lowest, but industrious class, charmed with their songs and native humour. It is needless to point out the result of such a habit of life—

Major Leeson, that was once the soul of whim and gaiety, sunk into a state of stupor and irritability. On some occasions, it is true, he emerged from this state; but it was the emergence of a meteor that vanishes as it expands, and only left those that witnessed it, to lament the fall of a man that once promised to be an ornament to a profession that was dear to him in his last moments. Having contracted a number of debts, he was constantly pursued by the terriers of the law, and alternately imprisoned by his own fears, or confined in the King's Bench.

About three years since he married a Miss Mullett, who shared all his afflictions, and discharged all the duties of an affectionate wife. When sober, his manners were gentle and conciliating; and his conversation on many occasions evinced considerable mental vigour. He was generous and steady in his friendships, but the dupe of flattery; having experienced all those vicissitudes attendant on a life of dissipation. He was sensible of the immediate approach of his dissolution, and talked of death as a friend that would relieve him of a load that was almost insupportable. He expired in the midst of a conversation with a few friends, and waved a gentle adieu with his hands, when he found that his tongue could not perform that office.

LAW CASES.

A HORSE STEALER.

Sussex Spring Assizes, 1803.

HENRY MURRAY, was indicted for stealing a horse, the property of his Majesty. The circumstances

circumstances of this case, as proved by W. Wyatt, a private in the 10th regiment of Light Dragoons, were as follow:—On the evening of the 10th of January the prisoner came into the inn stables at Chichester, where a part of the regiment was quartered, and entered into conversation with Wyatt and another soldier, respecting the goodness of the horses in their regiment. Wyatt vaunted the excellence of his own beast, and pronounced him to be absolutely the best horse in the regiment; but, said the prisoner, “where are your bridles and saddles, I do not see any of them;” he was told that they were in their bed-rooms, and that they only kept a watering bridle in the stable. After some other conversation, he invited Wyatt to go in doors and drink some ale with him, which he did. After they had drank one pot, the prisoner observed to Wyatt that his comrade who was left in the stable, must think it unkind that he was not also invited, and sent W. to ask him to join them. This being done, they all three sat some time; at last the prisoner went out and did not return. They supposed he meant to have cheated the landlord of the score, but the next morning they found that he had taken a fancy to the horse whose merits his rider had so extolled, and by way of completely settling himself up, he had taken with it a pair of pistols. The prisoner rode away to Jelscomb, where he offered the horse to sale for fourteen guineas, to the landlord of a public house. The landlord observed the number 36 cut in the hair of his foot, which led him to say that he must be a dragoon horse. The prisoner readily replied, yes, he was; and that he himself belonged to the 10th regiment of dragoons, which was selling off several of their horses; but, as they fetched a bad price at the hammer, their Major

sent several of the men about the country, with horses to sell to private dealers, as they got the best price that way. The landlord suspected this story, and caused him to be apprehended. As soon as he was taken, he confessed the fact. Verdict—*GUILTY—Death.*

GAMBLING DEBTS.

Sussex Assizes.

THE KING v. DARLEY.

MR. GARROW stated, that this was an indictment against Hill Darley, Esq. in consequence of his having assaulted a Mr. Embden; the cause of that assault arising out of a quarrel about money, won at a game or play called *Over Seven, or Under Seven*. This indictment was founded on a particular statute, which enacts, “That if any person assaulted, or challenged, or insulted another, in consequence of any gambling transaction, or by reason of any quarrel concerning money won at play, the party convicted thereof should be sentenced to imprisonment for two years.” He should prove that Hill Darley, Esq. had violated every one of the enactments of the statute. He had insulted the prosecutor; he had assaulted him; he had challenged him; he had kicked him; he had threatened to break his neck, and was about to throw him out of the window; but the prosecutor very wisely, instead of waiting the completion of the ceremony, retreated down stairs. It was not very easy for him to state the minutiae of the play, for he was so impenetrably stupid, that he never could learn to comprehend any one game of chance. But so it happened, that Mr. Hill Darley had

had lost a sum of money last summer, at Brighton, to Mr. Embden, the prosecutor; but having lost it, he refused to pay it, and insisted the prosecutor should go on playing; and he alleged, that it was impossible he could have lost the money unless he had been cheated. They met, however, the next evening, when the prosecutor insisted on having his money; but, instead of getting it, he received the challenging, kicking, and drubbing, for which this prosecution was instituted.

Mr. Charles Embden said, he was at Brighton in August last; on the 10th, he met Mr. Darley, at the subscription house, and played Hazard with him. He lost some money at this game. They then played at under seven and over seven. He had never played at this game before; but Mr. Darley told him, it was the most fair of all possible games. At first, he lost thirty or forty pounds, at guinea stakes. He then increased his stakes to five pounds, and won upwards of fifty. He called for his money, and declined playing any more. Darley said, he must give him his revenge. After some altercation they agreed to meet the next night, which they did, at the New Ship. The prosecutor agreed to make the fifty a hundred pounds; and that they should throw a hundred stakes at five pounds each. Darley agreed, but would not put down the fifty pounds the prosecutor had won. He told him if he did not pay, he knew the way to make him do it. Darley said, he would know how that was to be done. The other said, he could not make him tell that. Darley said, he would force it out of him, and then he proceeded to assault him.

The assault being also proved by another witness, and no defence made, the defendant was found *GUILTY*.

GAME LAWS.

York Spring Assizes, 1803.

HARKER v. ALLEN.

THIS was an action of Tresspass against the defendant, upon the Game Laws. The case was this—on the 5th of November last, Lady Grantham desired her gamekeeper to collect some hounds, for the purpose of making a day's diversion for her tenants and the villagers around her. The huntsman accordingly did so, and the defendant, Allen, a book-keeper to a waggoner, happened to be one of the happy party, against whom an information was lodged.

Mr. Parke, as leading counsel for the plaintiff, stated to the jury, that the defendant was not only seen hunting in the manor of Lord Grantham, but also in the manor of Lord Wortley; the defendant was neither a qualified man, nor had taken out a certificate; by which he had subjected himself to two penalties—of twenty pounds, and five pounds—for hunting without being qualified, and without a certificate.

James Smith, who keeps a public house in the neighbourhood, proved that the defendant, with some others, came to his house with some hounds; that he afterwards saw them hunting in both Lord Grantham and Lord Wortley's liberty; that the defendant was with them; that they killed two hares, one of which was dressed at his house.

William Terry said, he did not know whose hounds they were; that he saw the defendant with the hounds, both in Lord Grantham and Lord Wortley's liberty, following a hare; that he saw them kill one; that he heard Mr. Lodge, the Attorney, discharge all the people from

from hunting; that Addison, Lady Grantham's gamekeeper, said, "they shall not be discharged; you have no right to do so; I shall protect them."

Mr. Serjeant Cockell, in his address to the Jury, on behalf of the defendant, stated that this action, together with two others upon the same grounds, were brought at the instigation of a Mr. Lodge, an attorney. The learned Serjeant said, that he did not think, there had been an attorney in the county of York, who had been so disgraceful to his profession, as Mr. Lodge appeared to be. In that county, the learned Serjeant said, they were as honourable a body of professional men as were to be found in the kingdom, and he was sorry that Mr. Lodge, by his conduct, had added discredit to that body; that he had created these law-suits against three poor men, not for the purpose of punishing them for having violated the laws of their country, but for the purpose that he, Mr. Lodge, might have a journey to York, and thereby add to his own benefit. The learned Serjeant said, "I trust there is not one of you, gentlemen of the Jury, who can forbear your just indignation at this suit; this is not an action, common under the game laws. A man who is a poacher I consider a fit object of legal punishment; I am no advocate for such men; I am no advocate for licentiousness of any kind, and I am an enemy to tyranny and every impure motive; but I consider this action as founded upon the worst of motives, and one of the most tyrannical in nature. If I know a lord of a manor, whose wealth and situation in life enables him to shed his blessings around him, such a one, I say, has it in his power to add more to the stability of the laws of the country than all our penal statutes; he creates confidence, attach-

ment, and love to the country. By sometimes indulging his tenantry in the innocent sport of hunting, he gives them an opportunity of adding to their strength and spirit: by sometimes being so indulged, they return with double pleasure to their necessary labours. Lady Grantham, wishing to indulge her tenantry, directed her gamekeeper to collect some hounds for that purpose: he did so; but their manly exercise was interrupted by Mr. Lodge." The learned Serjeant said, "it has been told you, that they were hunting in Lord Wortley's manor: it is true; but the hare was started in Lord Grantham's liberty; and will any man say that bounds can be given to a hare?—She ran out of one manor into the other: there was no means of preventing it, but by putting a curb into the hare's mouth, with a cord to it, always in the huntsman's hands. The game laws were enacted for no other purpose than to prevent the destruction of game by poaching or other unfair means; they were not enacted for the punishment of those amusements which gave the blessings of health and exercise." The learned Serjeant said, he trusted there was not a judge, or a magistrate in this country, who would put those penalties in force against a gentleman who sported honourably, but from whose fortune in life he was subject to these penalties; the learned Serjeant repeated, he hoped there was not such a judge or magistrate in this country; but if there were, he would say, the liberties of Englishmen were gone for ever; that a judge or a magistrate so acting, were either sowing the seeds of discontent and disaffection in the country, or chaining us down in the fetters of slavery. What Englishman, he said, would not feel elevated at the uncoupling of a pack of hounds? It was a pleasure which

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Englishmen

Englishmen in particular were fond of; but if an attorney, like Mr. Lodge, is at his pleasure to interfere, as he had done in that sport, then there was at once an end of all its pleasures. Those people went out with the greatest confidence, because they knew they were under the protection of Lady Grantham's game-keeper; and little did any of them suppose that this Mr. Lodge could pursue them to York Assizes, for exercising that pleasure. The learned Serjeant, after giving a humorous description of a Lancashire hunt, called, on behalf of the defendant,

Robert Addison, Lady Grantham's gamekeeper. He proved his deputation and certificate; that on the 7th of November, he got some hounds, and gave public notice of his intention to hunt next day; that the hounds were uncoupled by him, and that they were entirely under his management.

Mr. Parke, in addressing the Jury, stated to them their duty; that they were not to be led astray by the eloquence of any one, particularly by the eloquent address which they had heard from his learned friend, but to that which comes before them. The learned counsel contended, that by following a pack of hounds, the defendant had subjected himself to the penalties which this action was brought to recover.

The learned Judge, in his address to the Jury, said, that an information against a person for using a dog, for the purpose of killing game, was good; but there was no proof of the defendant having used, he merely followed the dogs, and it did not appear in evidence that he had any command over the dogs; there was no evidence that he had hallooed or shouted after the dogs, which, if there had been evidence that he had done, the learned Judge

observed, he rather thought it would have made him liable to the penalties. He expressed his sorrow that this action was brought; he thought it a most infamous one; and, before he let loose an attorney, such as Mr. Lodge, upon the public, he thought it his duty thus to state his conception of the law, and his opinion of this action.

The Jury gave a verdict for the defendant.

COURTS MARTIAL.

First, On Officers of the Eighty-third Regiment.

THE numerous depredations committed by the soldiery in the neighbourhood of Chelmsford Barracks, have been strictly investigated, by order of his Royal Highness the Commander in Chief. The result of this inquiry has been highly exemplary to the service, as will appear by the official document annexed, affording, at the same time, the most effectual protection to civil society, from the licentiousness of military insubordination.

"SIR *Horse Guards, Mar. 18.*

"I am directed by the Commander in Chief to express to you the extreme concern with which his Royal Highness received the representations made by certain magistrates of the county of Essex, of the enormities which have been lately committed in the vicinity of Chelmsford, by the regiment under your command. Though his Royal Highness entertained, in his own mind, little doubt as to the cause to which these disgraceful instances of indiscipline were to be attributed, he avoided giving any opinion on the

the subject, till all the circumstances relative thereto were investigated, and had been reported on by a general officer, on whose judgment, discretion, and impartiality, his Royal Highness could place the most perfect reliance. After these previous steps, his Royal Highness judged it proper to make a detailed report of every circumstance which had come to his knowledge to the King; the result of which I am now to communicate to you by his Royal Highness's command.

"His Majesty is pleased to direct, that it shall be expressed to the 83d regiment, that the conduct of certain individuals of the corps has been such, as has brought disgrace on the regiment; and, both in a civil and military point of view, has incurred his Majesty's highest displeasure. His Majesty particularly laments, that certain officers of the regiment have been most scandalously deficient in that zeal, energy, and activity, in the discharge of their duty, which the circumstances complained of so strongly demanded; and that, instead of co-operating with the commanding officer, and assisting him in his endeavours to curb the licentiousness of the soldiers, they have rather endeavoured to prevent the discovery of the offenders; and, by the remissness of their own conduct, have set an example of indiscipline, which has produced the exact effect which might be expected on the men.

"His Majesty will not allow officers, so destitute of those feelings which a due sense of what they owe to themselves, and a proper regard for the honour of their profession, ought to have inspired, to occupy situations of important command and respectability in his service, while others of approved talents and zeal are removed from the ac-

tive duties of it. On this principle, his Majesty is pleased to direct, that Lieutenant Colonel John Byne Skerrett, and the Captains William Armstrong and Lewis Grant, of the 83d regiment, shall be immediately placed on half-pay.

"The Commander in Chief directs, that you declare at the head of the 83d regiment, which is to be under arms on the occasion, these his Majesty's commands; and you will take that opportunity of impressing the necessity of each individual exerting himself, in order to wipe off the stigma which the misconduct, it is to be hoped, of a few, has brought on the regiment. To the officers it is particularly necessary that you should address yourself; for it is by their endeavours, that the discipline of the regiment must be restored. In their station, each individual must be a benefit or a detriment to the service; and the Commander in Chief desires they may be most solemnly assured, that his Royal Highness considers it as much his indispensable duty, to recommend to his Majesty the removal from his service, of any—whatever their rank may be—who fall under the latter description, as it is his inclination to promote the interests and welfare of those whose conduct is calculated to support the discipline of the regiment, and to entitle them to the favour and protection of their Sovereign.

"It is his Royal Highness's command, that Lieutenant Colonel Skerrett, and the Captains Armstrong and Grant, shall immediately quit the quarters of the 83d regiment.

"I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

HARRY CALVERT,

Adjutant Gen.

"Lt. Gen. J. Balfour, or Officer commanding the 83d Regt."

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GENERAL ORDERS.

A NEW BALLET OF ACTION.

AT THE

ITALIAN OPERA.

"Horse Guards, March 18.

"It is the Commander in Chief's pleasure, that the inclosed copy of a letter to the Colonel of the 83d regiment, shall be read at the head of every regiment in the service, and entered in the regimental orderly books.

"By his Royal Highness's command, HARRY CALVERT.

"Adjutant Gen."

Second, On Officers of the Coldstream Regiment of Foot Guards.

A COURT MARTIAL was lately held upon Captain Maclellan, brother of Lord Kirkcudbright, and Ensign Lloyd, of the Coldstream Guards, in consequence of the following circumstance:—While at mess, in Barracks, a short time since, Capt. M. declining to drink more wine after dinner, was asked by the other the reason?—"To tell you the truth," replied the former, "I have an *assignation with your wife to-night*, and, as a man of honour, I am resolved to keep it!" Ensign L. endeavoured to pass this off as a joke; but the other assuring him that he was in earnest, received a glass of wine in his face, and a manual skirmish ensued. The commanding officer having heard the case, with the addition that no farther step had been taken by either party, put them both under an arrest, and reported their conduct to the Commander in Chief. The sentence, which has been confirmed by the King, is, that Captain M. be dismissed the service, and Ensign L. suspended and deprived of pay for six months.

THE entertainments of Saturday night, April 16, attracted a full and brilliant audience, among which the prince of Wales shone, as he always does, conspicuous. Madame Bolla sang with much taste and judgment, the simple and affecting music of Molinari.

But the most striking entertainment of the evening was a new Ballet of Action, which was not announced in the bills. In consequence of the abominable abuse of allowing Gentlemen behind the scenes, some heroes, "hot with the Tuscan grape, and high in blood," stole upon the stage during the performance of the ballet of Laurette. One of them, qualified to dance the part of Bacchus, would cross during the ballet. A male figurante stopped him, and a scene shifter came up to deny his passage. The audience noticing, and not liking this *new interlude*, called, off! off! The gentleman struck the figurante, and according to report knocked out one of his teeth. The figurante returned the blow with spirit and agility. Two or three gentlemen, friends of the combatant, then rushed on the stage. Many gentlemen in the pit, now called out, "a ring! a ring! fair play! a boxing match between a gentleman and a scene shifter on the Opera stage, will be a much more new and entertaining sight than a contest between Belcher and Berks." Pleased as ladies usually are at the mention of a ring; on this occasion they were alarmed. Most of them retired. The three or four gentlemen were opposed by as many scene-shifters and carpenters, and a battle royal took place, fought with more zeal than

than is usually witnessed on a licensed stage. The confusion and scuffle became general on the stage, the agitation considerable among the audience. Mr. Kelly, the Manager, was called for, appeared, ordered the curtain down, the peace officers and guards were called in, Mr. Kelly ordered them to do their duty, which they did, and put an end to this new *Marengo*. The ballet of Laurette was then concluded. We trust this occurrence will put a final period to the admission of strangers on the stage of the Opera House.

KENSINGTON GARDENS.

SIR JOHN DINELY,

THE

PARISIAN BEAUTIES, &c.

THE 17th inst. might be reckoned the first of the Sunday Spring promenades. A cold wind, and much dust, kept many Ladies away; the gardens were, notwithstanding, tolerably attended. The walk from the gate down to the river, was thronged with fashion: it is the most open and pleasant—But when the sun becomes more powerful, the old walk westward, sheltered from its rays, will alone be the scene of gay resort. Several well dressed women appeared, and many beauties. Lilac silks, straw bonnets, and white muslins, were displayed in all the spirit of summer. The handkerchief, robe, or jacket, hanging with one point behind, attracted the most notice; and as several of them were made of elegant materials, they excited the most admiration. Proceeding along, contemplating the varieties and elegan-

ces of dress, the eye was arrested by a droll figure, covered with all the colours of the rainbow, and having all the exterior of insanity. This was Sir John Dinely, well known at the west end of the town, a little old man, about seventy, rivaling old Q. in years, and surpassing him in gaiety. He had on scarlet small clothes, a blue waistcoat, and orange coat; over all of which was a large shabby drab great coat. He wore a large King Charles's wig, highly powdered, without any hat; and as if this dress were not sufficiently attractive, expanded over his head was a large silk umbrella, to protect his delicate countenance from the sun, and to put to the blush the petty parasols twinkling around him. Sir John attracted a crowd in his train; and struck with surprize, if not admiration, every promenader. But his triumph was at last eclipsed; about half past three, a bevy of Parisian beauties entered; two marched before, and three behind. Of the two first, one was a tall handsome woman; the other rather shorter, and more *en bon point*; whose tight petticoats made a perfect display of muscular motion.—They were dressed in the finest muslins, with curricule jackets, orange shawls over the arm, the neck fashionably bare, the arms bare to the shoulders; the hair dressed *a la Grec*, with ringlets *a la Meduse*; no cap or bonnet on the head, but only a rich white lace veil, covering the head and shoulders also. The moment these ladies passed Sir John, the popular current turned, Sir John was left *solus*, and the ladies were surrounded. They went out of the public walk in hopes of avoiding the crowd; but by this they attracted the greater concourse. Seeing a mob at a distance, every one ran to know what was the matter. The throng became a downright mob, consisting

consisting mostly of young men of the lower class, in their Sunday clothes, who rudely pressed around the ladies. They were not wilfully insulted; no one spoke to them, nor did any one touch them; but the crowd was so great around, and so closely followed them, that though they bore the dust and uproar with much good humour for a time, they soon discovered the necessity of retiring. They turned back, and crossed the public walk somewhat embarrassed. During all this time, no valiant knight stepped forward to protect them.—Even in this rural and romantic scene, the age of chivalry had fled, and the glory of Kensington gardens was extinguished for ever. The ladies were not so immodestly dressed as many demure English women are sometimes at the Opera; not more than a third of their necks was bare, and their petticoats were not tucked to the hams. The fault they committed was, they were dressed for a ball, and not for a forenoon's promenade. It was this that attracted attention; it might be *a la Parisien*; but John Bull stared. The two ladies made their way out of the gardens, with a great mob at their heels, which the footmen at the door joined, without adding to its politeness. They walked across the Park to the carriage-road, an excessive crowd following, kicking up a dust; the horsemen riding up in all directions, to know whether it was a pickpocket, a boxing match, or General Andreotti! Within a few paces of the coachway, two gallant knights at last offered the ladies their protection, which was most readily accepted. One of them was a strong, tall, handsome man, able to knock down any insolent spectator. By this time the ladies were quite pale with fear, and quite dusty. At

last they found their sociable—a happy discovery after such treatment—and, seated in it, waited for their friends. The three other ladies, two of them being dressed in the English fashion, and one, although highly Parisian, yet very low in stature, had not been much noticed, and reached the sociable soon after, when all got off in safety. We were unable to learn the names of these ladies. Some said one of them was Madame Recamier; others, that Madame Talien was of the party: but neither of these ladies is in England. The ladies were, however, fine women, and most elegantly dressed. A Bond-Street haberdasher, a man of judgment, said each of them did not walk under less than two hundred guineas worth of lace.

DOG MONSTER.

A MISCREANT, deserving the appellation of *dog monster*, has lately committed several atrocious cruelties on the canine species, in the neighbourhood of Egham. Several valuable dogs have been mutilated in a manner too shocking to describe. We, however, have the satisfaction to learn, that the perpetrator of these barbarities is not wholly unknown; and, for the sake of humanity, we hope he will shortly be made an example of in a court of justice.—It is truly lamentable, that in a country so famed for civilization, we should so repeatedly have to record instances of brutal barbarity, committed on the human and brute species, the bare recital of which would make the most illiterate savage blush!

THE

THE MARRIAGE PROMISE.

Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane.

THIS Comedy was performed for the first time on Saturday evening the 16th instant. It is, we understand, the production of Mr. Allingham, the author of the popular entertainment of *Fortune's Frolic*, and some other pieces, which have been sanctioned by public approbation.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Charles Merton . . .	Mr. C. Kemble.
Sidney	Mr. Dwyer.
Tandem	Mr. Bannister.
Consols	Mr. Dowton.
George Howard . . .	Mr. Pope.
Farmer Woodland . .	Mr. Palmer.
Policy	Mr. Hollingsworth.
Jefferies	Mr. Powell.
Mrs. Howard	Mrs. Powell.
Mrs. Harvey	Mrs. Sparks.
Emma Harvey	Mrs. Jordan.
Mary Woodland . . .	Miss Mellon.

The fable and characters have no exotic origin; they are in every respect of genuine English growth, and the author is not indebted to any foreign dramatist, or to any novel of the day, for the groundwork of his story, or the complexion of the persons brought forward on the scene. The following sketch will give a sufficient idea of the principal incidents:—

Charles Merton, arriving at his late father's mansion, to take possession of his estate, with the companion of his travels, Sidney, a young man of dissipated manners, is met by Tandem, a whimsical character, who has acted as his father's steward, and from whose knavery and tricks many incidents arise. A plot is laid by Sidney and Tandem to make Merton drunk, Tandem having been invited, at Sidney's request, to dine with them.

Merton, in a state of inebriety, insults Mary, the daughter of Farmer Woodland. Having recovered from his intoxication, he feels deep remorse for his conduct, and, to expiate his offence, determines to offer Mary his hand. For this purpose, he writes to Woodland, and gives the letter for delivery to Tandem, who is distressed at finding his master in correspondence with Woodland, whom he has previously ordered to be arrested for rent due, on his having refused him his daughter. Mrs. Harvey, a gentlewoman reduced to great distress, having retired, with her daughter Emma, to a cottage granted her by the late Mr. Merton, an intimate friend of her deceased husband Captain Harvey, receives notice that her agent, who held the remnant of her fortune in trust, has failed, and the lease of her cottage having expired at the time young Merton takes possession, her daughter Emma resolves to wait on him to intercede for her mother. In this interview, Merton feels the interest of a lover, and is in despair when he reflects on the promise made to Mary Woodland. From this incident the play takes its title. To refer to another part of the plot, Consols, an old stock-broker, very rich, arrives in the village, accompanied by his clerk Policy, to whom he declares, that his immense wealth rather makes him miserable than happy, and that he is resolved to part with some of it to relieve the necessities of the unfortunate. He enters the cottage of George Howard, by whom he is kindly treated and relieved, Howard supposing him in distress. In the mother of Howard, Consols finds a lost daughter, who having been privately married to the father of Charles Merton, is involved in distress by his having neglected her, and married again. From these circumstances

circumstances, many interesting situations arise. Merton becomes acquainted with his father's turpitude by means of a letter supposed to have been written with his dying hand, recommending Mrs. H. and her son to his care. Howard, incensed at Merton's conduct to Mary Woodland, challenges him; they meet, but are prevented fighting by an old servant, who was in the secret, and declares them to be brothers. Merton receives the hand of Emma Harvey, whilst Mary Woodland bestows her's on George Howard, and thus the piece concludes.

In the main source of interest, as well as in the progress of the business, Mr. Allingham may lay just claim to the praise of originality, and while the best interests of morality are strictly consulted, he introduces, with a happy effect, those light and pleasant allusions, without which, perhaps, it would be difficult to gratify an audience of the present day. The contrast of character between Merton and Sidney, the former distinguished by the highest principles of honour and benevolence, and the latter attached only to sensual pleasures, is finely marked. *Tandem* is a strong satire on the effrontery and importance of persons put into places of trust; and Emma Harvey possesses at once spirit, humour, vivacity, and a heart susceptible of the noblest feelings. There is some novelty in the character of Consols, who, worth nearly half a million, values his wealth only as it can be instrumental to the happiness of his fellow-creatures; and, a true knight-errant in the cause of philanthropy, he goes in quest of those whom he may render happy.

The diction of the play is, with very few exceptions, natural and appropriate. In the common-place

dialogue, the author has very judiciously confined himself to the modesty of nature; and where he attempts to soar into metaphoric phraseology, he shews himself equal to its boldest flights. One passage in particular was productive of reiterated bursts of applause, from the purity of its sentiment and the happiness of its expression. Emma Harvey, thinking very differently from her mother, who views their distresses with the eye of despondency, comforts herself with the following remark—"Old age views only the dull and gloomy side of the landscape, where nodding rocks and dreadful precipices threaten the timid traveller with destruction; but my youthful fancy sees a delightful path bedecked with fragrant shrubs and beauteous flowers, through which the cherub Hope leads the pleased wanderer to happiness and joy."

The performers did every possible justice to their characters. Bannister in *Tandem* displayed a versatility of whim and humour that excited reiterated applause; C. Kemble's Merton is one of his happiest parts. Pope conferred upon George Howard all the interest which the author could wish. Dwyer was spirited and easy in Sidney; and Palmer and Powell contributed very much, by their efforts to the success of the piece.

Emma Harvey is peculiarly suited to Mrs. Jordan's talents and manner, and her exertions were crowned with unbounded success. She triumphed alike in the pathetic and the humorous. She introduced two airs, which were not inapplicable to the occasion, and were received with enthusiastic plaudits. The first, which she gave in the second act, is composed by Kelly, and was deservedly encored. The words

words are simple, and the strain affecting :

" Young Colinette, a lovely maid,
Had she been wise, as she was fair,
By Lubin had not been betray'd ;
Who prais'd her shape, and prais'd her
air,
And stole her heart-away :
Ah! well-a-day.

" By vows as false, as false could be,
He ruin'd the lovely Colinette ;
And careless then away went he,
And left the maid to pine and fret,
And sigh her life away :
Ah! well-a-day."

We do not recollect for the last ten years any production at this Theatre which has been more favourably received than the *Marriage Promise*; and there is no doubt that it will possess irresistible attractions for the remainder of the season.

The prologue, which had chiefly for its theme the title of the peace, was admirably delivered by Dwyer. The epilogue is but a thing of "shreds and patches," scarcely worthy of notice; and it did not derive much interest from the manner in which it was spoken by Miss Mellon.

The audience was numerous and fashionable; the boxes and pit overflowed at an early hour.

The piece has been since repeated with undiminishing marks of approbation.

EASTER SPORTS.

THE weather on Easter Monday was extremely propitious to the holiday amusements, and every place of public resort was crowded with visitors.

In the first place, the Epping Hunt, from the fineness of the day, attracted a great crowd on Monday.

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day, to Epping Forest; some to join in the chase, others to gaze. At an early hour, the road from Whitechapel was lined with coaches, chariots, gigs, buggies, taxed carts, curricles, equestrians, and pedestrians. A report having been circulated that Colonel Thornton had given a beautiful stag to be turned out on Easter Monday, for the amusement of the holiday folks, many persons were induced to be present from that circumstance alone. The fact, however, was not so. At a quarter before one o'clock, a stag, decorated with ribbons, was brought in a cart, and turned out upon the level, at a short distance from the Bald-faced Stag. He immediately made off down the hollow to the left, over Gold Hill, followed by a numerous train, which he kept at a respectful distance for several miles. After making many circuitous turns, and affording a very good view to those not immediately joining in the chase, he made for Loughton, through which place he passed, and then ran to the woods, where, after a chase of three hours, he left them in the lurch, and was not seen after; huntsmen, whippers-in, men, horses, and dogs, returning without the satisfaction of being in at the death. It was remarked, that so fine a chase had not been remembered for many years. We did not hear of any accident, though, as usual, several persons were dismounted. Colonel Thornton presented a stag to Mr. Mellish, lord of the manor, which was shewn to a great number of persons.

Greenwich Park resembled a numerous encampment of gipsies, and the usual luxuries of holiday festivities, such as gin and gingerbread, lollipops, and oysters stewed in the sun, regaled the happy assemblage. The gentle misses, adorned with modest blushes, were prevailed

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prevailed upon to play at the delicate amusement of *Roley Poley* down the hill. It was difficult to say, whether the varied charms of the ladies, or the amorous gaze of their sweethearts, attracted most the notice of the sober and unimpassioned philosopher. Several gentlemen of notorious gallantry, at the west end of the town, in disguise, appeared among the holiday eggers, and the sensations manifested among the crowd of gapers, seemed to express a wish for a repetition of these innocent and captivating elegancies.

Astley's Amphitheatre attracted crowds long before they could gain admittance. The house retains its usual gay and pleasing appearance; and has been so thoroughly touched up as to have the appearance almost of novelty. The scenery, dances, and all the dramatic part of the exhibition, embraces much novelty. Many new performers have been brought forward; and the horsemanship is this year in a superior style of excellence.

The Circus and Sadler's Wells were also opened, and, as we learn, with considerable variation and improvement.

the evolutions of the military art. Fire-arms, it is true, give to those who are acquainted with them, a great superiority over those to whom their use is unknown, than what the horseman possesses over him who fights on foot. But the use of fire-arms is of such importance in war, and the expence attending it so inconsiderable, that wherever these have been introduced, they have seldom been confined to one particular order in an army; and therefore they produce indeed a remarkable, though transient, distinction among different nations; but establish no permanent distinctions in the armies of any one nation. But to maintain a horse, to equip him with costly furniture, to manage him with dexterity and vigour, are circumstances which have invariably produced a standing and conspicuous distinction among the military order, wherever bodies of cavalry have been formed: The Roman equites, who, though they became at length a body of usurers and farmers general, were originally the only body of cavalry employed by the state, occupied a respectable rank between the senators and the plebeians; and the elegance and humanity of their manners were suitable to their rank. In ancient Greece, and in the celebrated monarchies of Asia, the same distinction prevailed at a similar period.

Since the circumstances and principles on which this distinction depends are not such as must be confined in their influence to one particular nation, or one region of the globe, we may hope to trace their effects among the savage warriors of Scythia and Germany, as well as among the Greeks or Romans: From the valuable treatise of Tacitus de Moribus Germanorum, we learn, that among the German warriors a distinction somewhat of this nature did actually subsist; not

HORSEMANSHIP.

*As connected with the Order and Progress
of Chivalry.*

NONE of the new distinctions which are introduced among men, with respect to the discipline and conduct of war, in consequence of the acquisition of property and the invention of arts, is more remarkable than that occasioned by the use of horses in military expeditions, and the training of them to

to much indeed a distinction between the warriors who fought on horseback and those who fought on foot, as between those whom vigour of body and energy of mind enabled to brave all the dangers of war, and such as, from the imbecility of youth, the infirmities of age, or the natural inferiority of their mental and bodily powers, were unequal to scenes of hardship and deeds of valour. The youth was not permitted to take arms and join his warlike countrymen in their military expeditions whenever he himself thought proper. There was a certain age before which he could not be invested with armour. When he had attained that period, if not found deficient in strength, activity, or courage, he was formally invested with the shield and the lance, called to the duties, and admitted to all the honours, of a warrior.

Another fact worthy of notice respecting the manners of the barbarians of Germany before they established themselves in the cultivated provinces of the Roman empire is, that their women, contrary to what we find among many other rude nations, were treated with an high degree of respect. They did not generally vie with the men in deeds of valour, but they animated them by their exhortations to distinguish themselves in the field? and virgins especially were considered with a sacred veneration, as endowed with prophetic powers, capable to foresee events hid in the womb of futurity, and even to influence the will of the deities. Hence, though domestic duties were their peculiar province, yet they were not harshly treated nor confined to a state of slavery. There appears, indeed, a striking analogy between the condition of the women among the rude soldiers of Sparta, and the

rank which they occupied among the warlike cantons of Germany. Perhaps, indeed, the German were still more honourable than the Spartan women; as they were taught to wield the magic weapons of superstition, which in Greece were appropriated to the priests.

It appears, therefore, that, in the forests of Germany at least, if not in the more northern regions of Asia and Europe, the conquerors of the Roman empire, before they penetrated into its provinces, treated their women with a degree of respect unknown to most of the nations of antiquity; that the character of the warrior was likewise highly honourable, being understood to unite all those qualities which were in the highest estimation.

When those nations sallied from their deserts and forests, over-ran the Roman empire, and established themselves in its provinces, the change which took place on their circumstances was remarkable; and by a natural influence, it could not but produce an equally remarkable change on their habits, customs, and manners. The great outlines might still remain; but they could not now fail to be filled up in a different manner. Here, however, the records of history are peculiarly imperfect. We have no *Cæsar* or *Tacitus* to supply facts or direct our reasonings; the Gothic nations had not yet learned to read and write; and the Romans were so depressed under the sense of their own miseries, as to be negligent of the changes which happened around them. But as soon as the light of history begins again to dawn, we find that the leading features of the barbarian character were not effaced, but only modified in a particular manner, in consequence of their mixing among a more polished people, becoming

acquainted with the luxuries of life, and acquiring extensive power and property.

Those who fought on horseback now began to be distinguished with peculiar honours. The manners of the warrior too were become more cultivated, and his spirit more humane. Leisure and opulence, with the influence of a polished people, even though in a state of slavery, taught those barbarians to aspire after more refined pleasures, and more splendid amusements than those which they had been before satisfied with. The influence of Christianity too, which, though grossly corrupted, was still favourable to the social happiness of mankind, concurred to polish their manners and exalt their character. Hence, in the end of the tenth, and in the beginning of the eleventh century, we see knighthood, with that romantic gallantry, piety, and humanity, by which it was principally distinguished, make its appearance.

The passion for arms among the Germanic states, was now carried to extremity. It was amidst scenes of death and peril that the young were educated: it was by valour and feats of prowess that the ambitious signalized their manhood. All the honours they knew were allotted to the brave. The sword opened the path to glory. It was in the field that the ingenious and the noble flattered most their pride, and acquired an ascendancy. The strength of their bodies, and the vigour of their counsels, surrounded them with warriors and lifted them to command.

But, among these nations, when the individual felt the call of valour, and wished to try his strength against an enemy, he could not of his own authority take the lance and the javelin. The admission of their youth to the privilege of bear-

ing arms, was a matter of too much importance to be left to chance or their own choice. A form was invented by which they were advanced to that honour.

The council of the district, or of the canton to which the candidate belonged, was assembled. His age and his qualifications were inquired into; and if he was deemed worthy of being admitted to the privileges of a soldier, a chieftain, his father, or one of his kindred, adorned him with a shield and the lance. In consequence of this solemnity, he prepared to distinguish himself; his mind opened to the cares of the public; and the domestic concerns, or the offices of the family from which he had sprung, were no longer the objects of his attention. To this ceremony, so simple and so interesting, the institution of Knighthood is indebted for its rise.

Knighthood, however, as a system, known under the denomination of Chivalry, is to be dated only from the eleventh century. All Europe being reduced to a state of anarchy and confusion on the decline of the house of Charlemagne, every proprietor of a manor or lordship became a petty sovereign; the mansion-house was fortified by a moat, defended by a guard, and called a castle. The governor had a party of 700 or 800 men at his command; and with these he used frequently to make excursions, which commonly ended in a battle with the lord of some petty state of the same kind, whose castle was then pillaged, and the women and treasures borne off by the conqueror. During this state of universal hostility, there was no friendly communications between the provinces, nor any high roads from one part of the kingdom to another: the wealthy traders, who then travelled from place to place with their

their merchandise and their families, were in perpetual danger; the lord of almost every castle extorted something from them on the road; and at last, some one more rapacious than the rest, seized upon the whole of the cargo, and bore off the women for his own use.

(To be continued.)

MORE OF THE DUEL,

BETWEEN

Colonel Montgomery and Captain Macnamara.

(Continued from Page 28.)

BILLS of indictment, for wilful murder, were, on Wednesday the 20th instant, presented to the Grand Jury of the County of Middlesex, against Captain Macnamara, Mr. Heaviside, Sir William Keir, and Captain Barry. Some witnesses for the prosecution were examined; but the Grand Jury could discover no ground of serious charge against any of the parties, and accordingly threw out the whole of the bills. Mr. Heaviside was immediately discharged from his confinement in Newgate.

As Captain Macnamara stood charged, on the Coroner's Inquest, with manslaughter, his trial took place the same day, at the Old Bailey, and of which the following is an accurate account.

Old Bailey, Friday, April 22.

TRIAL OF CAPT. MACNAMARA.

ABOUT nine o'clock in the morning, Captain Macnamara was

removed from the hotel where he has been confined since he received the wound in the duel in which Colonel Montgomery lost his life, to Newgate, attended by his brother, and the medical gentleman who has attended him during the absence of Mr. Heaviside. The coach in which he was conveyed necessarily proceeded very slowly, on account of the very weak state in which the Captain still continues. Before ten, he arrived at Mr. Kirby's house, where he remained till the trial commenced. At one o'clock he was brought to the bar. His appearance bore evident traces of the severity of his wound. He was supported by two very genteel men, who accompanied him. The judge, Mr. Justice Heath, immediately ordered him a chair, on which he rested during the whole of the trial. His appearance is extremely prepossessing, and he conducted himself with the greatest decorum and propriety.

The indictment was then read over, in which he was accused of feloniously shooting at Robert Montgomery with a pistol loaded with a leaden ball, on Wednesday the 6th of April, on Primrose hill, in the parish of St. Pancras, whereby the said Robert Montgomery received a wound through the body, of which he died.

Captain Macnamara pleaded not guilty, and being asked how he would be tried, he answered in the terms usual on such occasions.

Mr. Knapp, counsel for the prosecution, then addressed the jury in substance as follows:

"Gentlemen of the Jury—The officer of the Court has stated to you the charge which imputes to the gentleman at the bar the death of Colonel Montgomery, in consequence of a wound received from a pistol discharged by him on Wednesday,

nesday, the 6th of April, as stated in the indictment. In the observations which I shall make on this case, and in reciting the facts which it is my duty to lay before you, I shall carefully abstain from creating in your mind any prejudice whatever. Acting on the principle that all cases tried by juries should be tried on the evidence laid before them, and on that only, I feel what often has been felt before in this Court, what every one of you must have felt, the ill consequence of prejudices excited by the public prints, the evil of which is not only injurious by the feeling which it creates in the public mind at large, but particularly by the influence it has on the minds of those who are to compose the jury by which the offence is to be tried. I am confident that no prejudice of this nature can work on your minds, because I have seen, from the commencement of the sessions, that you have regulated your conduct by your oath, and by that alone. The charge which is brought before you is for manslaughter only; it will give you, as well as me and every other person, satisfaction that it does not affect the life of the prisoner; but it is, however, highly grave and important, and no doubt it will obtain from you attention equal to its importance. If any question of law shall arise, which, however, I do not at present anticipate, I will not trouble you with any opinion of my own upon it, as an opinion coming from me might possibly affect the prisoner, and as any law that may arise will be stated with so much more authority by the Court. I am not aware, however, of any point of law that can arise. The single question you are to try is, whether the deceased received his death from the hand of the prisoner, in consequence of a meeting on Primrose-hill. If you

find that fact, the law, I believe, is not liable to any doubt, but is clear and explicit. Both of the gentlemen engaged in that unfortunate business are connected with respectable families. The gentleman at the bar is famed for the courage and magnanimity which he has invariably displayed in the service of his country, and for every other quality that can do honour to a man and a gentleman. The deceased was a man equally honoured and esteemed, and possessed of the affections of an extensive and respectable connection, highly beloved by a family whose feeble instrument I am in conducting the prosecution. It is my instruction, as well as my inclination, not to aggravate any thing that is to appear in evidence; but yet not to violate my professional duty, by passing over in silence any thing I ought to notice."

The learned counsel then proceeded to detail the circumstances which led to the duel, the manner in which it was conducted, and its fatal termination. Into these details we conceive it unnecessary to enter, as they will appear more satisfactorily in the evidence. In conclusion, he said, "the prosecutor, Gentlemen, has no wish, no anxiety, as to the fate of this trial. He is desirous only of performing a duty due to his deceased relative, and the cause of public justice and utility. If the effect of this prosecution shall be to put a stop to the practice of duelling, so destructive to the good order and the peace of society, it would justly be considered as one of the most fortunate, the most salutary, and the most advantageous prosecutions which was ever brought before a jury of the country."

Having concluded his address, the learned counsel proceeded to call the evidence for the prosecution.

The

The first witness called was—Mr. William Sloane, who stated that he was in Hyde Park on horseback on Wednesday the 6th of April, about half past four in the afternoon. He was riding with Col. Montgomery, the deceased, and several other gentlemen. When they had got near to the barrier on the new ride, Col. Montgomery's Newfoundland dog, and a dog of the same species belonging to Capt. Macnamara began fighting. Col. Montgomery seeing this, got off his horse, and endeavoured to separate the dogs. He at this time heard Col. Montgomery ask whose dog it was that had attacked his dog? Capt. Macnamara rode up, and answered "That's my dog;" Col. Montgomery then said, "if that dog is not called off; if that dog attacks mine again, I will knock him down." Capt. Macnamara, in reply to this, said, "Have you the arrogance to say that you will knock down my dog?" The Col. repeated what he had said, and again asserted that he would certainly knock down Captain Macnamara's dog if it attacked his again. The witness heard the same expressions from Capt. Macnamara repeated. Before this, Lord Burghersh had joined the party, and they all rode together towards Piccadilly. While they were in the Park, Col. Montgomery said who he was, and Capt. Macnamara said that he was a Captain in the Royal Navy. Col. Montgomery said to Capt. Macnamara, that it was not his intention to quarrel with him, but if his dog attacked his he should knock him down. They rode along Piccadilly, and the witness took leave of Col. Montgomery at the top of St. James's-Street, with the intention of going to another part of the town. Captain Macnamara had passed St. James's-Street, but turned back,

and in Jermyn-Street the witness saw Capt. Macnamara and the deceased at a distance of not more than ten yards. Capt. Barry went up to Col. Montgomery's party, and soon after returned to the place where Capt. Macnamara was standing. The witness could not state what was the nature of the conversation that passed at this time.

Cross-examined by Mr. Erskine.—He said that the dogs had begun fighting of their own accord, and that no one had set them on to quarrel. He heard Col. Montgomery call out in a loud tone of voice, "if you don't call off that dog, I'll knock him down." This request was not made in a civil manner. It was not delivered in a tone which one gentleman would naturally have used to another. On Capt. Macnamara's saying, "have you the arrogance to say that you will knock down my dog?" Col. Montgomery said, "If you are offended at any expressions of mine, you know where to find me." This was after they had exchanged their addresses.

Mr. Stephen Sloane gave an account similar to that of the preceding witness, of his being in the Park on the day on which the duel took place, and the manner in which the fighting of the dogs commenced. When Col. Montgomery threatened to knock down the dog by which his was attacked, the reply was, "you must knock me down afterwards." Col. Montgomery after this, observed, "this is a public place, and not fit for gentlemen to decide their quarrels. My name is Col. Montgomery, and if you are offended at any thing which I have said, you know where to find me." The answer of Captain Macnamara was, "I am Captain Macnamara, of the Royal Navy." Colonel Montgomery asked if he was disposed to take offence at any expressions

pressions of his? and Capt. Macnamara said, "No, I am not offended at what has hitherto passed, but if any expressions are used by you with the intention of giving me an insult, I am ready to take them up with the greatest eagerness." The witness recollected that the word arrogance had been repeatedly used by Capt. Macnamara in the course of the altercation. The latter part of this witness's evidence was similar to that of the preceding witness respecting the passage along Piccadilly, and what took place in Jermyn-Street.

Cross-examined by Mr. Garrow. He did not hear Capt. Macnamara say, when Col. Montgomery threatened to knock down the dog, "that will depend on circumstances." He could not speak to the manner in which the request for calling off the dog was delivered.

Lord Burgersh (eldest son of the Earl of Westmoreland) was present when the fighting of the dogs commenced. He heard Captain Macnamara, in consequence of some expressions of Col. Montgomery, say, "that is not fit language for one gentleman to use to another." As mentioned by the preceding witnesses. Col. Montgomery told him that if he felt himself injured, he knew where to apply. On the question being put to Capt. Macnamara, whether he conceived himself injured, he said, "that he was not offended with what had hitherto passed, but that if Col. Montgomery meant to insult him, he was as ready to take it up as any man in England." Col. Montgomery then replied, "it is not my intention to quarrel with you; but if your dog attacks mine again, I will certainly knock him down." Capt. Macnamara, while expressing his readiness to resent any insult, shook his stick, but the noble Lord considered this merely as an involun-

tary movement. He did not at all view it in the light of an intended insult.

Cross-examined by Mr. Erskine. He said, that he heard nothing of Col. Montgomery's asking to whom the dog which attacked his belonged.

Mr. Charles Smith was in the Park at the time the quarrel took place. He saw the two dogs begin fighting. Col. Montgomery got off his horse to separate them. He did not strike the dog which attacked his, but threatened to knock him down. Capt. Macnamara said, "you must knock me down first." Col. Montgomery remonstrated on Capt. Macnamara's not calling off his dog. Capt. Macnamara told him that he would not call off his dog, and that he would not be dictated to by him or any other man whatever. "Well, Sir," said Col. Montgomery, "I have only to repeat, that if your dog fights mine again, I'll knock him down; and you shall be very welcome to know where I am to be found. As a gentleman, however, I think you might have called off your dog." Capt. Macnamara, in answer to this, said, "No, Sir, I did not choose to call off my dog; I wished to see my dog fight. I ought to know where you are to be found, in consequence of what has already passed." This witness's evidence did not go beyond these particulars. He was not examined before the grand jury.

Thomas Lutch, a servant to Mr. Deane, a stable keeper, in Bond-street, related all the circumstances of his being applied to for a post chaise; of his conveying Capt. Macnamara, Mr. Heavyside, and Capt. Barry, to Chalk-Farm; of their halting at Primrose-hill, and being met by Sir William Keir and Col. Montgomery; of the firing of the pistol, and its consequences.

Daniel

Daniel Farral, the hostler at the Three Kings, Piccadilly, was at Chalk Farm on the evening when the duel took place. Opposite the house, at a small distance, he saw several gentlemen conversing together. He saw them take their station at a small distance from each other, and soon after he heard the report of a pistol. He saw Col. Montgomery fall, and ran up to the spot immediately, when the Colonel was extended on the ground. At that time Mr. Heaviside was applying some lint to the wound. He was informed that Capt. Macnamara was also wounded. He accordingly directed a gentleman to hold his hand on the wound while he went to learn what was Capt. Macnamara's situation. This witness assisted in carrying Col. Montgomery to Chalk Farm, but did not see him dead. It was in his chaise that Capt. Macnamara returned to town.

Mr. James Hardinge, vintner in St. James's-Street, was at Chalk Farm, on Wednesday the 6th of April. He observed a party of gentlemen, among whom were Colonel Montgomery and Capt. Macnamara, ascending Primrose-hill. He followed them at a distance. He saw Captain Barry giving directions to the servant to bring out a case of pistols from the chaise. This was about half past six in the evening; and the witness was distant about fifty yards. He saw Sir William Keir and Mr. Heaviside in conversation. The pistols were prepared, and one of them was fired off to ascertain whether it was in good order. The parties then separated. They took their distance, and Colonel Montgomery and Captain Macnamara fired at the same moment. At the time they fired they stood face to face. Colonel Montgomery fell; but Captain Macnamara did not fall.

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When the witness went up, Mr. Heaviside opened Colonel Montgomery's waistcoat, when the wound was found to be on the right side of the breast. Mr. Heaviside applied lint to the wound; but the witness thought that it was of a description which could not fail to prove mortal. The witness assisted in carrying off Colonel Montgomery from the field. At that time he groaned much, his eyes were fixed, and he had all the appearance of a dying man. The witness saw the corpse afterwards at Chalk Farm.

Lord Burghersh was again called. He saw the corpse at Chalk Farm, and was sure that it was the corpse of Colonel Montgomery.

Here the evidence for the prosecution closed, and Captain Macnamara was called on for his defence. He requested leave of the Court to read his defence sitting, which was readily granted. He accordingly read the following paper with proper emphasis and feeling:—

"Gentlemen of the Jury—I appear before you with the consolation that my character has already been delivered by the Verdict of a Grand Jury from the shocking imputation of Murder; and that although the evidence against me was laid before them without any explanation or evidence of the sensations which brought me into my present unhappy situation, they made their own impression, and no charge of criminal homicide was found against me. I was delivered at once from the whole effect of the indictment. I therefore now stand before you upon the inquisition only, taken before the Coroner upon the view of the body, under circumstances extremely affecting to the minds of those who were to deliberate on the transaction, and without the opportunity, which the benignity of the law affords me

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at this moment, of repelling that inference of even sudden resentment against the deceased, which is the foundation of this inquest of Manslaughter.

"The origin of the difference, as you see it in the evidence, was insignificant:—The heat of two persons, each defending an animal under his protection, was natural, and could not have led to any serious consequences. It was not the deceased's defending his own dog, or his threatening to destroy mine, that led to the fatal catastrophe:—It was the defiance alone which most unhappily accompanied what was said. Words receive their interpretation from the avowed intention of the speaker. The offence was forced upon me by the declaration that he invited me to be offended, and challenged me to vindicate the offence by calling upon him for satisfaction. "If you are offended with what has passed, you know where to find me." These words, unfortunately repeated and reiterated, have over and over again been considered by Criminal Courts of Justice as sufficient to support an indictment for a challenge. These judgments of Courts are founded upon the universal understandings and feelings of mankind, and common candour must admit, that an officer, however desirous to avoid a quarrel, cannot refuse to understand, what even the grave judges of the law must interpret as a provocation and a defiance. I declare, therefore, most solemnly, that I went into the field from no resentment against the deceased. Nothing, indeed, but insanity could have led me to expose my own life to such imminent peril, under the impulse of passion, from so inadequate a cause as the evidence before you exhibits, when separated from the defiance which was the fatal

source of mischief; and I could well have overlooked that too, if the world, in its present state, could have overlooked it also. I went into the field, therefore, with no determination or desire to take the life of my opponent, or to expose my own. I went there in hopes of receiving some soothing satisfaction for what would otherwise have exposed me in the general feelings and opinions of the world. The deceased was a man of popular manners, as I have heard, and with a very general acquaintance. I, on the other hand, was in a manner a stranger in this great town, having been devoted from my infancy to the duties of my profession in distant seas. If under these circumstances, words which the deceased intended to be offensive, and which he repeatedly invited to be resented, had been passed by and submitted to, they would have passed from mouth to mouth, have been even exaggerated at every repetition, and my honour must have been lost.

"Gentlemen, I am a Captain in the British Navy. My character you can only hear from others; but to maintain my character in that station, I must be respected. When called upon to lead others into honourable danger, I must not be supposed to be a man who had sought safety by submitting to what custom has taught others to consider as a disgrace. I am not presuming to urge any thing against the laws of God, or of this land. I know that, in the eye of religion and reason, obedience to the law, though against the general feelings of the world, is the first duty, and ought to be the rule of action—but, in putting a construction upon my motives, so as to ascertain the quality of my actions, you will make allowances for my situation. It is impossible to define in terms, the proper

proper feelings of a gentleman—but their existence have supported this happy country, for many ages, and she might perish if they were lost.

“Gentlemen, I will detain you no longer, I will bring before you many honourable persons, who will speak what they know of me in my profession and in private life, which will the better enable you to judge whether what I have offered in my defence, may safely be received by you as truth. Gentlemen, I submit myself entirely to your judgments. I hope to obtain my liberty, through your verdict, and to employ it with honour in the defence of the liberties of my country.”

It was judged unnecessary to call witnesses as to the origin of the quarrel, and therefore his Counsel proceeded to call the witnesses to character.

Never, perhaps, was there an instance of more distinguished and more warm and affectionate testimony given to the excellence of private character than that which was exhibited on this occasion. A number of the most eminent naval characters in the country spoke of Capt. Macnamara in a style of fervent eulogium, which could not but be highly gratifying to his feelings. By going through them minutely, we should merely be repeating one uninterrupted series of the most warm panegyrics on his gallantry as an officer, and his amiable qualities as a member of society.

The first witness to character was Lord Hood, to whom Mr. Erskine put a question, respecting the merit of Capt. Macnamara as an officer.

His Lordship was proceeding to speak of his gallantry, when the question was objected to by the Court. Capt. Macnamara might be an excellent officer, and yet very quarrelsome in private life. The

only question at present relevant, was as to his character. The examination was accordingly confined to this point. His Lordship said that it had been his good fortune to promote Capt. Macnamara in 1794. He had the highest opinion not only of his gallantry, but his moderation. It was from a conviction of his excellent qualities as an officer, and his honourable conduct as a gentleman, that he had promoted him. He had not the least idea of his being at all of a quarrelsome disposition.

Lord Nelson had known Capt. Macnamara for nine years. He had served under his command, and had always conducted himself with the utmost gallantry. He declared solemnly before God and his country, that as he never knew a man who would be farther from submitting to an insult from any human being, than Capt. Macnamara, so he was sure that no one ever would be less disposed to offer an injury or insult to man, woman, or child.

Admiral Hotham's testimony in his favour was not less favourable.

Lord Minto spoke of him in the most interesting terms. He had known him since 1793. He had seen him often while he himself was in Corsica. He had opportunities of observing his manners in private life; and he had uniformly considered him as uncommonly mild, cheerful, and good humoured. Any thing like a disposition to quarrelling was, in his opinion, the most remote from his nature.

Sir Hyde Parker had known him since 1790. He was captain of the ship in which he was an inferior officer. He had the very best opportunities of knowing what his disposition was; and he thought it the very reverse of quarrelsome. He considered Capt. Macnamara as a man of the nicest honour, and the utmost propriety of demeanour.

Sir Thomas Trowbridge, in a
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most intimate acquaintance of about nine years, spoke of him in the most affectionate terms. His temper was altogether amiable.

Gen. Churchill had known him in the West Indies, when he was introduced to him as a gentleman of the most honourable character. Acquaintance with him had only served to increase the prepossession raised in his favour by this introduction. He sailed with him from Jamaica to England. He considered him as a most good humoured and gay companion, and a man incapable of giving wilful offence.

But, indeed, why need we swell the list of these testimonies to the excellence of his disposition, and his gentlemanly manners.

Mr. Phillips, Dr. Baine, the Chief Clerk of the Admiralty, Captains Ledyard, Waller, More, and several other Naval Gentlemen of the highest respectability, repeated the same honourable testimonies. Indeed, as far as character could influence the opinion of the Jury, nothing was ever more splendid or more unsullied.

Mr. Justice Heath then addressed the Jury nearly as follows:—Gentlemen of the Jury, James Macnamara stands charged with manslaughter, in having feloniously fired a pistol loaded with ball, and thereby inflicting a mortal wound on Robert Montgomery. Your province, Gentlemen, is very limited. The fact has been established, not only by the evidence of witnesses, but by the confession of the Defendant himself. Manslaughter consists in slaying a man upon a sudden provocation. Fortunately the nature and the amount of the provocation are not now to be inquired into; for though the fatal event arose out of a quarrel, yet a considerable time had elapsed before the meeting took place. If the Coroner's Inquest had returned

a verdict of Murder, then it would have been to be seen whether passion must not have been supposed to be cooled, and whether the prisoner did not go out with the deliberate purpose of taking away the life of his opponent. This, Gentlemen, would have been murder in the eye of the law, which knows nothing of the niceties of what is called honour. It is quite unnecessary for me to recapitulate the evidence. It appears beyond all possibility of doubt that, from a quarrel in Hyde Park, after a considerable space of time, and at a considerable distance, the parties met to decide their difference; that they fought, and that the deceased fell by a wound from the pistol of the prisoner at the bar. The prisoner has acknowledged the fact. He has received a high character; but that can have no influence upon your verdict, whatever it may have upon the sentence which the Court shall think it right to pronounce. You have only to consider whether the deceased fell by a wound given by the prisoner? It appears most clearly that he did. Gentlemen, consider of your verdict.

The Jury withdrew, and, after remaining out about twenty minutes, returned a verdict of—**NOT GUILTY.**

Capt. Macnamara was immediately led from the Bar by his friends, and, entering a coach that was in waiting for him, drove to the West end of the town.

The Court was extremely crowded, and a very general interest appeared to prevail respecting the issue of the trial. The verdict seemed to give the most general satisfaction. Capt. Macnamara is very interesting in his appearance, his countenance is marked at once with firmness and benignity. Among the persons of distinction present, we noticed the Dutch Ambassador, who was throughout very attentive

attentive to the proceedings. Several of the naval gentlemen who appeared to Mr. Macnamara's character gave their evidence from the gallery. They manifested uncommon alacrity to bear their testimony to the character of a brave companion in arms.

CHARACTER OF THE PARTIES.

Capt. Macnamara is a Naval Officer, who has much distinguished himself in two or three actions, as Commander of the *Cerberus* frigate. He served long on the *Cork* station, and lastly in the West Indies. He was made a Post Captain in 1795. He lately returned from the West Indies, and his ship was about two months ago paid off at Chatham.—He is about 36 years of age.

Mr. Montgomery was Lieutenant-Colonel of the 9th regiment of Foot, son of Sir Robert Montgomery, of Ireland, and brother-in-law to Mr. George Byng, and to the Marchioness of Townshend, by the father's side, though by a different mother. He was a very handsome, genteel man, about 28, and he also had fought bravely in the service of his country. In the Dutch Expedition, the Russians being put to flight, his regiment was thrown into confusion, and retreating in consequence of the Russians falling back upon them: at this time a drummer was killed, and Mr. Montgomery took up the drum, beating it to rally his men, he himself standing alone; he did rally them, and at their head rendered essential service. On several occasions in Egypt and Malta, he distinguished himself for his courage and spirit. He was very inoffensive, extremely good-natured, and an agreeable companion. Col. M. was very particular in his dress, always remarkably neat and clean.

His attention to dress did not prepossess in his favour, but no one ever knew him without being attached to him. He was remarkable some years ago for dressing like the late Duke of Hamilton, from which circumstance he was called the Duke of Hamilton's double, his shadow, &c. and down to the present time he was called the Birmingham (counterfeit) Duke. He almost daily rode in Hyde Park on a beautiful little white Arabian. It is a great pity that these two Gentlemen were allowed to fight while yet the heat of passion was upon them. Two braver men, whose courage has been more tried, or was better known, did not exist.

Sir William Keir, the Colonel's second, lost an arm some time ago, in a duel with Sir Marcus Somerville.

GENUINE SIMPLICITY.

THREE Clergymen, Curates of small parish churches in one neighbourhood, happened to meet lately at a public ordinary; when, after dinner, the subject turned on the irreligious opinions of some people, and the increasing infidelity of the present age. One said that *Unitarianism* had crept lately very much into his parish; a second complained sorely that his parishioners were infected with *Deism*; while the latter, more than any, lamented that some of his were tinctured with *Atheism*. A plain country rustic, sitting near, and having listened very attentively to these complaints, very innocently added—"You may be badly off in your parishes, but by the blid, we're worse off in our's, for we're terribly troubled with *Rheumatism*."

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

SLANG ETYMOLOGY.

A POOR miserable thief had been all night upon the prowl, and taken nothing, till going through Covent-Garden, to keep his hand in, he stole one of the ladders from a night-cart; but, being pursued by the priests of Cloacina, was soon taken, and lodged in the watch-house. The next morning, he was conducted to Sir William Addington. "For what," said his worship to the thief-taker, "do you bring this wretched looking man before me?" "An please your Honour," answered Crab, "for priggging a Jacob from a dunger-dan-ding-drag." "What does the fellow mean?" said the justice to his clerk, who had studied the slang dictionary. "This, Sir," replied the clerk, "is what he means—Priggging, is to steal; a Jacob, is a ladder; and a dunger-dan-ding-drag, a night cart—the etymology, Jacob, a ladder, is from the dream of that patriarch, and the rest is High Dutch.

A CARPENTER, in Dorsetshire, was lately employed to make a pair of Stocks for the parish, for which he charged a good round sum. One of the parochial officers said, "You have made a good deal by that job!"—"Yes," said Mr. Chip, "we Stock Jobbers always attend to our own interest."

A MORNING PAPER of the 1st instant, referred its readers for an

explanation of the expression, "*April Fool*," to the 4th chapter of Joel, and 6th verse.

AN Irishman, lately, being in company where there happened to be some conversation upon the probability of war, gave it as his opinion, that there would certainly be a war; "for," added he, "curse of *Jasus* on those French thieves; they'll never be at peace till they are engaged in another war!"

AN English gentleman asked an Irishman at Paris, who had resided some years in London, if he did not prefer the roast beef of Old England to the ragouts of Paris? "Oh, by—," cried Paddy, "the very *tune* is worth all the *kicks* that ever were born in France!"

ARTISTS, who understand anatomy, are fond of giving us what they call *maps* of the parts of the human body. One of this description, has lately published a *map* of the foot. This may be called *topography*.

A PRESS-GANG, lately, coming up to a jolly Hibernian, he exclaimed, "Avast, master Lieutenant! hands off! you would not go to press a volunteer! would you? The devil burn me, but they make no such blunders as that in little Ireland!"

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE course at Newmarket, on the Tuesday of the first meeting, was uncommonly numerously attended. The great allurements was the grand match between Mr. Fletcher's Allegranti and Mr. Whaley's Tuneful, for 2000 guineas. Much betting took place at the post: the odds were five to four in favour of Tuneful. They started at half past two o'clock. Allegranti took the lead, but kept it only for a short time. Tuneful beat her by a distance of several yards, and in great style. (See *Racing Calendar at the conclusion of the present Number.*)

CAPTAIN FLETCHER, the owner of Allegranti, it is said, comes off L.7000 minus by the above meeting.

TUESDAY, April 5, the H. H. cup was run for on Worthy Downs, near Winchester, and won by Colonel Cumming's brown gelding, beating four others.

THE annual Easter Plate was run for on Tuesday, on Barham Downs, near Canterbury, and won by Mr. Witherden's bay horse Slip-bye, beating Mr. Hampton's horse Raffle, and Mr. Scovell's brown horse.

THE Hon. Mr. C-v-t-y has at length withdrawn his game action against Sir Robert Harland, for the seizure of his post chaise, laden with hares, partridges, and pheasants!—The gentlemen of the county of Suffolk have requested

Sir Robert's permission that they may defray the defence of this curious action, by an open subscription, to mark their opinion of the whole *meane process* of the transaction!

DURING the present month, Mr. T. Calvert, of Bracebridge, near Lincoln, set off from that village, to ride his poney, only eleven hands high, to Derby and back, being one hundred miles, in the space of twenty-four hours. Mr. Calvert rides eleven stone; yet the little animal performed the journey, with apparent ease, in nineteen hours and three-quarters.

"NEWFOUNDLAND DOGS," says a daily paper, "have ceased to be Bond-Street loungers, since a late melancholy event. There was but one appeared on the promenade yesterday, and he was muzzled. This, however, is deemed only a kind of canine armistice, until it is honourably understood how far dogs may go, without involving the higher orders, that is, their lords and masters, in their quarrels. An arrete is hourly expected to be published, which is to regulate the whole etiquette between the animal and human world, which approach each other, in faculties and sensibilities, much nearer than the ancient philosophers ever dreamt of!—We have the satisfaction, however, to state, that it has already been preliminarily determined, that dogs may growl, and grin at each other, as long as they please, provided

provided they do not snap, without implicating their masters in their dispute, as principals; and that when any cur only shows his teeth, and slinks off, his master may also prudently turn tail, without any impeachment of manhood or honour!

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON, lately deceased, will be a great loss to the fishermen at Hampton, Shepperton, &c. His pay, while angling for gudgeons, was a guinea per day, Lord Nelson was frequently an inactive spectator of his breaking the line!

ON Monday morning, April 11, as the servant of Captain Elsted, of the Royal Navy, was driving his master's curricule and pair, turning from Bond-Street into Piccadilly, one of the traces loosened, and touched the horses legs, who being very spirited, plunged, and ran with the greatest violence till they came near the Star in Piccadilly, when the carriage upset, and the driver was thrown to a considerable distance. This was only a momentary check; for, with the curricule turned upside-down, they pursued their career, and were not stopped till they reached Prince's-Street, Leicester-Fields. The servant received by the fall a very dangerous contusion on his head. The curricule was broken to pieces.

THE fashionable Mrs. Orde narrowly escaped a fatal accident in driving her curricule, on Thursday April 14. As she was returning to her villa at Bottley, from the British Hotel, in turning the corner into St. James's-Street, from Jermyn-Street, the horses took fright, and ran furiously towards Piccadilly. The lady being unable to govern them with the reins, screamed violently, when fortunately one of the horses stumbled and fell; but, by the gallantry of two gentlemen

passing at the moment, the lady was rescued from her perilous situation.

A REGULAR badger-baiting, &c. which has subsisted for a number of years past (not less than seven), in Black Boy Alley, and was regularly attended every Monday evening, by several gentlemen of the hank, in the purlieus of Turnmill-Street, Black Boy Alley, and Chick-Lane, was some time ago suddenly interrupted, and put a final stop to, by an abrupt visit from the police officers belonging to Hatton-Garden.

GENERAL HENRY FLETCHER, of Salton, whose death was lately announced, was Colonel of the 35th regiment; and it is a singular, and perhaps an unprecedented fact, that this regiment has had only two Colonels for eighty-six years. General Otway had the command from July 1717 to August 1764, a period of 47 years; and General Fletcher from that time to March 1803, a period of 39 years. It is further remarkable, that the 35th is the only corps in the service which, since its establishment in 1701, has had only four Colonels. The 67th has lately had three in the space of a fortnight.

TUESDAY, April 12, a most furious battle took place between a Chimney Sweep and a Jack Ass Driver, at Gooseberry Fair, which is held on the Easter Holidays, at the end of Tottenham court-road. After half an hour's hard and obstinate fighting, both being beat to that degree, that neither was able to stand, they were forced to give up any farther contest.

It is stated, in a Daily Paper, as a fact that may be depended on, that a butcher, in the Borough-market, a few days ago, killed a cow, young with calf, in which were no less than nine.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

EPILOGUE

TO THE
COMEDY OF JOHN BULL.

Sung by Mr. Johnston.

I'M come here, d'ye see, to do some-
thing new,
So I hope you'll allow me a fiddle or two.
At talking I'm strange as the man in the
moon;
So if I may sing I shall speak more in
tune.

Tol de rol, &c.

And methinks now I hear the Critic Men
say—
'Tis a trumpery, Bartlemy Fair kind of
Play.
It smells strong of Smithfield—that all
must allow,
For it's all about Bulls, and the yellow
Red Cow.

And yet a good moral the author indites;
For the blessings it paints of an English-
man's Rights:
A Brazier's a man, and the Barristers all
Know that brass has great weight, Sirs,
in Westminster-hall.

But still an improbable tale has been
told,
That Peregrine swam, Sirs, though load-
ed with gold;
If he who sinks cash should happen to
swim,
Pounds to shillings I'll bett, his cash will
not sink him.

VOL. XXII. No. 127.

But now an excuse comes plump to my
sight—
Suppose we should prove, that the Gui-
neas were light;
And to do these sad tricks, Sirs, all men
have a hank,
For the Guineas are closely shut up in
the Bank!

Then, obeying the dictates of nature's
first law,
A delicate female has made a *four pas*;
But Critics, who to praise, Sirs, are ne-
ver in haste,
Will, I fear, not agree, that the inci-
dent's chaste.

Tom Shuffleton oft may in Bond-street
be found,
And if all the Puppies were in Thames
to be drown'd,
At this real maxim you need not admire,
For a wager I'll bet, they'll not set it on
fire.

Then, Mr. Brulgruddery, and his fat
dear,
A sweet pair who agree, Sirs, like Thun-
der and Beer;
Though Irishmen's jokes are worn out
and hack'd,
Yet how charmingly sure Mr. Johnston
did act.

I've given you now the best parts of the
play,
Which I hope you'll not drive, Sirs, com-
pletely away,
But nightly be suffer'd, with glee, to
go on,
By unanimous voice, though I fear not
now, cos.

H

Then

Then let us reflect, with pleasure and
pride,
On the comforts surrounding each man's
Fireside;
At which should the Foe e'er insultingly
frown,
May he ne'er want a Poker to knock
him flat down.

CRISPIN AND THE CALF.

Versified by Mr. W. Hughes.

WHO has e'er been at Norwood, the
Horns must well know;
But whether or not, 'tis no matter I trow;
'Twas the scene of a joke that but lately
was play'd
By a jocular wag, a shoemaker by trade.
Fal de ral, &c.

A neighbouring butcher came riding that
way,
With a calf on his mare, bought at Smith-
field that day:
The weather was hot, he had rode till
he sweat,
So he stopp'd at the door, and he call'd
for a wet.

Crispin sat at the door, very much in the
dumps,
A pair of shoes by him, perhaps they
were pumps,
Misfitted, a customer turn'd on his hand;
How to raise the supplies, he was quite
at a stand.

But seeing the butcher, a thought struck
his mind,
Would the landlord agree, he could soon
raise the wind;
So he betted the shoes 'gainst a bob and
a jorum,
He'd steal Greasy's calf, tho' 'twas
buckl'd before him.

The bet was accepted, away Crispin
flew—
The route of the butcher he very well
knew—
In a path of this wood, lays one shoe on
the ground,
Conspicuously plac'd, to be easily found.

He goes to some distance, puts down
t'other shoe,
In a place which the butcher might easily
view.
As the butcher came on, the first shoe he
espied;
"An odd shoe! I will not stop for it,"
he cried.

But as he jogg'd on, and espied the
other,
"Ah!" says he to himself, "I have just
pass'd your brother:"
So the butcher dismounts, leaves the calf
on the mare,
As he easily guessed that two shoes made
a pair.

Jolly Crispin the meanwhile the calf
takes away,
And back to the alehouse returns with
his prey:
Philpot owns he has lost, and the jorum
is had;
The butcher returns, too, apparently
mad.

He storms and he raves, "I am ruin'd,"
said he,
"I've lost that fine calf, which you just
now did see;
The whole was bespoke 'mongst my cus-
tomers round,
And I'm sure I can't match it for less
than four pound."

Says the landlord, "I've one in the
stable, d'ye see,
About a week since for a debt left with
me,
And if you like the price, then the calf
is your own."
"If so," said the butcher, "objection
I've none."

The calf was brought forth, and he
handled it round:
Says the butcher, "The price?" says the
landlord, "Five pound."
"I'll give three pounds for it, it seems
like good veal;
Indeed it is smaller than mine a vast
deal."

The money was paid, the calf led to the
door,
And placed on the mare, as 'twas plac'd
before;

Then

Then the butcher he mounts, and he rides
towards home;
But the end of his trouble, it still was to
come.

When the butcher came out, Crispin
hasten'd away,
And near the old place for the butcher
did stay:

Crispin bleats like a calf; says the butch-
er, "Gad so!
There's the calf which I lost such a short
time ago."

He leaps from the mare, and he searches
around,
And follows the calf, as he thought, by
the sound.
Crispin steals slyly round, takes the calf
from the mare,
And, once more, he back to the house
did repair.

The butcher he searched while searching
was good;
At last curs'd the calf, damn'd the shoes
and the wood,
Finds his way to his house, turns as
white as a post,
When he found that the calf was again
by him lost.

He returns to the house, overwhelmed
with woe,
And swore that no Christian was ever
serv'd so;
When Crispin, afraid lest the joke went
too far,
To him the whole matter did truly de-
clare.

The butcher, well pleas'd to find it but a
joke,
Call'd a bowl of good punch, when the
landlord thus spoke—
"My cellar's no place for a calf I con-
fess;
For in a few minutes it gets so much
less."

DEATH OF TOM MOODY,

THE NOTED WHIPPER-IN,
Well known to the Sportsmen of Shropshire.

*Composed by William Shield, Esq.—Writ-
ten by the Author of Hartford-Bridge.*

THE following characteristic and spirit-
ed Ballad has been sung in private
circles with very great success, by
Inclodon, Shield having composed
some excellent music for it, admirably
adapted to the fine manly tones of the
Performer. The song was written by
a gentleman whose talents have often
been employed for the gratification of
the public in many poetical and dra-
matic works of acknowledged merit.

YOU all know Tom Moody*, the
whipper-in, well;
—The bell just done tolling was honest
Tom's knell:
A more able sportaman ne'er follow'd a
hound
Thro' a country, well-known to him, fifty
miles round:
No hound ever open'd, with Tom near
the wood,
But he'd challenge the tone, and cou'd
tell if 'twas good:—
And all, with attention, wou'd eagerly
mark,
When he cheer'd up the pack—"Hark!
to Rockwood, hark! hark!
High!—Wind him! and cross him!
Now Rattler Boy!—Hark!"

Six crafty Earth-Stoppers, in hunter's-
green drest,
Supported poor Tom to an "Earth" made
for rest:
His horse, which he styl'd his "Old
Soul," next appear'd,
On whose forehead the brush of his last
fox was rear'd;

* The veteran Sportsman, who is the subject of this ballad, died about seven years since, in the service of Mr. Forrester, of Shropshire. He had been the Whipper-in to that gentleman's pack upwards of thirty years: and the circumstances attending his burial, which are here recorded, have, from their whimsicality, found a place in Mr. Daniel's celebrated "Rural Sports," vol. i. page 160; and, we believe, in a former number of the Sporting Magazine.

Whip, cap, boots, and spurs, in a trophy
were bound;
And here and there follow'd an old
straggling hound.

Ah!—no more at his voice yonder vales
will they trace!

Nor the Wrekin* resound his first burst
in the chase!

"With high-over!—Now press him!
Tally-ho!—Tally ho!"—

Thus Tom spoke his friends, e'er he gave
up his breath—

"Since I see you're resolv'd to be in at
the death,

One favour bestow—'tis the last I shall
crave,

Give a rattling View. Hallo—thrice over
my grave:

And unless at that warning I lift up my
head,

My boys! you may fairly conclude I am
dead!"

—Honest Tom was obey'd, and the
about rent the sky,

For ev'ry voice join'd in the Tally Ho!
cry.

"Tally ho!—Hark forward!
Tally ho!—Tally ho!"

A NEW PARODY,

FROM

Macbeth, Act II. Scene 2.

IS this a King's Plate I see before
me;

Turned tow'rd my hand? Come, let me
clasp thee:

I have thee not!—and yet I see thee
still.

In form as bright as ever racer won.

Thou marshal'st me the way to New-
market,

And a horse the instrument I'm to use.

Thy brilliant form's worth my swift
gelding,

And I will run him. Send for th' en-
graver,

Be on my seal and scutch'on feats of
blood

Which was not there before. But no
such luck:

It was ambition that did antedate

My wish. Now all the fashionable
world

Hurry to the course, and, trav'ling all
night,

Abjur'd the curtain'd sleep: Now meet
the Peers,

Sport-days commence; and the thin-
sweated jockey,

Proud of his office, whose daily training
And feeding's kept his weight, with
shambling gait

And knowing wink, towards the starting-
post

Moves like a deap-one. The full betting-
room

Admits my steps, that gently move, for
fear;

The very black-legs prate of my hedging
off,

Laying my bets, or taking in the queer
flats,

And country squires.

J. J. B.

WHO'S AFRAID.

SOONER shall an alderman
Delight in water-gruel,
Than I, with willing mind, will run,
Though I may shoot as sure's a gun,
My head into a duel.

In all, but this, a changing brim,
Custom, O fye upon her!
Requires, with ceremony prim,
That man must venture wind and limb,
To heal his wounded honour.

A lying boaster tells the town
How snug he's with Miss Nelly;
But not a whit more sound is she,
Though I am shot in neck and knee,
Or bullet in my belly.

If Fortune, like an upright judge,
Would deal out retribution,
And the aggressor always fall,
When rogues went out to face a ball,
They'd walk to execution.

While villains share the smiles of chance,
And boast their cap and feather,
Nor sword nor trigger shall I draw;
I'll lock my door, and take the law,
And sleep sound in whole leather.

MERCATOR.

* The famous mountain in Shropshire.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE; OR MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE
TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the
MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR MAY, 1803.

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Embellished with, I. An Engraving of the Ride in Hyde Park.—II. Leopards Devouring a Horse, an Etching from H. Uette, by Bell.

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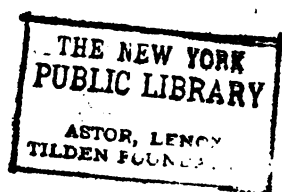
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AND BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.







Do. p.

Rotten Row.

Printed from a drawing by J. W. P. 1840. 1840-1841. 1840-1841.

Currier and Ives.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR MAY, 1803.

ROTTEN ROW; OR, THE RIDE IN HYDE PARK.

*An Engraving for the present Month, and
to face this Page.*

THE design from which this Engraving is taken, is of the celebrated Ride in Hyde Park, so much frequented by the first fashionables in the kingdom. Part of the ride is called *Rotten Row*, but whether it was not originally called *Rutting*, and not *Rotten Row*, is a point not now worth discussing. The principle figure in the Engraving is supposed to be the Prince, who often takes an airing along this Ride. The *cits*, and the *knowing-ones*, with their bits of blood, generally join the throng on a Sunday; and, when the company is so assembled, the pencil of Bunbury might be as happily employed as that of young Sartorius, the author of this Design. We shall not attempt a description of the scene, as, perhaps, some Correspondent, on receiving the hint, may favour us with his ideas, and furnish a future Number of our Miscellany with a few pleasant remarks on the subject.

ROYAL CHASE.

HIS Majesty closed the hunting season with his Stag Hounds on Saturday the 30th of April, when a famous running deer was turned out in the coverts, at Brick Bridge; from these he soon broke away, and afforded excellent racing competition to a numerous field. The major part of whom found it impossible to lay near the hounds, many were of course thrown out in the early part of the chase; covering a large scope of country on the Berkshire side, he made for the Thames, which he crossed in the deepest part, and, of course, in some degree retarded the chase.— This being at length renewed with renovated spirit, in Oxfordshire, he was taken unhurt, near Mapledurham, after an admirable run of two hours and a quarter, at the termination of which, a considerable number of those who first started with the hounds were not to be found.

FOX HUNTING.

Extract of a Letter from Hereford.

A BOLD adventure in the sporting line, second week in April, 1803.—One day last week a bad fox was turned out near the
12 above

above city, and a great number of gentlemen sportsmen met to enjoy the diversion. The fox, in a mile or two, took to the river, which put a stop to the career of all the sportsmen, except the gallant Captain Forester, of the 15th Light Dragoons, quartered in the above city. That gentleman, without the least hesitation, dashed into the middle of the stream, with his old famous horse Minister, so well known in the 15th corps, and by his determined resolution, of which there was some little need, in the middle of the river, reached the opposite, and much wished-for shore, in safety at the last; and then, giving his lagging friends on the otherside, off cheering view halloo, pursued his game, and killed bold Reynard about ten miles from the spot on which he was, in the morning, turned out. The Captain is brother to C. Forester, Esq. M. P. so much famed for his horsemanship, in the hunt of old honest Hugo Meynell, Esq. the king of fox hunters."

CONCISE CONSOLATION.

SINCE our last number, a gentleman of fortune having purchased a grey gelding, at a repository of much celebrity, for the purpose of carrying his daughter, sent the horse to a veterinarian of some eminence, for his opinion, from whom he received the following information.

"SIR,—

The subject sent for examination, is so completely *chest foundered*, he can hardly get his legs from under him; in addition to which, *one eye has taken final leave*, and the other is *visibly inclined to follow*. I understand, by your servant, he

was brought from the *hammer*: to the hammer he had better be *returned*. "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Your's most truly.

May 16, 1803.

MR. HILL DARLEY.

Court of King's Bench, May 2.

THE KING V. DARLEY.

ON the Saturday previous to the above date, Mr. Serjeant Best, on the part of the defendant, Mr. Hill Darley, moved for a rule to shew cause why the verdict of guilty, which had been obtained against him, should not be set aside, and a new trial granted.—This case was permitted to stand over till to day, to give the defendant an opportunity of making an affidavit, stating the facts that would be proved by a witness, of the name of Duncan, who was at present, as he believed, in Scotland, and whose evidence was material to his defence. This was an indictment under very penal circumstances, founded on the 9th Anne, c. 14. sect. 8. It was very proper that the act should be carried into execution, but the Court would not be disposed to stretch it to an undue length. They would wish it to operate on those who were manifestly guilty; but it could not operate on a party, who had never had an opportunity of defending himself. This was an indictment for an assault on account of money won at play, and if the defendant was convicted, he was to forfeit all his goods, and to suffer two years imprisonment in the county gaol where the assault was committed.

He

He should state the facts, which Duncan would prove, which were these:—that the prosecutor pursued the defendant through the streets of Brighton, calling on him, in an abusive manner, to pay him the L.50 which he had won from him at play. In consequence of this conduct of the prosecutor, and a number of people assembling, the defendant was obliged to go into R. Duncan's lodgings, and the evidence he was to give was, that he was present, and heard the prosecutor, with three other persons whom he did not know, at different times afterwards, consulting together, and they agreed to go to the defendant's apartments to demand this L.50; and that if they could not persuade him to pay it, they would provoke him to fight, and then they would indict him, as they had done.

Mr. Erskine said, the policy of the statute certainly was this: the law would not authorize any man to recover, by action, money won at play; and before the passing of this statute, many men, who had won money at play, by intimidation, had procured that redress and satisfaction, which the law would not have given them. The winner attacked the loser by threats and violence, and so compelled him to do that which the law would not have authorized him to do. These facts would be strong evidence for the consideration of both judge and jury on the trial. The defendant was in a considerable way of trade, by having married Mrs. Pritchard, who keeps a very considerable warehouse.

Lord Ellenborough asked, if it was possible to get an affidavit from Duncan?

Mr. Erskine said, he was afraid they could not, as he was in Scotland, and they did not know where, so that they could not write to him.

Lord Ellenborough said, he might

not be in Scotland at all; and how did they know he would soon return?

Mr. Erskine said, it was sworn, they expected he would soon return. He observed, that a Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, when an application was made to that court to put off a trial, on account of the absence of General Grant, who was then in Scotland, the Chief Justice said, if the General was in Scotland, he would take it for granted he would soon return, and granted the application.

Lord Ellenborough.—We will grant you a rule to shew cause.

Mr. Serjeant Best, on the same side, observed, that if the rule for a new trial was not made absolute, he hoped the Court would permit them to move in arrest of judgment.

Lord Ellenborough desired him to state his grounds.

The learned serjeant said, his grounds were two: first, the assault was stated to have taken place in September, and the indictment was found at the Midsummer Sessions in the same year. The bill was found in July for an assault, which was stated not to have been committed till the September following. The second ground rested on the authority of the case of the *King v. Randal and others*. 3 Term. Rep. 98.

Lord Ellenborough.—I am afraid your motion in arrest of judgment will not do you any good. These, however, are your grounds.

THE LATE DUEL.

AS various illiberal, unfounded reports, are in circulation, reflecting on the conduct of the seconds in the late unfortunate duel between Colonel Montgomery and Captain

Captain Macnamara, I feel it my duty, as the second of the latter, to state, with his knowledge and approbation, the following particulars. As the origin of the dispute is irrelevant to my purpose, I will make no comment on it.—Captain Macnamara and myself, accompanied by Mr. Heaviside, on our way to Chalk Farm, overtook Sir Wm. Keir, who, making himself known, I left the chaise, having previously received my friend's instructions.—After the first compliments were over, Sir William Keir observed, "This is an unfortunate business, but I hope we shall be able to do it away." I replied, "Yes, I hope we shall; but, Sir William, I will at once inform you, that no apology will come from Captain Macnamara, as he feels himself the offended party." I then related the particulars of the dispute, as Sir William appeared unacquainted with them. Sir William observed on the word *arrogant*, used by Captain M. I agreed with him that it was a severe word, but that the conduct of Col. M. had drawn it from Capt. M.—Sir William then wished to put off the meeting that evening, observing, that he hoped in the morning we might do it away; and that he thought it was getting too dark. To this I replied, that I much lamented the very prompt appointment of his friend, Col. M. who had so decidedly fixed the meeting at precisely two hours from the time I delivered Captain M.'s message, and for that purpose, had set his watch to mine: that as to the light, having accepted Col. M.'s time, it was not for us to object to that, even were it moonlight; but that, as I was equally anxious with him to do away the dispute, I would, the moment the time was expired, if Col. M. did not appear, quit the ground with Capt. M. and wait on Sir Wm. Keir at any time he pleased, that

evening or the following day; but that I did not think we could, as men of honour, quit the ground till the time was elapsed. A few minutes before the appointed time, Col. M. appeared; Sir Wm. Keir then went from me to speak to him, before they proceeded to the ground. After a very short conversation, Sir Wm. and Col. M. walked towards the ground, Sir William ordering his servant, in French, to bring the pistols. I then directed a servant to bring mine. When on the ground, Sir Wm. Keir and I went apart, and I then repeated, that if Col. M. would make a written apology, it was not now too late. Sir William spoke to the Colonel, but soon returned, saying, "a written apology, you know, Captain Barrie, would be entirely out of the question; but Colonel M. declines making any apology.—The pistols were then loaded, and it was agreed that they should stand twelve paces distant from each other, then level and fire as they pleased. The exchange of shots was almost instantaneous, but Colonel M. fired first. The parties were immediately conveyed to Chalk Farm, and while I was binding up Captain M.'s wounds, Sir Wm. Keir informed me Col. M. was dead. Sir William then waited for me till my horse was brought out, and we accompanied each other to town.—This, to the best of my recollection, is a correct account of the conduct of the seconds.

ROBERT BARRIE."

Captain Barrie having sent the above statement to Sir Wm. Keir, received the following answer;—

"SIR, London, May 2, 1803.

"I have read the inclosed, which is, as far as my memory serves me, a correct statement of the substance of what passed between us.—Your most obedient servant,"

W. KEIR."

To Captain Barrie.

EPSOM

EPSOM RACES.

THE Epsom races, on Thursday the 26th instant, afforded an almost unprecedented display of sporting brilliancy. The immense concourse of people from the metropolis, as well as from every part of the surrounding country, in equipages of every construction, and with retinues of every description, constituted a scene far beyond the power of the pen or pencil to delineate. The phaetonic whips, with their different beautiful sets of bays, blacks, and pyeballs, evidently displayed a desire to "out-Herod Herod" in the dexterity of their driving; and the repeated enjoyment of "hair breadth 'scapes," seemed to be the utmost object of their charioteeing ambition. Post-coaches, sociables, chaises, gigs, chairs, buggies, taxed carts, and equestrians, in respect to number, were never equalled upon the downs of Surry; the only proportional deficiency, was evidently upon the score of beauty, as there never were so few fine women to grace so delightful a scene.

The Derby Stakes of Fifty Guineas each, half forfeit, 34 subscribers, and for which only six started, 28 having paid forfeit, but ill repaid the general expectation which stakes of so much magnitude had formed. The winner, Sir H. Williamson's colt, named by Lord G. H. Cavendish, with 8 to 1 against him, took the lead at starting, about three lengths, which in running he easily increased to six, and came in with that advantage; the third was the same distance behind the second; and the fourth not at all nearer the third; constituting, by the event, a kind of desponding chasm in the countenance of those who were numerously called upon to pay seven or eight times the sum they had ex-

pected to receive. In fact, those who conceived themselves *in the secret* lost their money, and to a considerable amount.

The Fifty Pound Plate for all ages, in the afternoon, afforded much greater sport to the multitude, who had continued to increase during the day; for this there were entered,

Mr. Forth's Revenge, 5 yrs old
Mr. Durand's Jack Chance, ditto
Mr. Whaley's Allegranti, 6 yrs old
M. Windham's Galloper, 4 yrs old
Mr. Pierce's Omnium, ditto.

At starting for the first heat, Jack Chance, who was rode by Buckle, took the lead *at score*, and continued his career at nearly the top of his speed, evidently challenging his adversaries *to come along*; this, however, for their own sporting reasons, they declined, laying as well by the side of each other as if enjoying themselves over a bottle, and permitted Buckle to enjoy the happiness of facing the winning post, at the very moment of the distance flags dropping behind the longest hair of Omnium's tail; and the expectation of a general distance, which Buckle evidently ran for, was rendered abortive.

For the second heat, Jack Chance again took the lead, with a palpable confidence of being enabled to keep it, and continued at a racing-like rate; but Forth, who rode his own horse, lay handsomely at him, and, by occasionally giving a length or two, and readily catching him again, convinced the field some good honest running might be expected. This was eventually confirmed; for, after most excellent racing and jockeyship, during the whole four miles, never was a better run in for the last mile; the two being side by side, Buckle whipping for the last ten lengths, and Forth winning the heat by the third of a length.

The last heat was contested with equal

equal energy, each party, seemingly confident of his superiority in both speed and bottom, being clearly disposed to bring it to proof; thus inclined, with no reluctance on either side, they started with a determination to cover the ground at their utmost speed, and the heat was completed with a degree of enthusiasm, half a length in favour of Forth, that excited universal admiration.

The pleasures of the day, we regret to say, did not terminate without some of those accidents, disasters, and affrays, which are too frequently seen where so many heterogeneous classes of people are brought to the same scene of action. Between the heats, two gentlemen, riding in the direct line of the course, in opposite directions, the chests of the horses came into contact with such dreadful velocity, that one was killed on the spot, and the other having his shoulder dislocated also, a period was put to his existence likewise. In returning from the Downs, a horse ran away with a chair, in which were a lady and gentleman, and for a time threatened the most dreadful consequences; but the driver, with a degree of temper and judicious determination, keeping him from the road entirely upon the new sown arable land, for about a mile and a half, *happily brought him up* with no other injury than a *simple fracture* of a single trace. In the road between Epsom and Merton, no less than three horses lay breathing their last, in ample proof of juvenile folly and inhuman expedition. Friday, the Course was again covered with a profusion of company, but not so numerous or so variegated as on the preceding day. The Oaks Stakes of Fifty Guineas each, half forfeit, 24 Subscribers, being the principal object of attraction, in the termination of which, the *knowing ones* were equally dis-

appointed with their previous mishap in the Derby, the winner having been as little thought of; it being won by

Sir T. Gascoigne's Sister to Symmetry

1
Mr. Harris's Sister to Allegranti 2
Duke of Grafton's Filly, by Pot80's 3

The odds at starting were 100 to 20 against the winner, 70 to 10 against Sister to Allegranti, and 70 to 40 against the Duke of Grafton.

N. B. Our next month's Calendar will contain the whole of the Races.

ASCOT HEATH RACES begin on Tuesday the 14th of next month, and continue the week, where great sport and much company are as usual expected. First day, the King's Hundred Guineas, a Sweepstakes of Ten Guineas, and another of Twenty-Five Guineas each. Eleven Subscribers to the first, and the same number to the last. The second day, one Fifty Pound Plate. The Thursday, Two Fifties; Friday, Two Fifties; and, on Saturday, a Handicap Plate: exclusive of other engagements reported to have been already entered into.

TROTTING MATCH.

ON Monday, the 23d instant, a Trotting Match took place on Sunbury Common, between a horse and a mare, belonging to two gentlemen in the city, for a wager of 100 guineas, for the distance of three miles in the shortest time. The horse performed the distance in nine minutes, and the mare was close after him. The mare and the horse are both celebrated trotters, and when they run some time since against each other, the mare beat the horse. Great numbers attended from London, and other parts, and betting was very high on both sides.

FIRING

FIRING AT A MARK.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

THE practice of duelling has long afforded a topic for dispute between those who avowed themselves its enemies and advocates; and a late instance of a meeting having ended fatally to a person very generally known, has made it a more interesting subject of conversation. It is natural to lament the untimely fate of a fellow creature; and it does much honour to the feelings, but little to the judgment of those who allow themselves to be guided by these feelings alone, without reflecting on the innumerable evils, the effects of which, are removed from society only through a few solitary instances of a fatal issue.

The well meaning people, who apostrophize on the horrors of duelling, as unworthy of a civilized state, should recollect that we owe much of the refined and pleasing intercourse between man and man to this very practice, which they paint in colours so very dark; and though they may not altogether approve, yet they may, perhaps, be induced, in a qualified degree, to tolerate this necessary evil. Love of superiority seems natural to all men; more especially to those of a sanguine temperament. Presumption is an almost inseparable companion of petulance and ignorance: place one of the peaceable well meaning men in the society of such—who are at the same time ignorant of the laws of honour—would he not rather wish himself among the savages of the forest? But, from the influence of these undefined laws, wretches, whose dispositions are the most inimical to

every virtuous principle, and whose evil inclinations would prompt them on every occasion to violate the bonds of good fellowship and urbanity, are constrained to assume and maintain an amenity of manners and language, and even to add to the social enjoyments of those whose every comfort they would confound and destroy, were it not for the magic influence of the laws of honour.

There is a solemnity in the appeal to arms which cannot but have its effect on every mind. Fear of personal danger is not the sole motive to avoid that conduct or language which may lead to a duel. I am morally certain, that many who feel the goadings of an almost ungovernable irritability, would gladly meet an antagonist, and venture their lives to gratify the ruling passion, if the cause of quarrel and rencounter might never be known; but the full conviction of being altogether in the wrong, and aware of the court of honour to which his conduct must be subjected in the judgment and esteem of every real gentleman, gives the turbulent spirit pause, and he is constrained to pretend to have a value for the refined sentiments, without which he must be altogether scouted by those of the rank in which fortune has placed him.

Will the enemies of duelling assert, that the authority of a court of law, or any court, could check so effectually the indulgence of unhappy tempers, which would otherwise ruffle and interrupt the smooth current of civilized intercourse? Do they value that refinement of education which makes us shrink from, and abhor the ribaldry and vulgar manners of the profligate part of the lower orders? Must they not think the casual occurrence of a few duels a very small sacrifice for the mild and soothing

intercourse of polished life, which we enjoy, in the room of boisterous merriment, barbarous insult, and indecent abuse? While thus we cannot but submit to the necessity of duelling, as a check on those who own no other, we must give our unqualified disapprobation of all attempts to acquire skill in the use of pistols. The sword was the weapon of our forefathers, but skill had so great and certain a superiority, that a good swordsman might almost put on paper, every pass and parry which he would allow his ignorant antagonist. To remedy this evident inequality, pistols gradually came into use, as a mean of putting men more on an equal footing. Of all offensive weapons, the pistol seemed that in which skill could do little. No one dreamt that individuals, who claimed the appellation of *men of honour*, would deliberately set to work, like a mechanic at his trade, to acquire a superiority in the use of what had only been adopted for the sake of putting all on a footing! Some, however, having unfortunately too much time on their hands, employ it in acquiring a degree of skill so great as to be able to hit a wafer, or the pip of a card; and then, presuming more on their science than courage, swagger into company, and challenge a man who perhaps never touched a pistol before, and probably could not hit the end of a waggon. Is the man who takes his ground, conscious of such superiority, a man of honour? we say, no. The very essence of a duel requires, that the opponents shall be on a fair and equal footing, at least, that any inequality shall not be owing to the wilful exertions of either party. A split ball, slug, or unfair pistol, will not be allowed. And what are these when compared with constant practice and skill? It ought, we humbly

conceive, to be reckoned as dishonourable to practice at a mark, as any action which can disgrace a gentleman. Why does our young spark practise?—That, if ever he is called upon, he may have an *advantage* over his antagonist. Let the pistol be held sacred as the arbiter of the laws of honour, and let the man who practises in private, or practises at all, be branded with equal infamy with him who marks cards, or loads dice, for he regulates the chance nearly as much. Those who innocently practise at a mark, merely as an amusement, must have little ingenuity if they cannot find another and a better.

THE
TRUE NATURE
OF
THE CAMELEON,

Determined by Mr. Golberry.

MR. GOLBERRY, during his residence in Africa, ascertained the faculty attributed to the Cameleon, of living upon air alone for a considerable length of time; he confined five Cameleons in separate cages, surrounded by a fine gauze, so as to exclude any insect, or substance of any description, floating in the air. In a few days they became thin, and acquired a blackish grey colour, a certain sign of their distress; but having arrived at a great degree of leanness, they remained in the same state for the space of a month, without any evident diminution of their strength. At the end of two months they became so weak and languid, as to be unable to move from the bottom of their cages; their skins became almost black, their eyes heavy, and they could not inflate themselves to more

more than half their usual size; they at length became nothing more than animated skeletons. The first that died, existed 89 days without food; the second, 91 days; the third, 105 days; the fourth, 115 days. The fifth Cameleon had been 116 days without food, when Mr. Golbery set it at liberty, and, in a fortnight, it recovered colour and strength; shortly after which it escaped from his further observations. The Cameleon lays motionless on a bough, or in the grass, and lets its glutinous tongue, which resembles an earth-worm, hang pendant; the tongue is probably gifted with a scent, by which small insects are attracted; and, when covered with them, it is drawn in with astonishing rapidity. Referring to their colour, Mr. Golbery says—"When I kept my Cameleons in a cage, and plagued or tormented them, I saw that they laboured under anguish and rage, which they sensibly expressed by expiring the air so strongly, that its force became audible; soon after which these animals became lean, and their fine green colour was tarnished. On continuing to tease them, they became a yellow green; then a yellow, spotted with red; then a yellow brown, spotted with red brown; next a brown grey, marked with black. At length they became thinner, and assumed different shades; but these were the only colours I could succeed in making them adopt." Mr. Golbery wrapped them in different coloured stuffs, and left them for whole days in that state, but the colour of the animal was never affected by the practice, and he is of opinion that the change of colour is produced by its internal motions, and the influence of heat or cold, light or darkness, health, ease, &c. The Cameleon has a power peculiar to it-

self, of moving its eyes in every direction, and entirely independent of each other. The Cameleon is so organized, as not only to inspire a very great quantity of air, but also to retain, absorb, and digest this fluid, which penetrates and filters through all parts of the body, so that even the feet, tail, and eyes are filled with it.

BATTLE OF LODI.

THE celebrated battle of Lodi has furnished an interesting subject for the expressive pencil of Mr. Robert Ker Porter, who has lately finished a very large picture, which is now exhibiting at the Lyceum, representing that murdering conflict. This extraordinary young artist has already produced some wonderful paintings of this kind, which has at once exalted his fame and fortune; and, we hope, proved of public utility. For the *horrid* scenes of *carnage and slaughter* which must always attend the *civilized battles* of modern times, cannot be too forcibly depicted, nor can they be too frequently brought before the eye of humanity. The descriptive pens of the historian and moralist, may rouse attention, and excite sympathy; but the more expressive pencil of the painter has the power of producing greater effects. The painter can appeal to the *eye* of every person, whether learned or illiterate, with more than common eloquence. He can represent the dead, the dying, the wounded soldier, and the widowed mother, and orphan, in all the colours and appearances of nature; and the person who can contemplate such a scene unmoved, is only fit to be placed among the murdering ranks.

The picture which our artist has again produced as his fourth essay, is highly creditable to his taste and judgment. It represents the City of Lodi, on the right hand side of the painting, from the gate of which the celebrated bridge commences. To a considerable extent round the city is a fine plain, luxuriantly diversified with villas, farms, cottages, and beautiful woods. The river Adda parts this charming champaign; on the nearer side of which are seen the remains of the old fortifications, which the Austrians turned into barracks for their soldiers; and who are seen retreating to the left; in the rear of whom, General Beaulieu—commander of the Austrian army—is seen on a chestnut horse, surrounded by his staff. In the centre of the picture, General Bonaparte appears on a white charger, superbly caparisoned, giving orders to citizen Marmot, his aid de camp. General Lasnes, is to the right of the commander in chief; and General Berthier is ordering his division to repel the Neapolitans, who are attempting to stem the impetuosity of the troops, which are pursuing the Austrians. Bonaparte is followed by that standard which had hitherto been considered as the palladium of their conquest, and which was taken by the gallant 42nd, at the battle of Alexandria. Generals Angereau and Massena are giving orders for a party to seize the guns of the enemy to the right, whose fire enfiladed the bridge. On, and near this spot, seem rallied all the horrors of the action; tremendous, and awful to behold! Death here exhibits itself in every terrible shape. Horses, with their riders, are seen precipitated headlong into the river; some are seen clinging to the rails of the Bridge, which is giving way, while others, writhing

in agony, wounded, bleeding, and intermingled with the dead, convey a perfect idea of the horrors of war, which humanity should cherish, and reflection teach how to avoid. The scenery is luxuriant and picturesque in the extreme; the figures are happily grouped, and the portraits are deemed correct. His horses possess fire and spirit, and the warriors are expressively animated; whilst the costume of dress is strictly adhered to.

Mr. Porter has made the following very liberal offer to the government of Great Britain, which, it is presumed, will be accepted: to paint six subjects, on as large a scale as the Battle of Lodi; the profits, arising from the exhibition of which, are to be applied to augment the revenues of the naval and military institutions.

A REVIEW
OF THE
ORIGINAL INVENTION
OF
DICE AND CARDS.

THOUGH the origin of the cube or die has been generally given to the Greeks, no certain account of it can possibly be traced, prior to the time of Aristophanes.

Now, as Aristophanes lived above four hundred years before the Christian æra, it is certain that the cube or die has been used as an instrument of play for at least "two-and-twenty hundred years;" and how much longer is uncertain. The great antiquity, therefore, of the die, as an instrument of pastime, is undoubted; and the general cause assigned for its invention, was the necessary purpose of amusing and relaxing

relaxing the mind from the pressure of difficulties, or from the fatigues and toils protracted by war. Time, however, has converted this instrument of recreation into an engine of destruction; and the intended palliative of cares and labour, has but too often proved the fostering nurse of innumerable evils.

After many interesting ages, the "painted card" made its appearance; which, however innocent and agreeable at its first introduction, has since proved the fertile source of much gambling iniquity.

Though it seems generally supposed, that a sort of figures painted on thin wood, or pasteboard, and resembling cards, have been long before used in China, yet these did not find their way into Europe, till a late period; and then, indeed, from a total alteration in the figures, suits, and manner of using them, they seem to have been considered rather as a new invention, than even a distant imitation. Had that learned orientalist, Hyde, lived to have completed his "*Historia Chartiludii*," which he had in contemplation to have added to his history of other oriental games, our curiosity would have been fully satisfied on this subject.

An inquiry into the origin of cards has certainly employed the pens of some learned antiquarians of our own, and other nations; but they have confined their researches to European cards alone. What has been advanced on the subject of cards, by various writers, amounts to thus much: that no traces of cards are to be found in Europe previous to the middle of the fourteenth century; that it is not clear whether they were of French or Spanish invention, but that the conjectures are better grounded which favour the latter

opinion; that no other nation advances any claim, but these two; that the first accounts we have of cards came from France, but that some of the principal games are evidently of Spanish extraction; that which ever nation borrowed them from the other, it presently made them in a manner its own, by an alteration of the names of the suits, and an adaptation of the depicted figures to certain circumstances of their own kingdoms; that the ancient cards of both nations, particularly the court-cards, exhibit strong marks of the age of chivalry in which they were invented; that giving pre-eminence of victory to a certain suit by the name of *trump* or *triumph* to the suit, is a strong trait of the martial ideas of the inventors of these games; that if not invented, they were at least first much used in France, in the reign of Charles VI. to divert whose melancholy and dejection of spirits, many maintain they owe their origin. Very soon after they certainly became so fashionable, and at the same time so gambling a diversion, as to make it necessary to prohibit their indiscriminate use by strict orders and injunctions. The edicts for this purpose bear an early date in France, after the supposed invention of cards, which shews how speedily not only their use, but abuse, extended itself. In Spain, the love of them became no less bewitching; and, from the connection with one or other of these two nations, the use of cards was quickly disseminated through most European nations, where they became the favourite diversion of the prince and the peasant, the child and the hoary head. By the way, the reader needs not information of their general estimation in his own days.

LAWYER

LAWYER HUNTING;

OR, THE

BURNING SHAME.

IN all civilized nations, pettifogging lawyers have been held in detestation and contempt, by the man of honour and virtue, because their nefarious practices have too frequently brought that kind of stigma on the gentleman-professor, which vulgar prejudice most uncharitably attaches to the whole. They are like the fox among poultry, ravenous and destructive, sparing neither young nor old, while the cries of the helpless but serve to improve the keenness of their appetites, and augment the wrongs of the miserable.

In the days of the Seventh Henry, this kind of pestilence became insupportable; but his successor, with more liberality, listened to the cries of the people; and, to shew his inclination to redress their wrongs, caused two of their ring-leaders, Empsom and Dudley, to be brought before a jury of the country; and, being found guilty of the charges exhibited against them, they were hung up in terror to the whole tribe, and to the joy of all good men. This justice of the crown, struck a damp through the very soul of the foul profession, and these creatures, so tortious, became torpid during the life of the sovereign; but some time about the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth, his successor, a serpent of the old heaven ventured out of his hole, and took his station at Newport, in the Isle of Wight; of whom take the following

ANECDOTE.

It has been remarked, for ages, of the good people of the Isle of

Wight, that so averse were they to all process by law, that when a misunderstanding arose between party and party, the difference was submitted to a jury of their neighbours, and no professional man suffered to interfere, on any pretence whatever; and for this conduct the islanders acquired much commendation; until the time of Elizabeth, when Sir George Carey was sent among them, as captain-general and governor for that Queen. At this period, an attorney-at-law came to settle at Newport, for the improvement of his fortune. His little tricks and mercenary insinuations soon set the once happy and peaceable inhabitants at great strife, insomuch that a formal petition was presented to the governor, praying that they who had so long lived in amity with each other, might be fairly quit of this nuisance, and once more restored to order and good neighbourhood. Sir George Carey, after maturely deliberating on the subject, came to Newport, and, finding their complaints to be justly founded, caused the lawyer to be brought to open trial; and, upon evidence of his guilt, sentenced him to undergo the *Burning Shame*, and be banished the island. Before I proceed to the manner of executing this sentence, it will be necessary to describe the preparation for its accomplishment.

A barrel is taken, with one of the bottoms out, and, through the other, a hole made just big enough to admit the head of the culprit; and this barrel is put over him, so as to bear on his shoulders and confine his arms, but not so low as to impede the progress of his limbs.

On the outer side of the barrel, is screwed a great number of iron sockets, and in each socket a lighted candle, with which the condemned is led, by two conductors, to the North

North Bridge, amidst the rude acclamations of the people, mingled with rough music; that is to say, the pig-cutter's horn, the horse-shoe and brass kettle, marrow-bones and cleavers, together with the frying-pan and the salt-box.—But to return—

The lawyer was taken to the market-place of Newport, in his Burning Shame, and fixed in the most conspicuous station; when one of the elders of the corporation called to the people to look upon him, and then recapitulated the evils brought upon them by his cunning; the exordium over the sentence of banishment was read; and, in the illuminated tub, with bells at his knees, the lawyer was conducted to the outer bridge, that leads to Cowes; and, upon signal given by the horn-blowers, the Hunt began, the culprit making all the speed he could, while men, women, children, and even decrepitude, joined in the chase, hooting the poor devil till he had fairly entered the passage-hoy prepared to convey him from that paradise his low cunning endeavoured to convert to a pandemonium.

If such the practice once a year,
Many a sigh and many a tear
The poor might save: for rogues like
these
Are England's curse and foul disease.

N.

P. S. I forgot to observe, that it was the business of his two conductors to stop their charge whenever a light expired, till it was restored again; which, happening as often as the lawyer went too fast, made the procession of the Burning Shame of near half a day's continuance.

COMICAL HISTORY OF BEARDS.

VARIOUS have been the ceremonies and customs of most nations in regard of the beard. The Tartars, out of a religious principle, waged a long and bloody war with the Persians, declaring them infidels, merely because they would not cut their whiskers after the rite of Tartary: and we find, that a considerable branch of the religion of the ancients consisted in the management of their beard. The Greeks wore their beards till the time of Alexander the Great; that Prince having ordered the Macedonians to be shaved, for fear it should give a handle to their enemies. According to Pliny, the Romans did not begin to shave till the year of Rome 454, when P. Ticinius brought over a stock of barbers from Sicily.—Persons of quality had their children shaved the first time by others of the same or greater quality, who, by this means, became godfather or adoptive father of the children. Anciently, indeed, a person became godfather of the child by barely touching his beard: thus historians relate, that one of the articles of the treaty between Alaric and Clovis was, that Alaric should touch the beard of Clovis to become his godfather.

As to ecclesiastics, the discipline has been very different on the article of beards: sometimes they have been enjoined to wear them, from a notion of too much effeminacy in shaving, and that a long beard was more suitable to the ecclesiastical gravity; and sometimes again they were forbid it, as imagining pride to lurk beneath a venerable beard. The Greek and Roman churches have been long together by the ears about their beards: since the time
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of their separation, the Romanists seem to have given more into the practice of shaving, by way of opposition to the Greeks; and have even made some express constitutions *de radendis barbis*. The Greeks, on the contrary, espouse very zealously the cause of long beards, and are extremely scandalized at the beardless images of saints in the Roman churches. By the statutes of some monasteries it appears, that the lay-monks were to let their beards grow, and the priests among them to shave; and that the beards of all that were received into the monasteries, were blessed with a great deal of ceremony. There are still extant the prayers used in the solemnity of consecrating the beard to God, when an ecclesiastic was shaven.

Le Compte observes, that the Chinese affect long beards extravagantly; but nature has balked them, and only given them very little ones, which, however, they cultivate with infinite care: the Europeans are strangely envied by them on this account, and esteemed the greatest men in the world. Chrysostom observes, that the kings of Persia had their beards wove or matted together with gold thread; and some of the first kings of France had their beards knotted and buttoned up with gold.

Among the Turks, it is more infamous for any one to have his beard cut off, than among us to be publicly whipt or branded with a hot iron. There are abundance in that country, who would prefer death to this kind of punishment. The Arabs make the preservation of their beards a capital point of religion, because Mahomet never cut his. Hence the razor is never drawn over the Grand Signior's face. The Persians, who clip them, and shave above the jaw, are reputed heretics. It is

likewise a mark of authority and liberty among them, as well as among the Turks. They who serve in the seraglio, have their beards shaven, as a sign of their servitude. They do not suffer it to grow till the sultan has set them at liberty, which is bestowed as a reward upon them, and is always accompanied with some employment.

The most celebrated ancient writers, and several modern ones, have spoken honourably of the fine beards of antiquity. Homer speaks highly of the white beard of Nestor, and that of old king Priam. Virgil describes Mezentius's to us, which was so thick and long as to cover all his breast; Chrysippus praises the noble beard of Timothy, a famous player on the flute. Pliny the younger tells us of the white beard of Euphrates, a Syrian philosopher; and he takes pleasure in relating the respect mixed with fear with which it inspired the people. Plutarch speaks of the long white beard of an old Laconian, who, being asked why he let it grow so, replied, " 'Tis that, seeing continually my white beard, I may do nothing unworthy of its whiteness." Strabo relates, that the Indian philosophers, the Gymnosophists, were particularly attentive to make the length of their beards contribute to captivate the veneration of the people. Diodorus, after him, gives a very particular and circumstantial history of the beards of the Indians. Juvenal does not forget that of Antilochus the son of Nestor. Fenelon, in describing a priest of Apollo in all his magnificence, tells us, that he had a white beard down to his girdle. But Persius seems to outdo all these authors: this poet was so convinced that a beard was the symbol of wisdom, that he thought he could not bestow a greater encomium on the divine Socrates, than by calling him

him the bearded master, *magistrum barbatus*.

While the Gauls were under their sovereignty, none but the nobles and Christian priests were permitted to wear long beards. The Franks, having made themselves masters of Gaul, assumed the same authority as the Romans: the bondsmen were expressly ordered to shave their chins; and this law continued in force until the entire abolishment of servitude in France. So likewise, in the time of the first race of kings, a long beard was a sign of nobility and freedom. The kings, as being the highest nobles in their kingdom, were emulous likewise to have the largest beards: Eginard, secretary to Charlemain, speaking of the last kings of the first race, says, they came to the assemblies in the Field of Mars in a carriage drawn by oxen, and sat on the throne with their hair dishevelled, and a very long beard, *crine profuso, barba submissa*, &c.

To touch any one's beard, or cut off a bit of it, was, among the first French, the most sacred pledge of protection and confidence. For a long time all letters that came from the sovereign had, for greater sanction, three hairs of his beard in the seal. There is still in being a charter of 1121, which concludes with the following words: *Quod ut ratum et stabile perseveret in posterum, presentis scripto sigilli mei robur apposui cum tribus pilis barbe mee*.

Several great men have honoured themselves with the surname of Bearded. The Emperor Constantine is distinguished by the epithet of Pogonate, which signifies the Bearded. In the time of the crusades, we find there was a Geoffrey the Bearded. Baldwin IV. Earl of Flanders, was surnamed Handsome-beard; and, in the illustrious house of Montmorenci, there

was a famous Bouchard, who took a pride in the surname of Bearded: he was always the declared enemy of the monks, without doubt, because of their being shaved.

In the tenth century, King Robert, of France, the rival of Charles the Simple, was not more famous for his exploits than for his long white beard. In order that it might be more conspicuous to the soldiers when he was in the field, he used to let it hang down outside his cuirass: this venerable sight encouraged the troops in battle; and served to rally them when they were defeated.

A celebrated painter in Germany, called John Mayo, had such a large beard that he was nicknamed John the Bearded: it was so long that he wore it fastened to his girdle; and, though he was a very tall man; it would hang upon the ground when he stood upright. He took the greatest care of this extraordinary beard; sometimes he would untie it before the Emperor Charles V. who took great pleasure to see the wind make it fly against the faces of the lords of his court.

After the reign of the great Henry IV. of France, during which the beard had arrived at its summit of glory, Louis XIII. mounted the throne of his glorious ancestors without a beard. Every one concluded immediately, that the courtiers, seeing their young king with a smooth chin, would look upon their own as too rough. The conjecture proved right; for they presently reduced their beards to whiskers, and a small tuft of hair under the nether lip.

The people at first would not follow this dangerous example. The Duke of Sully never would adopt this effeminate custom. This man, great both as a general and a minister, was likewise so in his retirement; he had the courage to

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his long beard, and to appear with it at the court of Louis XIII. where he was called to give his advice in an affair of importance. The young crop-bearded courtiers laughed at the sight of his grave look and old-fashioned phiz. The duke, nettled at the affront put on his fine beard, said to the king, "Sir, when your father, of glorious memory, did me the honour to consult me on his great and important affairs, the first thing he did was to send away all the buffoons and stage-dancers of his court."

The Czar Peter, who had so many claims to the surname of Great, seems to have been but little worthy of it on this occasion. He had the boldness to lay a tax on the beards of his subjects. He ordered that the noblemen and gentlemen, tradesmen and artisans, the priests and peasants excepted, should pay 100 rubles to be able to retain their beards; that the lower class of people should pay a copeck for the same liberty; and he established clerks at the gates of the different towns to collect these duties. Such a new and singular impost troubled the vast empire of Russia. Both religion and manners were thought in danger. Complaints were heard from all parts; they even went so far as to write libels against the sovereign; but he was inflexible, and at that time powerful. Even the fatal scenes of St. Bartholomew were renewed against these unfortunate beards, and the most unlawful violences were publicly exercised. The razor and scissors were every where made use of. A great number, to avoid these cruel extremities, obeyed with reluctant sighs. Some of them carefully preserved the sad trimmings of their chins: and, in order to be never separated from these dear locks, gave orders that they should be placed with them in their coffins.

Example, more powerful than authority, produced in Spain what it had not been able to bring about in Russia without great difficulty. Philip V. ascended the throne with a shaved chin. The courtiers imitated the prince, and the people, in turn, the courtiers. However, though this revolution was brought about without violence, and by degrees, it caused much lamentation and murmuring; the gravity of the Spaniards lost much by the change. The favourite custom of a nation can never be altered without incurring displeasure. They have this old saying in Spain: *Desde que no hay barba no hay mas alma.* "Since we have lost our beards, we have lost our souls."

Among the European nations that have been most curious in beards and whiskers, we must distinguish Spain. This grave romantic nation has always regarded the beard as the ornament most to be prized; and the Spaniards have often made the loss of honour consist in that of their whiskers. The Portuguese, whose national character is much the same, are not the least behind them in that respect. In the reign of Catherine, queen of Portugal, the brave John de Castro had just taken in India the castle of Diu: victorious, but in want of every thing, he found himself obliged to ask the inhabitants of Goa to lend him a thousand pistoles for the maintenance of his fleet; and, as a security for that sum, he sent them one of his whiskers, telling them, "All the gold in the world cannot equal the value of this natural ornament of my valour; and I deposit it in your hands as a security for the money." The whole town was penetrated with this heroism, and every one interested himself about this invaluable whisker: even the women were desirous to give marks of their zeal for

so brave a man; several sold their bracelets to increase the sum asked for; and the inhabitants of Goa sent him immediately both the money and his whisker. A number of other examples of this kind might be produced; which do as much honour to whiskers as to the good faith of those days.

In Louis XIIIth's reign, whiskers attained the highest degree of favour, at the expence of the expiring beards. In those days of gallantry, not yet poisoned by wit, they became the favourite occupation of lovers. A fine black whisker, elegantly turned up, was a very powerful mark of dignity with the fair sex. Whiskers were still in fashion in the beginning of Louis the XIVth's reign. This king, and all the great men of his reign, took a pride in wearing them. They were the ornament of Turenne, Condé, Colbert, Corneille, Molière, &c. It was then no uncommon thing for a favourite lover to have his whiskers turned up, combed, and pomatumed, by his mistress; and, for this purpose, a man of fashion took care to be always provided with every little necessary article, especially whisker-wax. It was highly flattering to a lady to have it in her power to praise the beauty of her lover's whiskers; which, far from being disgusting, gave his person an air of vivacity: several even thought them an incitement to love. It seems the levity of the French made them undergo several changes both in form and name; there were Spanish, Turkish, guard-dagger, &c. whiskers; in short, royal ones, which were the last worn: their smallness proclaimed their approaching fall.

The Turkish wives kiss their husband's beards, and children their father's, as often as they come to salute them. The men kiss one

another's beards reciprocally on both sides, when they salute in the streets, or come off from any journey.

The fashion of the beard has varied in different ages and countries; some cultivating and cherishing one part of it, some another. Thus the Hebrews wear a beard on their chin; but not on the upper lip or cheeks. Moses forbids them to cut off entirely the angle or extremity of their beard; that is, to manage it after the Egyptian fashion, who left only a little tuft of beard at the extremity of their chin; whereas the Jews to this day suffer a little fillet of hair to grow from the lower end of their ears to their chins, where, as well as on their lower-lips, their beards are in a pretty long bunch. The Jews, in time of mourning, neglected to trim their beards, that is, to cut off what grew superfluous on the upper lips and cheeks. In time of grief and great affliction they also plucked off the hair of their beards.

Anointing the beard with unguents is an ancient practice both among the Jews and Romans, and still continues in use among the Turks; where one of the principal ceremonies observed in serious visits is to throw sweet-scented water on the beard of the visitant, and to perfume it afterwards with aloeswood, which sticks to this moisture, and gives it an agreeable smell. In middle-age writers we meet with *adlentare barbam*, used for stroking and combing it, to render it soft and flexible. The Turks, when they comb their beards, hold a handkerchief on their knees, and gather very carefully the hairs that fall; and, when they have got together a certain quantity, they fold them up in paper, and carry them to the place where they inter the dead, and bury them.

There are several instances
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given by Hippocrates, and other physicians, of grown women having long beards. Eusebius Nierembergius mentions a woman who had a beard reaching to her navel; and in the cabinet of curiosities of Statgard, in Germany, there is the portrait of a woman called Bartel Graetje, whose chin is covered with a very large beard. She was drawn in 1587, at which time she was but twenty-five years of age. There is likewise in the same cabinet, another portrait of her when she was more advanced in life, but likewise with a beard.—It is said, that the duke of Saxony had the portrait of a poor Swiss woman taken, remarkable for her long bushy beard; and those who were at the carnival at Venice in 1726, saw a female dancer astonish the spectators not more by her talents than by her chin covered with a black bushy beard.—Charles XII. had in his army a female grenadier: it was neither courage nor a beard that she wanted to be a man. She was taken at the battle of Pul-towa, and carried to Petersburg, where she was presented to the Czar in 1724: her beard measured a yard and a half.—We read in the Trévoux Dictionary, that there was a woman seen at Paris, who had not only a bushy beard on her face, but her body likewise covered all over with hair. Among a number of other examples of this nature, that of Margaret, the governess of the Netherlands, is very remarkable. She had a very long stiff beard, which she prided herself on; and, being persuaded that it contributed to give her an air of majesty, she took care not to lose a hair of it. This Margaret was a very great woman.—It is said, that the Lombard women, when they were at war, made themselves beards with the hair of their heads, which they ingeniously arranged

on their cheeks, in order that the enemy, deceived by the likeness, might take them for men. It is asserted, after Suidas, that in a similar case the Athenian women did as much. These women were much more men than many of our Jemmy-Jessamy countrymen.—About a century ago, the French ladies adopted the mode of dressing their hair in such a manner that curls hung down their cheeks as far as their bosoms. These curls went by the name of whiskers.

MAY-DAY AT SOUTHAMPTON;

WITH THE

Origin of May Games, and a Visit to Saint Cross.

I LEFT my pillow more early this morning than usual. My landlady had told me over night, that the young lasses of the town would be abroad by day-light, if the weather proved fair, dressed out in their best, and bearing their May-day garlands. The morning was delightful, and the sight worth the rising for. Here was no one-legged Hibernian to be seen, with a black patch over the hollow of a long-lost eye, scraping immodest measures on a wretched crout; no indelicate tucked-up bunter, from the purlieus of St. Giles, or the lower regions of Wapping, footing a hornpipe with the lascivious gestures of a Bacchant in her revels, as with you in the great city: No! The whole was simplicity, modesty, and perfect innocence. The young maidens came forward in couples, neatly dressed, and smiling like the dawn of their festivity. Every pair we met supported a stick horizontally, from the centre of which, hung the garland composed of two hoops, fashioned like a sphere, and covered

covered with the brightest flowers of the spring. There was the variegated tulip, the pale azure blossom of the burrage, the primrose and the blue-bell prettily disposed. Resting within the garland, and, placed at the bottom, was a clean scoured pewter plate; and, from the zenith of the sphere suspended a large egg, covered with leaf gold. And this garland they modestly presented the passenger, but spoke not. If an halfpenny was dropped in the plate, the return was a pair of their best curtsies, and then they went forward; the whole of their conduct exhibiting the humility and simplicity of earlier ages,

When less polluted was the human thought,
And the will practised all the virtues taught,

Such are the manners of the maids of Southampton; and such were in high estimation before the deceptions of modern refinements were uplifted to polish away the divine impressions of innocence.

Such are the May games at Southampton, derived—as indeed they are all over the island—from an ancient institution that had for its end “peace on earth, and good will towards men.”

The leisure days after seed-time had been chosen by our Saxon ancestors for *folk-motes*, or a convention of the elders of the people at the great *Wittenagemotte*. This time was also consecrated to their goddess *Herttha*, fabled to preside over peace and fertility.

In absence of the Baron, whose duty it was to attend the great assemblies of the nation, that no quarrel or bloodshed might happen, the villagers chose, from among their neighbours, a king, and he his queen of the May. It was a custom of the lads to crown their king with an oaken wreath, if oak could be

procured, and the lasses their queen with a chaplet of the hawthorn. These led the dance round the pole on the green, and governed the sports during the whole time prescribed for mirth, in these sweet days of perfect *Saturnalia*, which ended only with their Lord's return. All that is left of this ancient custom is but the shadow of a shade when compared with the original manners of the people. And in some places—I mean not Southampton—this season for relaxation expires, more to the disgrace of the villagers, than to the credit of their innocence and sobriety.

Having satisfied my curiosity with the young folks of Southampton, and the morning still most inviting, I resolved on a walk to Winchester, which I could well accomplish in three hours, the distance being only twelve miles, and the first four easy rising to a summit, one of the finest I have seen for its gentle acclivity. From the top of this *Hantonian* beauty, I stopped to survey the country, which, for twenty miles round, has more to recommend it to the notice of the ingenious traveller than any spot on this side the *Solent* waters: and about eleven, I arrived at Saint Cross, through the villages of Otterbourn and Compton.

Saint Cross is a charitable foundation, within one mile of Winchester, and of great antiquity. It is built round a quadrangular area; and the whole is of much beauty, when we consider the time of its elevation. Here is a noble entrance; and, in the eastern angle, a fine church, full of monuments; some most worthy a traveller's attention. The porter is a brother of Saint Cross, and lives in the gateway. This man I found particularly attentive, and greatly gratified me with sensible communications. The area comprehends about

about an acre of grass-plot, and the houses for the brotherhood conveniently fashioned about it; each has his spot of garden to cultivate, and the whole ground, at this moment, exhibits a Paradise in miniature. The chimnies of these dwellings have a very singular appearance; they all rise from the foundation, conspicuously projecting from the facies, and, at first sight, seem so many Ionic pilasters. As I entered this humble abode of peace, I met a very venerable old man; as he came tottering over the green, supported by two sticks. His back was bent to the segment of a circle. Time and labour were the causes of this recumbent attitude: his head was bald, except a few silver hairs scattered about his ears; he had on a black gown, the habit of the order. The moment I beheld him I was stricken with respect: he put off his hat as I approached him. "Father," said I, "be covered, or I must be bare also." At this he hid his venerable brows again, and I inquired the name of his founder. "Henry de Blois," replied the modest old man; "eternal blessings wait his soul, for he had a charitable heart, and thousands have lived to know it. As to myself," continued he, "I should be ungrateful not to acknowledge his benevolence, for I was without friends, without property, and strength, and, in his goodness, I now find an assylum. It is a blessed retreat." He went on. "Sir, when a man has done his worldly labours, he may here go with comfort to his grave. Pray will you walk in and see a brother's apartment? mine is an humble habitation, but you shall be wellcome." I bowed, and followed the good old man of St. Cross; he gave me a chair, and stirred up his fire, then presented bread and cheese, and some very good malt

liquor, of which every brother is allowed two quarts a-day, with plenty of provision of the best kind.

"The fare was humble, passing small,
But what avails the store?
With right good will he gave his all,
And wish'd it had been more."

I thanked my reverend conductor for his civilities, left my offering to grateful sympathy, and turned from the hospital of St. Cross, pleasantly reflecting on the liberality of our wealthy forefathers. Here are twelve fellow creatures, past their hours of industry, to be made happy to their last moments, for ever. If every man of immensity throughout the island had acted like Henry de Blois, from the period of this foundation, what seas of misery had been saved to mankind! And such a conduct had, indisputably, appeared more honourable to mankind, on the records of our history than that of the hero's who depopulated nations, and put to torments his thousands, and his tens of thousands.—The clock now struck twelve, and I entered the city of Winchester.

T. N.

CHIA-OU-RA-SUO; OR, BIRD-CATCHER.

The Indian Method of obtaining this celebrated Fish.

EARLY in the summer 1081, I went to Montreal, and waited there the whole time of the Fur Fair, of which I shall give you some account in my next letter. A few days previous to the arrival of the savage tribes, I took a charming ride up the left bank of the river St. Lawrence, where the pencil of the

the greatest master may be employed to the fairest advantage. The wonderful variety of vegetable nature, is, here, far beyond my powers to describe; and the effect the scenery awakes in a discriminating mind, truly sublime. In my way I fell in with a party of Indians, from the Illinois country; they were busily employed, as their Sachim informed me, in fishing for the Warrior fish, called by them Cha ou ra-suo: their method was truly curious, and cannot fail to give pleasure to you, who delight so much to reason on foreign arts, and the operations of animal nature. But let me first say something on the form of this singular creature, and then to the Indian method of taking it; to which, if my eyes had not witnessed, I could have given no credence.

The Cha-ou-ra-suo is in length about five feet, and as big round as an ordinary man's body. In appearance, at first sight, it resembles the Pike of our waters, but, upon closer examination, evidently of a different genus. It is covered with impenetrable scales, of a beautiful silver grey, and has a most penetrating eye; but, above all, there arises from the lower jaw a bony substance, long and ragged like a woodman's saw; and this the fish elevates or depresses at pleasure. When in pursuit of its prey, which, to the astonishment of man, is always of the feathered creation, gliding with the silent current, like a log, under the flags or reeds, it watches its opportunity, and with this formidable weapon strikes the unsuspecting bird while whistling on the rush that bends over the glassy surface, and the poor finch drops into its voracious maw.

To catch the Cha-ou-ra-suo, a small bird is fixed at the extremity of a line made of the wild deer's sinews, by the savages, for the pur-

pose, and just beneath him is a strong and well barbed hook; the bird is now turned towards the water, and, finding itself in a very unpleasant situation, begins to flutter over the current, while the sportsman carefully watches and secures the clew, till the business is over. He will patiently remain for many hours in this way; sometimes for a day and night together, with no better fare than a few wood berries.

The moment the fish has swallowed the victim, he flies away like an arrow, till checked by the fatal barb; and the greatest skill is exerted, till, spent with his own rage, the Cha-ou-ra-suo becomes a lifeless mass upon the waters. It is now landed and conveyed to the plantations, where the Indian is sure to make a good market among the farmers, who esteem this singular aquatic as the greatest delicacy of the limpid element.

THE FORTUNE-HUNTERS.

When every sober application fails;
Wit, boldly ventur'd, like a flash prevails.

A FORTUNE-HUNTER, I own, is, of all other characters the most dangerous in polished society; yet there exists a description of beings, who fall under this appellation, less reprehensible and distressing than the generality of the mass: nay, it sometimes happens that a young man, of prudence and sensibility, in the pursuit to better his circumstances, has snatched credulity from destruction, and improved those riches which, but for him, had been wasted on profligateness, and brutality; and this I shall endeavour to prove in the subsequent narration.

It

It is a fact, particularly well known among the acquaintance of the late Samuel Foot, Esq. our British Aristophanes, that, notwithstanding the fertility of his genius, that gentleman was more frequent in want of a pound than a dramatic plot; and that, to obtain the former, he was very often driven to his *ne plus ultra*, or last shift. In one of these awful moments, bunted by a thousand duns, and nothing in his rear but the county prison, our hero resolved on some expedient to expel the gloom that surrounded him. As necessity is the whetstone of wit, a plan presently presented; and Mr. Foot, being on terms of the highest familiarity with a Knight of the Bath, as poor as himself, though one of the finest figures and best bred men in the nation, to this gentleman he repaired, and made the knight soon acquainted with his project; and now, Mr. Foot having settled preliminaries with his friend, prepared for the adventure. The comedian had a female cousin, upper waiting maid to a buxom widow, like one of his royal highness's beauties—fat, fair, and forty—and, to crown the whole, mistress of an hundred thousand unincumbered *corianders*. To this waiting Abigail flew the playwright, and, having perfectly described his design, offered Miss a valuable consideration to take a principal part in the comedy. Her consent obtained, the satirist, the knight, and the fille de chambre, start for the game.

Foot, with all possible haste, took a lodging at the house of Mr. Haskins, in the Old Bailey; and, having obtained a little cash from Sir F. B. D—L, presently furnished his room with a pair of globes, an old folio full of queer figures, a white wand, a long beard of the same colour, a black cloak, and a pair of dark curtains. Sammy now became

ready to open the farce; the first scene of which was in Arlington-street, where Abigail was seen assisting her Lady at the toilet; and this the spirit of the dialogue.

Abigail. La! my Lady, have you heard of this wonderful man in the Old Bailey?

Lady. No, Abigail; pray for what is he so extraordinary?

Ab. For telling fortunes, my Lady; no one like him can look into futurity, and whatever he tells is sure to come true: and, ma'am, he does it all for half-a-crown.

Lady. All sure to come true, Abigail! Bless me! are you sure of that?

Ab. O yes, my Lady; a young woman of my acquaintance went, some time back, and the conjurer shew'd her in a glass the very man who is now her husband: nay, ma'am, he told her the very time and place!

Lady. Good heavens! Is it possible?

Ab. True, upon my honour, ma'am; he is the wonder of the world.

Lady. I should like to see him, Abigail.

Ab. We will take a hackney coach at Charing Cross, my Lady, and go this morning, if you please, ma'am; we sha'n't be long gone, and no one can know our secret.

Lady. Well, make haste with me, and we will be there immediately, Abigail.

The scene changes to the Old Bailey, Mr. Foot sits as conjurer; the lady and her maid enter, pay their half crowns, and the cunning man begins his art. Abigail addresses him in a whisper.

Foot. Bless me, Lady, you are the very darling child of fortune. I perceive, by certain signs in your fair hand, and an uncommon spark in your brilliant eye, that you are born to possess one of the finest men in all

England;

England; besides, he is a member of parliament; and, above all, a Knight of the Bath.

Lady. Is it possible, Sir?

Foot. Lady, it is most true, upon my honour and my reputation, provided you conform to the directions I shall give you.

Lady. Pray let me hear them.

Foot. On Wednesday next his Majesty will hold a levee; be you, and your maid, at the garden gate next the Park, and you will see a handsome, portly, gentleman, follow the King, in a star and a red ribbon; be sure you get as near the coach as possible, drop your glove, and this gentleman will pick it up and return it with the greatest politeness: he will be smitten with your beauty, and solicit to attend you home; refuse him nothing, and wedlock shall, most certainly, follow the adventure; but if you fail to take the current when it serves, nothing good can come of it, and you will never, while you live, meet such another opportunity.

The ladies retired, re-entered their coach, when thus the widow began:

Lady. I have half a mind, Abigail, to attend the levee.

Ab. Do, ma'am; there can be no harm in it; and if it comes to nothing, it will only serve your Ladyship to laugh at.

Lady. True, Abigail; and we will certainly be at the garden gate.

The day arrived, and the Lady, with her faithful maid, were close at the garden gate. His Majesty entered the coach; and Sir F. B. D—L followed, dressed perfectly in the habit and manner the cunning man had described. The Lady dropped her glove, the gentleman picked it up, and, with his eyes sparkling diamonds, tenderly presented it to the confused beauty. The Lady blushed. Sir Francis bowed, and soon obtained permission to wait the Lady to her

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home. To shorten my narrative, in three days they were married; and Sir F. B. D—L, who before was not master of a shilling, became the Lord of a fine Lady, and one hundred thousand pounds sterling. The Lady, in return for her money, obtained a fine gentleman, and an affectionate friend. In the fourth act of this comedy, Abigail receives one thousand pounds, with which she bought her a good husband; and, to conclude the piece, our Aristophanes five thousand. With this he built his little theatre, commenced manager, met with great success, and became a dashing gay-bird; mounted his phaeton, and drove his pair of duns; in which, being met one morning by a noble Lord, the latter thus addressed this son of Apollo:

Heydey! Foot, what, driving your duns? Yes, my Lord, answered the wit, it is my turn now. They drove me long enough.

Thus, by a coup-de-main in the field of wit, prevailed our adventurers; and four persons were wittily made happy. Thus concluded the comedy of the Fortune-Hunters. And now, reader, take this for the

EPILOGUE.

Three fortunes made, and all, in merry sport—

Be hush'd, Sir Gravity, and slander not—

'Twas better than for gold to fawn at Court,

And rise to eminence—G—d knows for what. N.

FOUNDERING OF HORSES.

THE Monthly Register, or Encyclopedian Magazine for the last month, among a number of amusing and scientific articles, contains the following ingenious remarks on this disease of the horse's feet:

"When a horse is first attacked with this disorder, he shews great
M restlessness

restlessness, is hot and feverish, heaves much at the flanks, breathes quick, has a quick strong pulse, and groans much when moved; at the same time he shews symptoms of the most violent pain, sometimes in one, but more frequently in both forefeet; for which reason he lies down much; but when forced to move forward, he draws himself together, as it were, into a heap, by bringing forward his hind feet almost under his shoulders, in order to keep the weight of his body as much as possible from resting upon his forefeet. In stepping forward, he sets his heel down first, as if afraid of touching the ground. To this last symptom particular attention should be paid, as it may thence be concluded with certainty that the chief seat of the disorder is in the feet. The hoofs are at the same time extremely hot, and if water be thrown upon them, they dry instantly; in pulling off the shoes, the horse shews great uneasiness upon the least twist or pressure upon any part of the foot, and great unwillingness to support the weight of his body upon the other foot, especially when both are alike affected.

"The principal cause of this disease is universally allowed to be too violent exercise, as riding very hard upon stony grounds and turn-pike roads; and young horses are most liable to it. It may also be occasioned by unequal pressure upon the internal parts of the foot, from the concave or hollow form of the shoes. Either or both of these causes combined, especially when a horse is of a plethoric or full habit of body, and not accustomed to violent exercise, occasion this disease in a greater or less degree.

"From the symptoms attending it, and the effects it afterwards produces on the feet, this disease, in its first stage, appears to be an inflammation of the internal parts of

the feet, arising from violent exercise, which occasions a more than ordinary determination of the blood to the feet. Hence arises that rapid circulation of the blood in the vessels within the hoof, which frequently terminates in a rupture of these vessels, and a consequent extravasation of the blood; and, in some cases, a total separation of the horny substance of the hoof from the aponeurotic fibres upon the fore part of the coffin bone; whilst in others, where it has been less violent, a concretion or growing together of the parts within the hoof has taken place, so as to appear, upon dissection, one solid mass, and infallibly produces lameness.

"This disease proves still more violent, and, indeed, sometimes fatal, if the horse has been allowed to stand in cold water when his feet are over-heated. Thus a saddle horse, after being rode very hard, was turned loose into a stable-yard all over sweat; he went immediately to the pond, where he was suffered to stand a considerable time in very cold weather: a few hours afterwards, he was seized with a most violent fever, and a great pain in his fore feet: he lay upon the litter for some days in the greatest agony, and at last both his hoofs dropped off, in consequence of the mortification occasioned in the parts by the application of cold water; which rendered him entirely useless.

"From what has been said of this disease, it is evident, that as the circulation is greatly increased, and the current of blood chiefly determined towards the fore feet, attended with symptoms of the most violent pain, we may thence conclude that there is an inflammation in these parts. The cure must therefore be attempted by first diminishing the circulation of the blood, giving cooling salts internally,

nally, glysters, an opening diet, and plenty of diluting liquor four or five times a day; emollient poultices should be applied warm all round the hoofs, in order to soften them, and to keep up a free and equal perspiration. The horse's shoes should be kept easy upon his feet, but by no means pare the sole or frog to that excess which is commonly done in cases of this kind. Only the hardened surface of the sole or frog ought to be cleaned away, that the poultice may produce the desired effect, by increasing the perspiration through the pores. All kinds of greasy or oily applications to the hoofs must be avoided.

"In all violent inflammations, nothing more contributes to give immediate relief than plentiful and timely bleeding. This operation ought by no means to be neglected, or too long delayed; for in cases of this nature, although the fever may be so far overcome by strength of constitution, or prevented by medicines, from destroying the life of the animal; yet its effects will ever afterwards remain, and consequently the horse will be lame for life. But in order to form a proper judgment when this operation may be necessary, attention must be paid to the pulse, the knowledge of which is of the utmost importance to the practice of farriery, and should be generally studied, as it is the only criterion by which we can be directed, when bleeding is necessary, or when it ought to be avoided. But when this operation is neglected, and the cure is first attempted by rowels, &c. it is a long time before a proper suppuration takes place, on account of the violence of the fever. Sometimes, even instead of suppurating, they turn into a gangrene, by which many horses lose their lives. But at all events, before the rowels could have any effect, even allowing they were to

suppurate in the common time, which is about three days, the inflammation within the hoof will by that time have taken place, and its consequences will follow, to the ruin of the feet, and of course the loss of the horse.

"The manner in which a horse walks or stands upon his fore parts, when affected with this disorder, has induced many practitioners to conclude that the shoulders are affected; hence they say, that a horse is foundered in the body, and that drains, such as rowels, are the only proper remedies. But even admitting there was a stiffness over the whole body, which is frequently the case in the beginning of inflammatory fevers, bleeding ought to be employed as the first necessary step towards the cure.

"When a horse recovers from this disease, so as to be able to walk, in going forward, he throws out his legs well before him, but draws them backward before he puts his feet to the ground, setting the heel down first with great caution, on which he principally rests, the toe bending upwards a little. From this circumstance only, we may judge with certainty even at a distance, by seeing a horse walk, whether he has ever been foundered."

BOXERS BAILED.

Court of King's Bench, May 12.

THE KING V. BELCHER AND
OTHERS.

MR. Garrow moved for the judgment of the Court on the four defendants, James Belcher, Edmund Burke, James Ward, and

M 2

Henry

Henry Lee, who were described to be labourers.

These defendants had allowed judgment to go by default.

The indictment charged, that being persons of evil and malicious dispositions, and fighters, duellers, rioters, &c. had, on the 25th of November last, in the county of Berks, conspired and combined together, that James Belcher and Edmund Burke should fight a duel, and that the other two defendants should be aiding and assisting in the said fight and duel: and that, in pursuance of that conspiracy, Belcher and Burke unlawfully and riotously assembled together, with fifty others, to the disturbance of the public peace; and that Belcher and Burke fought a duel, and the other two were present, aiding and assisting, together with fifty other persons.

The learned counsel said, it was his duty to address a few observations to the Court on this case. This was a prosecution which had been instituted by the noble Lord (Lord Radnor) who was at the head of the magistracy of the county of Berks, in order to check an offence, which had grown to an enormous extent. The object of this prosecution was to bring these defendants before this Court; that having their Lordships' opinion expressed on the subject of this intolerable grievance, if this offence was to go on, and to be repeated, those who were at the bottom of this proceeding, for their own base and scandalous purposes, might be indicted as principals, to answer for their own offences. He should not abuse the time of the Court, by making any general observations on the practice of prize-fighting, or on the dangerous consequences which the records of the country shewed too frequently proceed from such exhibitions; but he should

confine himself to the present complaint, and the great danger to the public peace, from the practice being carried on in the manner it was done in this case. One would suppose it impossible to find such scenes acted in a country where there was any thing like a police, and a number of justices of the peace in every county. It was difficult to suppose that twenty, thirty, or forty miles distant from the metropolis, without the least suspicion in the magistrates residing in the neighbourhood, of any such thing, that there should be almost a countless number of thousands, he was sorry to say, of all descriptions, some of the higher orders of the county, and immense numbers of the dregs of the people, to see one of these brutal exhibitions between two unhappy creatures, who were ready for the perpetration of any mischief. The magistrates felt that, without the countenance of that Court, it was impossible for them to repress this mischief. There was one circumstance to which he wished to draw their Lordships' attention. He had reason to think that, as attention had been recently paid to the amelioration of the people, by a wish to amend their laws, he had reason to think that it had not escaped his Lordship's notice to make provision whenever such an exhibition as this should again take place. The place fixed on for such battles was always in the extremity of a county; so that, if by any accident the magistrates of the county having been informed of it, should put an end to it, that they might go into the next adjoining county, where they could not be pursued. It would therefore be an improvement of our law, if the magistrates of that county where the original riot was occasioned, being qualified to act in county

county A, might be able to pursue them, and act in county B. This was a subject worthy of deep and mature consideration. The truth of the matter was, that he rather wished to disarm their Lordships of their vengeance against these defendants. The object of this prosecution was prospective, and not to punish. The disorder and mischief did not originate in the minds of these unhappy persons now standing before the Court for judgment; but this, like many other vices, had become a trade; and it was one of the most lamentable circumstances of this very battle, that one of these unhappy creatures, who had been confined in the King's Bench for months, and who had not been in training for that battle, was brought out of that gaol by those people who were to bet against him. That was the case with respect to Burke. He said he could mention the names of those who had brought that man out of prison, in order that they might bet on his head, careless if he should fall in the battle. After the battle, they put him into a post-chaise for half an hour, speechless and senseless, while they looked on another battle. So that they had in one corner of the field an E. O. table; in another, the elegant amusement of a man running against a sow; and, in a different quarter, this battle. When this indictment was found, the defendants shewed the most ready obedience to the law. When the defendant that was brought out of gaol found himself in gaol again, in consequence of this battle, no good Samaritan was found to come to his relief, but he had suffered a considerable length of imprisonment. What he was instructed to say, was this, and he certainly did it with a considerable degree of diffidence, and he hoped the Court would for-

give it, if it was not strictly proper. The object of this prosecution was for the purpose of prospective operation, and the persons, whose names appeared as the patrons of this art, would learn to-day, that they, too, were liable to be indicted for conspiring against the public peace. The magistrates would know their power, and he trusted they would exert it with success, if this offence should happen to be repeated in that county. If the Court should think the public might be protected by what he was instructed to suggest, he should be perfectly satisfied that the defendants, instead of being called upon for judgment up to the extent of this offence—which is a most serious one—and which, under all the circumstances, it was not, perhaps, fit for him to ask, as they had made their submission; if they would enter into a recognisance of a very considerable size, undertaking to attend to receive the judgment of the Court, when called upon for that purpose; and, in the mean time, to keep the peace, and conduct themselves with propriety; but he submitted that the recognisance should be of considerable size, so that if it were forfeited, one of these amateurs who wished to bet, might find it extremely inconvenient to buy any of the defendants out of gaol.

Mr. Erskine observed, he was counsel for the defendants, and after the lenity that had been expressed on the part of the prosecution, it was unnecessary for him to make any observations. He should have found it extremely difficult to have suggested any argument in such a case against the severity of punishment.

Mr. Coust said, he also was of counsel for the defendants, and should follow the example of Mr. Erskine.

Lord

Lord Ellenborough asked, if there were any persons who were disposed to enter into a recognisance for them?

Mr. Garrow said, they had nobody to enter into recognisance for them, but they might become bound for each other.

Lord Ellenborough thought that perhaps might be too hard upon them, to make each bound for the other. Said his Lordship, "this is a practice certainly which must be repressed. It is infinitely mischievous in its immediate effect to the limbs and life of the combatants themselves. It draws industrious people away from the subjects of their industry. And when great multitudes are so collected, they are likely enough to be engaged in broils. It affords an opportunity for people of the most mischievous description to collect, under the colour of seeing this exhibition, and to do a great deal of mischief. In short, it is a practice that is extremely injurious in every respect, and must be repressed. There is no affidavit, giving us any particular account of this conspiracy to fight. It may, therefore, be enough, at present, that each of the defendants enter into his own recognisance of L.400. It is not likely there will be any subscription for that sum. But if there should, and the humane views of the prosecutor be defeated, the court will pass a judgment, which nobody can prevent. Each of the defendants will enter into his own recognisance for L.400, that he will, when called upon, attend to receive the judgment of the court; and, in the mean time, to keep the peace, and be of good behaviour. Every person procuring this fighting, is implicated in a similar conspiracy with the persons who fight, and is liable to the same description of punishment."

The defendants entered into recognisance, and were discharged.

ACCOUNT

OR

SWEDISH HORSES & RACES.

In a Letter from a Gentleman at Gottenburg, to his Friend in London.

SIR,

Oct. 10, 1802.

I SHALL endeavour to answer your queries respecting the breed of Swedish horses, though, being no connoisseur in that article, it is not to be expected I can explain every particular in a perfectly satisfactory manner.

The description you give of the *Scots Galloway*, applies very nearly to the common run of Swedish horses. They are strong built, clean, neat, hardy little animals, better adapted to the road than for draught, being rather under the size that would be necessary for the drawing heavy carriages. On a journey they are indefatigable, living on any fare that can be found, and scarcely ever tiring upon the road. Their hoofs are firm, so that on the roughest road they seldom stumble; nor is there such a thing known in this country as swelled legs and greasy heels among the horses. They are not so slim in the body as your English hunters, and consequently they are much stouter in their make than blood horses.

The size is from thirteen to fifteen hands in height. Upon the whole, I think this is one of the most serviceable breeds of horses I have ever known. Six of them in a light carriage, on good roads would perform wonders.

As to colour, the greatest part of them are grey, or dark chesnut, sometimes called black, or a light dun. The grey, when at pasture, or clean kept, are perhaps the most beautiful; and that colour is much in fashion here, but they are apt to look ugly when dirty. The chesnut

is

is not liable to this defect, and these, as well as the grey, have certain marks upon them, which we call *dapple*, that have a beautiful effect when the horses are in good plight. The dun is a delicate colour, and is always accompanied with a black tail and mane, and a black list along the back. There are other colours, but these are the most common, and the most esteemed. It is fancy alone that regulates the choice of colour, for no essential difference in other respects is observed to take place in horses of different colours.

Besides this breed of small horses, there is another of a larger size, and thinner make, which are bred chiefly in the province of *Scania*, that are employed almost exclusively for drawing of sledges. The quality for which the Scanian horses are chiefly valued, is the remarkable speed at which they go upon a trot. We have annually here, in the beginning of winter, a great show of this breed of horses at the races. Our races are not like yours, for galloping horses, but for trotting in a sledge. The sledge is a light carriage, mounted on skates; those for the race carrying one man only, who drives the horse. Sometimes forty or fifty of these sledges start upon the ice before this town, at once, which forms a very grand exhibition, and it is surprising how fast they go. I have been assured that instances have been known of a horse in this way, trotting at the rate of eighteen English miles in an hour. If the horse ever gets into a gallop, the prize is forfeited. The best of these trotting horses sell at a very high price. A hundred guineas, I believe, have been given for one of them. This breed of horses is also a very valuable one, though I do not think they are either so beautiful or so serviceable for ordinary purposes as the former.

Your's,

B.

SPORTS

OF THE

CREDULOUS, CARDS, &c.

IN

FRANCE.

SORCERERS and sorceresses were formerly burned to death in France; but the modern Parisians, blushing for the ignorance and barbarism of their ancestors, give every encouragement to the mystic art. So great is the number of its professors, that there are at this present time, upon the Boulevard, between the old Rue du Temple, and la Madeleine, upwards of fifty who pursue their prophetic calling in almost as many different ways. Some have tables surcharged with flags, covered with cabalistical expressions; others have wheels, with compartments for every age, sex, and rank in life. This one makes you chuse from a parcel, a square piece of blank paper, which, being dipped into a jar, comes out full of characters; and, having a robe adorned with hieroglyphics, which he consults, he then tells you your fortune, through the medium of an enchanted tube. Another has a magnificent orrery, and by observation on the planets, ascertains all the conjunctions and oppositions of human life. Not only do these magicians differ in their practice; they have all their different prices, according to their different degrees of celebrity, from the itinerant Tiresias, with his two owls perched upon his miserable apparatus in the street, to the new Cagliostro, who dwells in a palace; from the squalid hag who performs her mysteries in some dismal corner, to the elegant Madame Villeneuve, the splendid mistress of the finest house in the Rue d'Antichrist; that is, from a single sou, up to five or six livres. Nor is this all, the angles of the streets, the

the walls and doors of public places, all the most conspicuous points and situations, are covered with bills, announcing essays upon the sympathetic calculations of lottery numbers; explanatory treatises upon dreams; disquisitions upon the most approved modes of cutting cards; guides to palmistry, observations upon the new method of casting nativities, with hints, improvements, and criticisms on the various other branches of the occult sciences, by which the superstitious in all ages have sought to attain a knowledge of futurity. Should the fancy grow tired of exploring the time to come, and seek a retrospective glance at the past, even here it is not without the means of gratification: a witch of Endor arises, or the Fantasmagoria offers its friendly assistance, and exhibits to the astonished beholder the shades of his dead progenitors. This superstitious frenzy pervades almost the whole body of society at Paris; but of all the modes of its gratification, the art of cutting cards is in highest favour with the fair sex, of whom it is not only the amusement, but the almost exclusive accomplishment. It is this science that gives the finish to their education, and for which the magical instructor is better paid than the teacher of the sweetest melodies, or the most graceful movements. Hence a great many of Parisian fair do not know how to hem a handkerchief, but they all know how to cut the cards. They spend one half of life in endeavours to divine the events of the other. If a proposal of marriage be made to a lady, instead of consulting her relatives, she consults her cards. In every other important step these are the advisers who decide her conduct; nay, in the most common occurrences, to these she makes her final appeal.

"Where is your Master?" says Lucile to her *femme de chambre*. "He is gone out, Madame." "How, gone out without letting me know it?" "Madame, you were asleep, and he would not have you disturbed." "There is something in this.—Nannette, give me my cards." Monsieur returns.—what a cold reception! "Where have you been?" "I was about business my love. I have been with the minister, then to the treasury, then with my agent, then at change, then——" Madame turns away her face. "And pray who was that fair-haired girl with whom you have been *tête à tête* all the morning?" "What do you mean, my dear? I really have not spoken to a female since I left home." "It is in vain to deceive me; I know it all." "Who can have so grossly abused your credulity?"—"No, no; these cards have never deceived me; with them I can trace you wherever you go." What husband would suffer his domestic tranquillity to depend upon a queen of diamonds, or a seven of spades? Yet so it is, and here we have a pout for at least ten days, because Madame has cut her cards in one place, and not in another.

A HOYLEAN'S ADDRESS

TO THE
FOUR KINGS.

MOST POTENT SIRE,

YOUR reign is unbounded. While the dominions of the lesser monarchs of the earth extend not beyond the boundaries of certain rivers, mountains, or ideal lines, your empire is as wide as the known limits of the globe: it is likewise more absolute than that of any human

than despot, as it subjugates reason and carries captive the mind.

To have addressed you individually, would wear the appearance of flattery, which I disdain to use even to kings; but though your smiles are more assiduously courted by the fair, the gay, the grave, the old, the young, the high, the low, the rich, the poor, and in short, by all ranks and descriptions of human beings, than those of any potentate on earth, yet I never wished to gain your favour but by *fair dealing*, a virtue little practised in courts.

Were I to liken you to the less powerful princes of the earth, I would say, that the empire of the king of hearts is established in Great Britain, for there the monarch generally holds his reign in the hearts of his people.

The king of diamonds might formerly have been compared to the king of France, but in that country monarchy and jewels have lost their value.

I am at a loss to fix upon an earthly representative for the king of clubs. The king of Spain was ambitious for that title; but he has been out-tricked. The king of Prussia may lay some claim to the honour, but it is doubtful whether he will venture to play the game he some time ago cut-in for, unless he is certain of having the king of hearts to help out the rubber. Thus posed, I shall leave clubs to the chance of the deal.

The king of spades is really a grave king. I know not how to address him. His power is greater than that of all the rest; for whatever chances and changes may happen in the game of life, it is odds, that playing the last trick he prove himself trump at last.

Thus convinced of your sovereign power over the fortunes of men, I conclude with the earnest wish, that those who labour in your

service, may never contribute to the advancement of knave.

With every respectful acknowledgment of your power, and gratitude for your favours, I have the honour to subscribe myself your

DEVOTED SLAVE.

ANECDOTE

OF A

SINGULAR DOG.

IN opposition to the received opinion that dogs are the most faithful and grateful of animals, we shall relate a circumstance which happened a short time since at Mitcham, in Surry.—A butcher of that place had reared a mastiff-dog from a puppy, and was so very fond of him, that he never stirred abroad without him. One day the said mastiff had been eating very plentifully of some horse-flesh, which his master had purchased for him, and having lost some part of it, the butcher attempted to lay hold of it, in order to lay it by; the dog instantly seized his arm, and tore the flesh off in a most dreadful manner. Not content with this, the furious animal flew up at his master's throat, where he fastened himself, and was not loosened from his hold till some neighbours tied a rope, in order to strangle him. The moment the dog felt the cord, he let go; and such was the extraordinary attachment of the butcher to this favourite mastiff, that, although his life was in imminent danger, he would not suffer the animal to be destroyed. It is generally supposed that eating such a quantity of raw horse-flesh occasioned the ferociousness of the animal; and a correspondent will esteem himself obliged to any naturalist for his opinion on this subject. The dog, till this circumstance happened, was remarkably docile.

N

ON

ON THE

MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

(Continued from page 18.)

THE rest contribute to form that amazing multitude of water-fowl that annually repair from most parts of Europe to the woods and lakes of Lapland, and other arctic regions, there to perform the functions of incubation and nutrition in full security. They and their young quit their retreat in September, and disperse themselves over Europe. With us they make their appearance the beginning of October; circulate first round our shores; and, when compelled by severe frost, betake themselves to our lakes and rivers. Of the web-footed fowl there are some of hardier constitutions than others; these endure the ordinary winters of the more northern countries; but, when the cold reigns there with more than common rigour, they repair for shelter to these kingdoms: this regulates the appearance of some of the diver kind, as also of the wild swans, the swallow-tailed shield-duck, and the different sorts of geese, which then visit our coasts. Barentz found the barnacles with their nests in great numbers in Nova Zembla. Clusius, in his *Exot.* 368, also observes, that the Dutch discovered them on the rocks of that country and in Wygate Straits. They, as well as the other species of wild geese, go very far north to breed, as appears from the histories of Greenland and Spitzbergen, by Egede and Crantz. These birds seem to make Iceland a resting-place, as Horrebow observes: few continue there to breed, but only visit that island in the spring, and, after a short stay, retire still further north.

30. Corvorants. The corvorant and shag, breed on most of our high

rocks; the gannet in some of the Scotch isles, and on the coast of Kerry; the two first continue on our shores the whole year. The gannet disperses itself all round the seas of Great Britain in pursuit of the herring and pilchard, and even as far as the Tagus to prey on the sardinia.

But, of the numerous species of fowl here enumerated, it may be observed how very few intrust themselves to us in the breeding season, and what a distant flight they make to perform the first great dictate of nature.

There seems to be scarcely any but what we have traced to Lapland, a country of lakes, rivers, swamps, and alps, covered with thick gloomy forests, that afford shelter during summer to these fowls, which in winter disperse over the greatest part of Europe. In those arctic regions, by reason of the thickness of the woods, the ground remains moist and penetrable to the woodcocks, and other slender-billed fowl: and, for the web-footed birds, the waters afford larvæ innumerable of the tormenting gnat. The days there are long; and the beautiful meteorous nights indulge them with every opportunity of collecting so minute a food; whilst mankind is very sparingly scattered over that vast northern waste.

Here we shall give a short abstract of the arguments used by the Hon. Daines Barrington against the migration of birds in general; from a paper published by him in the sixty-second volume of the *Philosophical Transactions*. This gentleman denies that any well-attested instances can be produced of this supposed migration; which, he thinks, if there were any such periodical flight, could not possibly have escaped the frequent observation of seamen. It has indeed been asserted,

asserted, that birds of passage become invisible in their flight, because they rise too high in the air to be perceived, and because they choose the night for their passage. The author, however, expresses his doubts "whether any bird was ever seen to rise to a greater height than perhaps twice that of St. Paul's cross;" and he further endeavours to shew, that the extent of some of these supposed migrations—from the northern parts of Europe, for instance, to the line—is too great to be accounted for by having recourse to the argument founded on a nocturnal passage.

The author next recites, in a chronological order, all the instances that he has been able to collect, of birds having been actually seen by mariners when they were crossing a large extent of sea; and he endeavours to shew that no stress can be laid in the few casual observations of this kind, that have been produced in support of the doctrine of a regular and periodical migration.

Mr. Barrington afterwards proceeds to invalidate M. Adanson's celebrated observation with respect to the migration of the swallow in particular, and which has been considered by many as perfectly decisive of the present question. He endeavours to shew, that the four swallows which that naturalist caught, on their settling upon his ship, on the 6th of October, at about the distance of fifty leagues from the coast of Senegal, and which he supposes to have been then proceeding from Europe to pass the winter in Africa, could not be true European swallows; or, if they were, could not have been on their return from Europe to Africa. His objections are founded principally on some proofs which he produces of M. Adanson's want of accuracy on this subject; which has led him, in the present instance, to mistake two African species of the swallow-tribe, described and engraved by Brisson,

for European swallows, to which they bear a general resemblance; or, granting even that they were European swallows, he contends, that they were sitting from the Cape de Verd islands to the coast of Africa; "to which short flight, however, they were unequal, and accordingly fell into the sailor's hands." We shall here only add, in opposition to the remarks of Mr. Barrington, the following observations of the late Rev. Mr. White, of Selborne, Hants, in a letter to Mr. Pennant, on this subject.

"We must not," says he, "deny migration in general; because migration certainly does subsist in some places, as my brother in Andalusia has fully informed me. Of the motions of these birds he has ocular demonstration, for many weeks together, both spring and fall: during which periods myriads of the swallow kind traverse the Straits from north to south, and from south to north, according to the season of the year. And these vast migrations consist not only of hirundines, but of bee-birds, hoopoes, or pendolos or golden thrushes, &c. &c. and also of many of our soft-billed summer birds of passage; and moreover of birds which never leave us, such as all the various sorts of hawks and kites. Old Belon, two hundred years ago, gives a curious account of the incredible armies of hawks and kites which he saw in the spring time traversing the Thracian Bosphorus from Asia to Europe. Besides the above-mentioned, he remarks, that the procession is swelled by whole troops of eagles and vultures.

"Now it is no wonder that birds residing in Africa should retreat before the sun as it advances, and retire to milder regions, and especially birds of prey, whose blood being heated with hot animal food, are more impatient of a sultry climate: but then I cannot help wondering why kites and hawks, and such hardy birds as are known to

defy all the severity of England, and even of Sweden and all north Europe, should want to migrate from the south of Europe, and be dissatisfied with the winters of Andalusia.

"It does not appear to me that much stress may be laid on the difficulty and hazard that birds must run in their migrations, by reason of vast oceans, cross winds, &c. because, if we reflect, a bird may travel from England to the equator without launching out and exposing itself to boundless seas, and that by crossing the water at Dover, and again at Gibraltar. And I with the more confidence advance this obvious remark, because my brother has always found that some of his birds, and particularly the swallow kind, are very sparing of their pains in crossing the Mediterranean: for, when arrived at Gibraltar, they scout and hurry along in little detached parties of six or seven in a company; and, sweeping low, just over the surface of the land and water, direct their course to the opposite continent at the narrowest passage they can find. They usually slope across the bay to the south-west, and so pass over opposite to Tangier, which it seems is the narrowest space.

"In former letters we have considered whether it was probable that woodcocks in moon-shiny nights cross the German ocean from Scandinavia. As a proof that birds of less speed may pass that sea, considerable as it is, I shall relate the following incident, which, though mentioned to have happened so many years ago, was strictly matter of fact:—As some people were shooting in the parish of Trotton, in the county of Sussex, they killed a duck in that dreadful winter 1708-9, with a silver collar about its neck, on which were engraved the arms of the king of Denmark. This anecdote the rector of Trotton at that

time has often told a near relation of mine; and, to the best of my remembrance, the collar was in the possession of the rector.

"At present I do not know any body near the sea-side that will take the trouble to remark at what time of the moon woodcocks first come. One thing I used to observe when I was a sportsman, that there were times in which woodcocks were so sluggish and sleepy that they would drop again when flushed just before the spaniels, nay, just at the muzzle of a gun that had been fired at them; whether this strange laziness was the effect of a recent fatiguing journey, I shall not presume to say.

"Nightingales not only never reach Northumberland and Scotland, but also, as I have been always told, Devonshire and Cornwall. In those two last counties we cannot attribute the failure of them to the want of warmth: the defect in the west is rather a presumptive argument that these birds come over to us from the continent at the narrowest passage, and do not stroll so far westward."

Upon the whole, the migration of birds is a fact beyond controversy, serving to shew the wonderful powers of instinct, and the abundant care of Providence to protect and succour the meanest of his creatures.

SINGULAR TREE.

A BANIAN tree. Near Manjee, a small town at the confluence of the Gogra and Ganges, there is a remarkable large Bur, or Banian Tree. All the trees of this species are distinguished objects in an Indian landscape, on account of their singularity of growth. The branches shoot out to a considerable distance from the main stem, in nearly an horizontal direction; after which they let down to the ground a number

a number of leafless fibres, which presently take root, coalesce and increase in bulk, so as to support the protracted branches like a second trunk. From these new centers of vegetation other arms again spring out, and, at their termination, form a third series of stems, so that a full grown Banian tree composes a grove of itself. The individual in question, from the opposite high bank of the Ganges, at the distance of about eight miles, appeared of a pyramidical shape, with an easy spreading slope from its summit to the extremity of the lower branches, and of such a size, as at first to be mistaken for a small hill. The middle stem is considerably higher than any of our English trees, and the following comprise its other principal dimensions:—Diameter of the branches from north to south, 363 feet.—Ditto from east to west, 375 feet. Circumference of the shadow of the branches at noon, 1116 feet. The number of props or derivative stems amount to between fifty or sixty. Of this kind seems to have been the tree, the leaves of which, according to Milton, were made choice of by our first parents, for the purpose he describes:

There soon they chose
The fig-tree, not that kind for fruit re-
nown'd,
But such as at this day to Indians known
In Malabar and Decan spreads her arms,
Branching so broad and long, that in the
ground
The bended twigs take root, and daugh-
ters grow
About the mother-tree, a pillar'd shade,
High over-arched, and echoing walks be-
tween;
There oft the Indian herdsmen slumping
beat
Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing
herds
At loopholes, cut thro' thickest shade:
those leaves
They gather'd broad as Amazonian targe,
And with what skill they had, together
saw'd
To gird the waste.

P. P. LOST, p. ix. l. 1100.

LAW CASES.

CAPT. FREEMANTLE, AND
LIEUT. RICE.

IN Michaelmas Term, 1802, Mr. Jarvis moved the Court of King's Bench, for leave to file a criminal information against Mr. Henry Rice, for sending to Capt. T. F. Freemantle two letters, importing a challenge, or provocation to fight a duel, on account of a misunderstanding which arose between the Captain and Mr. Rice, while the one was Captain, and the other Lieutenant of his Majesty's ship the Ganges; and in consequence of which, Captain Freemantle wrote to Lord St. Vincent, that it was necessary, for the safety of the service, that Lieut. Rice should be removed from the Ganges, and he was accordingly removed. Mr. Jarvis said, his motion needed no apology on the part of Capt. Freemantle, for he was a gallant and distinguished officer; but this was moved for the purpose of preserving, by civil means, due subordination, and preventing men from seeking to adjust their disputes by unnecessary appeals to the sword.

Capt. Freemantle, in the affidavit on which this motion was founded, disclaimed all malice whatever against Lieut. Rice, and solemnly declared, that the communication he made to Lord St. Vincent, was solely for the advantage of the service.—Leave granted.

IN Hilary Term, February 2, 1803, the defendant, Lieut. Henry Rice, was brought up to receive sentence for sending a challenge to Capt. Freemantle, of the Ganges. He had let judgment go by default. The information was therefore now read. The best way to convey a proper idea of this very curious case

case will be, to state the substance of the affidavits on both sides.

Capt. Freemantle states, that he was Commander of his Majesty's ship *Ganges*, in the years 1800, and 1801; she formed a part of the Channel fleet. For some time the defendant was first Lieutenant; but in December 1800, deponent considered it his duty to apply to Lord St. Vincent to remove him; he was solely actuated by a regard to the good of the service, and had no motives of a personal kind; the defendant was superseded by the Admiralty, and another officer was appointed in his stead. Nothing more passed between the parties till the 16th of July last, when the deponent, at his house at Swanbourne in Buckinghamshire, received a letter, dated Robert street, Adelphi, signed Henry Rice, and containing the following expressions: "I have mentioned to my friends your conduct to me while under your command in the *Ganges*. They are all of opinion that it was ungentleman-like, mean, and base; and that you ought to give me in the field that satisfaction which a gentleman has a right to demand. By an infamous falsity, and against your word of honour, you succeeded in removing me. I have been long determined, if you refuse this application, to publish to the world a statement of the circumstances that have taken place between us." He received another letter, reproaching him for not answering this one, when on the 27th of July he wrote to the Lords of the Admiralty, inclosing them both. He communicated information of this step to the defendant, from whom, on the 18th of August, he received a third letter, containing these expressions: "Your conduct resembles that of a dirty, snivelling boy at school, who, when he is afraid of being beat, applies to the master. I perceive that

you have not the feelings of a gentleman; therefore it is unnecessary to say more." Capt. Freemantle farther states, that, since the commencement of the prosecution, he has several times met the defendant, who has never failed by words or gestures, to insult him. On the 15th of December he met him in a street at the west end of the town, when he said, "Are you not ashamed of what you have done?" and was going on to use other opprobrious expressions, when deponent walked off. Again, on the 18th, in Pall-Mall, he observed the defendant following him; to avoid him he went into the house of a friend; he believes that the defendant remained opposite the house the whole time, as, when he came out, he was immediately addressed by him in these words: "You have taken an unfair advantage of me by complaining to the Admiralty." Deponent replied, "My duty to the King's service required that I should take this step; but I cannot discuss the propriety of it with you." A number of people gathered round, when he walked away. He believes it was the defendant's object to hold him up to contempt for applying to the Admiralty, refusing to fight, and commencing this prosecution.

Next came the affidavits for the defendant.

Lieutenant Soaley swears that he was third Lieutenant on board the *Ganges* from August, 1800, till April, 1801. He considered the conduct of the defendant as gentlemanly and officerlike; he was not quarrelsome, and always behaved respectfully to Captain Freemantle. One day in November, 1800, Captain Freemantle called up Lieutenant Rice on deck, d-d his blood, and said he deserved to be hanged, and that he would hang him. Lieutenant R. was going to reply, when he exclaimed, "Hold
your

your tongue, or I will confine you." Soon after, Captain F. in deponent's presence, read a letter to Lord St. Vincent over to the defendant, saying, that if the defendant would not recal his complaints to the Admiralty, he would try him by a court martial for having sent a boat on shore, contrary to orders. This affair of the boat happened two months before. The defendant refused to do so, unless Captain F. should apologize to him for the words he had used. This Captain F. said he would not do, and put him under an arrest. Afterwards, the gunner brought a message, which he had received, in these words: "Tell Rice I have no wish to hurt him, I am as anxious to make it up as he is. If he will write to Lord St. Vincent, saying that his complaints were premature, matters would easily be arranged." The defendant replied he was ready to make all honourable concessions, but Captain F. must apologize. The gunner returned with orders to say, that Captain F. would not apologize first; but he afterwards came back again with an invitation for the defendant to meet the Captain on shore. They both went on shore accordingly. The defendant upon his return seemed extremely dissatisfied. He was obliged to keep a watch like the junior Lieutenants, a thing extremely unusual in a ship of the line. In a short time he was suspended, and, afterwards, irregularly superseded by the Admiralty. They were then off Brest, but a ship, the *Russel*, was returning to England; on board this ship the Captain refused to let him go, and detained him unnecessarily ten or twelve days, in a very degrading situation.

Henry Rice, the defendant, deposes, that he was appointed first Lieutenant to the *Ganges*,

in 1800. She was then lying at Portsmouth. He was unknown to Captain Fremantle, and received letters of introduction to him, to which he paid no attention. The deponent believes that he was much chagrined in not being allowed to name his own officers. Deponent's father and sisters being on the coast, came on board for an hour, when Captain F. asked what they had to do there, and would scarcely permit him to accompany them on shore. While the ship was lying at Spithead, the Captain, on going on shore one day, left the following order.—"Let all the women be sent away before three o'clock in the afternoon, and let no boat be sent on shore after that hour." Deponent was not on board at the time, and did not arrive till after three, so that he was not responsible for the execution of this order. He found that about one hundred and fifty had been sent away, but that ten or twelve still remained. He ordered a midshipman to carry these on shore, and return immediately. This young man did not return till next morning, and had lost three of his crew. Captain F. was in a violent passion, and threatened to bring deponent to a court-martial; but, upon a proper explanation taking place, he was pacified, and nothing more was said of that matter for two months after. After the gross language described by Lieutenant Soaley, he wrote the following letter to Lord St. Vincent:

MY LORD,

It is with great concern I state that I have been most undeservedly ill-treated by my Commanding Officer. He damned my blood, said that I ought to be hanged, and that he would hang me. If I merit such language, I am certainly unfit for my situation; but, conscious that

that I have behaved as an officer and a gentleman, I demand an inquiry; and I trust that, if your Lordship sees sufficient reason, you will not deny me one.

Not receiving an answer, he wrote again, expressing how miserable he was under the stigma that there attached to him. Soon after, Captain F. threatened to try him for sending the boat on shore, unless he should recal his complaints. [*The affidavit exactly agreed with the last, about the messages, &c.*] Before he went on shore, he actually dispatched a letter to Lord St. Vincent, saying that his complaints were premature, and begging that his Lordship would forget them. When they met, Captain Freemantle, instead of making the expected apology, said, "You cannot suppose that what I spoke in passion was seriously meant. The same thing may again happen within a month; but I give my word and honour I will take no advantage of your conduct about the boat." This, deponent considered extremely unsatisfactory, and therefore refused to dine with him. He was, on his return, obliged to keep the watch; and several instances were stated of Captain F. attempting to bring him into contempt with the men. In January, 1801, Captain F. said he had received a letter from Mr. Nepean, by which deponent was superseded. Deponent said he would not consider himself as superseded unless by an order coming regularly from Lord St. Vincent. "Then I suspend you," said the other. "Am I to consider myself as a prisoner?" asked deponent. "You may consult the dictionary for the meaning of the word," replied the Captain. The same facts were stated about the Captain's refusal to allow him to return to England by the *Russel*,

after the regular order arrived, with this addition, that an action was every day expected, and that he could have claimed no part of the ship. Next came a letter, dated on the 27th of last month, which he had received from Lord St. Vincent, to the following effect:—

SIR—Although I cannot, in my official capacity, interfere in your favour, as a gentleman, I must say that it was owing to your exemplary conduct off Cadiz that you were promoted from ——— to the ———.
I am, &c.

ST. VINCENT.

The deponent concludes by saying, that, from these repeated indignities, when he was no longer in actual service, being free from the laws of subordination, he considered himself called upon to demand satisfaction. He expresses contrition for having violated the law; but declares that he felt no malice to Capt. Freemantle, and was merely actuated by a desire to assert his own honour.

Afterwards, near a dozen of affidavits were read from Admiral Montague and other naval officers, tracing up the defendant from the hour he entered the service till he was appointed to the *Ganges*, and giving him the highest possible character that it is possible for language to express.

Counsel were preparing to speak in mitigation of punishment, when

Lord Ellenborough asked if this prosecution was carried on by the Admiralty?

Mr. Jarvis said it was.

Lord Ellenborough. I should wish the officers at the head of that Board to read these affidavits, and then to say whether, in their discretion, they would wish the defendant to be brought up for judgment on a future day. I will say nothing farther

farther at present. Things very improper have happened since the information, and if they are repeated, they must be visited with peculiar severity.

MAY 9, 1803.

DURING the last term, it will be recollected, that the defendant allowed judgment to go against him by default; and when he was brought up for judgment, he produced affidavits in his favour. Captain Freemantle then made an affidavit in answer; which induced the Admiralty to refer the case back to the Court of King's Bench.

This affidavit was now read. Capt. F. denies that he felt any disappointment in not being, on his appointment to the Ganges, allowed the nomination of his own officers, or that he had ever had any grudge against the defendant. He allows that he may have used the expressions complained of, viz. "you deserve to be hanged; you might as well be in your hammock; do not chatter," &c. But he justifies himself by saying, that the defendant was unfit for the duties of the first Lieutenant of a 74, and that his incapacity was frequently detrimental to the service. He vindicates himself from the charge of meaning a personal insult to the defendant, by ordering on shore his father and friends, who had come to visit him, by saying that he had made it a rule to admit of no such visits to himself; that he had apologized to Mr. and Mrs. Windham, who had come along-side, for not admitting them on board; and that at that time, for eleven months, he did not see his own wife and children. The circumstance concerning the supposed reconciliation upon the defendant's withdrawing certain complaints he had preferred to Lord St. Vincent, he states with considerable variation.

Mr. Erskine wished to put in an affidavit from Mr. Rice, in answer to this; but he was told that it could not be received, consistently with the rules of the court.

Mr. Garrow, Mr. Gibbs, and Mr. Jarvis were heard for the prosecution. They dwelt chiefly upon the necessity of subordination being kept up in the navy, and the fatal effects which would arise if a Lieutenant were allowed to treasure up in his mind any hasty or peevish expression which might drop from his superior officer, and years afterwards to make this the foundation of a challenge. Captain Freemantle's passive courage in thus appealing to the laws, deserved equal admiration with the bravery he had frequently displayed in fighting the enemies of his country; but if it should appear that a court of justice yielded him no protection, we would be disposed to follow his example.

Mr. Erskine, on the other side, delivered one of the most eloquent speeches we ever heard from him. He said, he felt peculiar anxiety in this case, as he had spent no inconsiderable portion of his youth in the naval service. The conduct of the defendant he ascribed to feelings on which the honour and safety of the country depended, and which ought much rather to be regulated than extinguished. He defended Lieutenant Rice from the charge of incapacity, by observing that Captain Freemantle was not joined in his affidavit by any one officer in the ship, while the defendant's character for zeal, for gallantry, for skill, for regularity, for politeness, was attested by Lord St. Vincent and many other distinguished men in the navy, who had known him from the time of his entering into the service. Mr. Erskine declared that he would have been poignarded sooner than submitted to the usage from

Or a superior

a superior officer, which Lieutenant Rice had experienced from Captain Freemantle, and he would not advise him to make an apology, as, in such circumstances, he would not have made one himself.

Lord Ellenborough. The defendant must stand committed, and be brought up again on Saturday sennight.

MAY 20, 1803.

This day Lieutenant Rice came up accordingly to receive the judgment of the court.

Mr. Justice Grose, in the course of a very solemn and excellent address to the defendant, observed, that it was his duty to pass sentence on him, charged on an information filed against him with having written a letter to Thomas Francis Freemantle, Esq. for the purpose of provoking him to fight a duel. The words of the letter were perfectly intelligible, and the defendant, by allowing judgment to go by default, had admitted the letter was written to provoke the prosecutor to violate the peace, and to fight a duel; a practice which, in modern times, had become much too prevalent. Men were either not aware of the consequences, or had become insensible to the mischiefs of sending challenges to fight duels; which, besides committing a breach of the public peace, led to one of the foulest crimes—murder; the murder of one probably, possibly of more. His Lordship said, he laid stress on the word murder, because he often observed some persons from ignorance, and others would perversely not allow, that to kill a man in a duel amounted to that crime. It was deliberate murder, whether he that gave the challenge or he that accepted it, happened to fall. To every lawyer, that was a proposition perfectly clear; but that others, who were

not of the profession, might be assured of it, he should read a passage from the most able writers, to shew this doctrine was not of modern date, but coeval with the first institutions of our law. Sir Matthew Hale, as admired, learned, and humane a Judge as ever graced a bench of justice, had laid it down, that if A challenges C to meet in the field to fight, and C declines it as much he can, but is threatened by A to be posted as a coward, &c. if he meet not; and thereupon A, and B his second; and C, and D his second, meet and fight; and C kills A; this is murder in C, and D his second, and so ruled in Taverner's case. 1 H. P. C. 452. See also 2 Roll. Rep. 360; and 3 Bul. 171. That case was tried in the Court of King's Bench; and it appeared that the deceased was the challenger, and the other accepted the challenge on very forcible provocation. And Sir Edward Coke, the chief justice of that day, laid down the law, that it was a plain case, and without any question, if one kills another in fight, on the provocation of him who is killed, this is murder. And of the same opinion, were the rest of the court; and Taverner received judgment to die. His second was also indicted as a principal for murder, and fled the country. His Lordship read passages from other authorities, to the same effect. Such, he said, had been the law, recognized at different times down to the present. His Lordship observed, that if in this case the prosecutor had not been obedient to the law, consulted his own honour, and not the honour of swordsmen; if he had accepted the challenge, one of them might have been guilty of murder, and liable to an ignominious and fatal sentence, from which had he been so fortunate as to escape, either from the absence of witnesses, or
any

any other means that sometimes occurred to cause a failure of public justice, the remainder of his life must have been clouded by the painful remembrance, that for the purpose of giving or taking that miserable thing, falsely called by the defendant satisfaction, he had unnecessarily imbrued his hands in the blood of a brother officer. Fortunately for the defendant, the crime he had to answer for was only for attempting to provoke a duel. The punishment for that offence or misdemeanor, was discretionary, and must be attended with such circumstances of aggravation or mitigation as were to be found in the case. The circumstances of aggravation were these: the malice of the defendant's mind in what passed between him and the prosecutor in the course of executing their respective duties, the one as Captain, and the other as first Lieutenant of a man of war; that the defendant's conduct led to insubordination in the navy; that, from the interval between the time he left the ship, and the expressions used in the challenge, he had entertained, against the prosecutor, a spirit of implacable malice; and lastly, his conduct since the prosecution commenced. These circumstances, whether considered as affecting the peace of society, or going to the insubordination and discipline of the navy, were great matters of aggravation attending this case, and so far they ought not to be forgotten in the judgment. It had been argued, in favour of the defendant, that some circumstances which ought not to have occurred had occurred between a Captain of a man of war and his first Lieutenant, and which, if he had not been more than human, might well provoke a man of irritability to exceed the bounds of justice, and violate the law: that observation, his Lordship said, call-

ed upon him most anxiously to look through all the affidavits, and he lamented to find too much of that unfortunate weakness constituting part of the disputes both of the prosecutor and the defendant. On a minute examination of the facts, he was compelled to say, there had been too much of irritation shewn on both sides. Recollecting this information had been applied for, and filed on the propriety of the prosecutor's conduct, and the delinquency and excess of irritability of the defendant, he was astonished to hear and read the numerous and severe indignities passing from the prosecutor to the defendant, not by words only, but by orders carried into execution, of a nature that must necessarily have degraded the first Lieutenant in the eyes of every one who was present, and who was subordinate to him. His Lordship said, he would not repeat either the words or the acts, and that he should only say of them, that when the present asperity between these parties should subside, and the prosecutor reflect on the consequences of them as they were likely to affect the defendant in the opinion of the crew, he must, as an officer having an anxiety to preserve the necessary discipline and subordination in the navy, suffer heartfelt remorse at some things he had said, and at some things he had done. Both of them would do well to attend to what had been most admirably said at the Bar—Let those who have feelings, remember that others have feelings also (Mr. Erskine). The prosecutor had charged the defendant with great mismanagement, neglect of duty, &c. in his situation, on which he should only say, that however properly that complaint might call for the interposition of another tribunal, it could never justify the language and the mode adopted to correct it

by the prosecutor. Such were the circumstances of mitigation in this case; but still there remained much for atonement to be made to the public for the intended violation of its peace. The court taking into its consideration all the circumstances of the case, as well of mitigation as aggravation, and the imprisonment the defendant had already suffered, did order and adjudge, that he (H. Rice) should pay a fine to the King of L.100; that he be committed to the King's Bench prison for the space of one calendar month; and, at the expiration of that period, to give security for his good behaviour for three years, himself in L.1000, and two sureties in L.250 each, and then to be discharged.

GAME LAWS.

York Spring Assizes, 1803.

SAVILLE V. POTTER.

THE plaintiff is Lord of the manor of Rushworth, in the West Riding of Yorkshire; and this was an action upon the Game Laws against the defendant.

The plaintiff and some other gentlemen were one day last season shooting upon the plaintiff's manor, and they observed the defendant also shooting, who once or twice crossed them in their course. The plaintiff sent his game-keeper to know defendant's name: defendant told him who he was and where he lived. A notice of discharge was immediately prepared and served upon defendant; upon the notice being served, defendant said he would take no notice of it, but would take his diversion in spite of any one.

John Parkinson proved the signing of the notice by the game-keeper.

Mr. Foljambe, deputy clerk of the peace, proved the enrolment of the power to the gamekeeper, at the clerk of the peace's office.

Saville Crowder, gamekeeper to plaintiff, proved the defendant's having told him his name and place of abode.

John Booth proved the delivery of the notice to defendant on the 16th of August, on the moors, and that he saw him kill game for three hours after the notice given.

Mr. Sykes, agent to plaintiff, proved plaintiff's being owner of the manor of Rushworth.

Mr. Serjeant Cockell, on behalf of defendant, objected that a general power given to a gamekeeper to give discharges was, in law, not good.

The learned judge over-ruled that objection; at the same time observing, that it would be a thing attended with great inconvenience and almost impossible to meet every purpose, if a Lord of a manor was obliged to give a particular power every time it was necessary to give a discharge upon an improper infringement of his right.

Verdict for plaintiff—*One Shilling damages.*

Counsel for plaintiff, Mr. Topping and Mr. Maud; for defendant, Mr. Serjeant Cockell and Mr. Raine.

LEOPARDS DEVOURING A HORSE.

An Etching from H. Uette, by Bell.

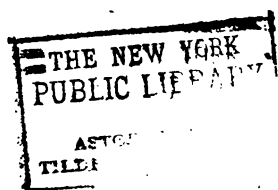
THIS etching is from a German master of the name of Uette, and, as customary, done in a slight way, to form a contrast to our more finished engravings. We have been promised some others of the like description, and which shall occasionally be given in future Numbers.

STALLIONS.



Leopard attacking a Horse.

At New York by J. Wall, & Co. 1787.



STALLIONS.

To Cover the present Season.

AT Barham Wood, Ellstree, Herts, Ambrosia, by Sir Peter, at 10gs, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

At Groom's Livery Stables, Oxford Street, the Annecy Arabian, 10gs, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

At Summer-leaze House, Wells, Somerset, a beautiful Arabian Horse, at 20gs, and 10s. 6d. the groom; also, a handsome Sardinian Horse, at 5gs, and 5s. the groom.

At Middlewich, Cheshire, Baron Nile, at 3gs, and 5s. the groom.

At Newmarket, Buzzard, at 10gs, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

At Barrow's Brook, Gloucestershire, Caustic, at 3gs, and 5s. the groom.

At Newmarket, Coriander, at 10gs, groom's fee included.

At Haynes's Livery Stables, Great Portland Street, Don Quixotte, by Eclipse, at 5gs and a half, groom included.

At Cannons, between Stanmore and Edgware, Middlesex, Duncannon, at 10gs, and 10s. 6d. the groom; Volunteer, at 10gs, and 10s. 6d. the groom; and Sir Harry, at 5gs, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

At Woburn, Bedfordshire, Fidget, at 5gs and a half; Captain Grey's Arabian, at 5gs and a half; and Espersykes, at 2gs, and 5s. the groom.

At Mr. Dockeray's Stables, Sutton, Surry, Game-nut, at 3gs and a half, groom's fee included.

At Winkfield Place, Berks, Gladiush, at 2gs, and 5s. the groom.

At Oatlands, Surry, Gouty, at 5gs, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

At Stony Stratford, Grouse, at 5gs, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

At Highclere, Grey Trentham, at 2gs, and 5s. the groom.

At Mr. Hornsey's, Middlethorpe,

near York, Hambletonian, at 10gs and a half; Patriot, at 5gs, and a crown; Shuttle, at 5gs blood mares, and 2gs and 5s. country mares.

At Figdale, Chester, John Bull, at 10gs, and 10s. 6d. the groom; Alexander, at 5gs, and 5s.; Meteor, at 5gs, and 5s.

At Broomsthorpe, in Norfolk, Johnny, at 2gs, and 5s. the groom.

At Beeston Hall, Cheshire, Marske, at 2gs, and 5s. the groom.

At Duxbury, Lancashire, Mr. Teazle, at 5gs, and 5s. the groom.

At Renishaw, Derbyshire, Moorcock, at 3gs, and 5s. the groom.

At Joseph Rutter's, Whitley, Old Tat; thorough-bred mares at 5gs, and 5s. all others at 3gs, and 2s. 6d.

At Mr. Morland's, Walthamstow, Oscar, at 6gs, and 7s. the groom.

At Delrow Farm, Herts, Pegasus, at 10gs, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

At Christian Malford, Wilts, Petworth, at 3gs, and 5s. the groom.

At Bishop Burton, Yorkshire, Precipitate, at 10gs, and 10s. 6d. the groom; and Idris, at 5gs, and 5s. the groom.

At North Cray, Kent, Sacripant, at 10gs, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

At Rufford, Notts, Sir Solomon, at 10gs, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

At Tytherton, Wiltshire, Sky-scraper, at 10gs, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

At Carr House, Doncaster, Stamford, at 5gs, and 5s. the groom.

At Farringdon, Berkshire, Stickler, at 3gs, and 2s. 6d. the groom.

At Boscobel, Telescope; thorough-bred mares at 5gs, and country mares, at 3gs.

At Newark, Tickle Toby, at 2gs and a half.

At Mr. Bott's, Barnet, Herts, Totteridge, at 5gs, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

At

At Clermont Lodge, Norfolk, Trumpator, at 8gs, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

At the Turff Tavern Stables, Shrewsbury, Vermin, at 3gs, and 5s. the groom.

At Kenwood, near Hampstead, Sweeper, at 2gs, and 5s. the groom.

At Cottesmore, Rutland, Warter, at 3gs, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

At Lewes, in Sussex, Waxy, at 10gs, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

At Newmarket, Worthy, at 10gs, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

At Great Barton, near Bury St. Edmunds, Whiskey, at 10gs, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

At Benham, Berks, Young Eclipse, at 20gs, and 10s. 6d. the groom; a Grey Horse, by High-flyer, at 1g, and 2s. 6d. the groom; and Young Sir Peter, at 2gs, and 5s. the groom.

young man. The seconds were; to Mr. O'Reilly, Mr. Grady; to Mr. Hobart, Captain Butler;

On the Saturday following, the 21st, in the evening, a coroner's inquest was taken on the body of Mr. O'Reilly, before Mr. Hodson, the coroner, at Chalk Farm. From the great caution used by the parties concerned in arranging the meeting of the duel, which was the occasion of this gentleman's death, the evidence brought forward was very incomplete, as to the material facts.—A person, passing by Chalk Farm a short time prior to the duel taking place, said, he saw two parties a little distance from each other, seemingly in deep discourse, in a field, north of the house. The parties attracted his notice, and he observed persons passing backwards and forwards, as if with messages. Shortly after, he heard the report port of two pistols, and looking towards the place from whence the noise came, he saw a pistol fall from Mr. O'Reilly's hand, who directly made the best of his way to Chalk Farm. Before he got there, he was supported by some gentlemen, who came to his assistance.—Mr. Montague, surgeon, shortly deposed, that, happening to be dining at Chalk Farm, he was asked to come to the assistance of a gentleman who had been wounded in a duel. He found that a pistol ball had penetrated the belly of the deceased a little above the right hip, and that it had traversed to the other side, and its passage had broke the intestines. Mr. O'Reilly lingered till the next day, and then died. The verdict on the occasion was, "wilful murder against persons unknown." There was no evidence given at the coroner's inquest to connect Mr. Hobart and Mr. O'Reilly in the late duel.—Before Mr. O'Reilly and his opponent fired, a person present paced the

ANOTHER DUEL.

ON Wednesday evening, May 18th, another fatal duel took place near Chalk Farm. The parties were, a Mr. Thomas O'Reilly, an officer in the army, and a gentleman of the name of Hobart. They met about seven o'clock, in a field a little to the north of the house, attended by their seconds. The combatants fired at the same moment, and Mr. O'Reilly was shot in the body, near the hip; on receiving of which wound he ran some short distance, and then walked, but before he could get to Chalk Farm, fainted with the loss of blood. The ball, which had lodged near the skin on the opposite side, was soon extracted by Mr. Montague, a surgeon, who happened to be at Chalk Farm at the time; notwithstanding which, he died next day, Thursday afternoon, about half past three o'clock. Mr. O'Reilly was a very

the distance they were to stand at; and, as a signal for discharging their pistols, distinctly pronounced the words "one, two, three." This constitutes the deed a deliberate act.

The following is stated as an accurate account of the causes which led to this unfortunate duel.

Ms. Hobart having procured a ticket for the last subscription ball, held by the Pic Nic society at Hyde's Rooms, in Tottenham-street, he went there rather late in the evening; and, as he entered the room, immediately saw Mr. O'Reilly, whom he had known some time before; that, as he passed Mr. O'Reilly, he heard him say, "I see a person coming in here to-night, who has, I am sure, a forged ticket."

Mr. Hobart having walked forward up the room, entered into conversation with some female friends, whom he had met there, and happening to turn round, saw Mr. O'Reilly walking after him, and presently heard him again say, "I am sure that fellow must have a forged ticket." Mr. Hobart was still unwilling to take offence at this, though he was persuaded, from a former quarrel, that it was directed to him; he, notwithstanding, took no notice of what had passed. But having occasion, afterwards, to walk across the room, and being obliged to go near the place where Mr. O'Reilly was standing, as he passed him, he heard him change the conversation which he had with some gentlemen he was in company with, and say, "there he is again," looking at Mr. Hobart, "that fellow, I am sure, has got a forged ticket." Mr. Hobart having now no doubt but that these words were directed to him, he asked Mr. O'Reilly "whether those observations he had been making were meant to him." Mr. O'Reilly replied, "Mr. Hobart,

you are a man I do not wish to know any thing of." Upon this Mr. Hobart said, "nor do I wish to know any thing of you: particularly as you have, on a late occasion, not acted as you ought; and I should not address myself to you now, were it not that I believe the insinuations respecting forged tickets were directed to me; and I request, if they are not, that you will tell me." To this Mr. O'Reilly made no reply, and as he did not disavow them, Mr. Hobart inquired for the manager of the ball, and having walked out of the room, produced his ticket, and asked the manager whether it was not a fair one. To which the manager replied, "it certainly is." But, said Mr. O'Reilly, who followed the manager and Mr. Hobart out of the room, it is a transferable ticket at any rate. Mr. O'Reilly and Mr. Hobart walked back into the ball room, and Mr. Hobart said to him, "Now, Sir, if those observations were addressed to me, I must tell you that you are a d——d rascal." Upon which several gentlemen interfered, but Mr. O'Reilly afterwards went up to Mr. Hobart, and asked him for his card, which Mr. Hobart gave him. In about ten minutes after which, Mr. Hobart received a message that led to the fatal meeting.

On further inquiry, we find, that Mr. Hobart and his friends did all they could, consistent with his honour, to accommodate matters amicably, but could not succeed.

OPENING OF COLMAN'S THEATRE.

THIS elegant little theatre afforded its first entertainment on Monday, the 16th instant, with what the manager calls "No PRELUDE," being a conversation between Waldron and Elliston, in their

their own proper persons, in which, what the public was to expect, and the proprietor to hope for, were ingeniously brought forward. We will not be too severe on the *jeu des mots* with which it abounded, but generally state, that the points which he laboured most had as much success as he or his warmest friends could have wished, and were received with reiterated bursts of applause. It concluded with a neat and appropriate prologue, extremely well delivered by Elliston, who is now the stage manager.

Cumberland's play of the Jew followed, which is got up in a most respectable style. We must at present content ourselves with mentioning the names of the most considerable performers. *Sheva*, Mr. Elliston, from Bath. This gentleman is already well known to the metropolis. We are of opinion, however, that he has improved considerably since his last appearance in London. He personated the benevolent Jew in a very feeling and impressive manner.—We give him credit for not assuming a feigned tone of voice, which we have known in this character to produce a very ludicrous effect. He contrived to convey a very good idea of senility, without resorting to such an expedient. *Charles Ratcliffe*, Mr. H. Kelly, from Portsmouth. We look upon this gentleman as a very promising actor. His voice is uncommonly deep-toned, mellow, and flexible. He is somewhat inclined at present to rant and extravagance; but his taste will be polished by the superior opportunities of improvement he now enjoys. *Jabul*, Mr. Mathews, from York. One of the most exquisite pieces of acting we ever saw. Mr. M. we understand, is son to the respectable bookseller of that name in the Strand. He has acquired a high

degree of provincial reputation, and he certainly well deserves to be collocated to London. It is impossible to judge of his fitness for genteel comedy; but, for parts of drollery, he had now given convincing proof of the greatest powers. The piece went off extremely well. The Agreeable Surprise succeeded, in which Mr. Mathews's *Lingo* and Mrs. Gibbs's *Cowslip* were much admired. The house was prodigiously crowded.

RACING ANECDOTE.

To the Editors of the *Sporting Magazine*.

MESSEIERS,

WE old jockeys delight in hearing ourselves repeat the tales of past times, which any way relate to our favourite pursuit: and the approach of Epsom spring meeting brings the following odd dialogue fresh to my memory. Nearly, or altogether thirty years since, riding cheek-by-jowl, with poor Bob Bloss, the training groom, in the interval between the heats, at an Epsom meeting, and knowingly balancing the pretensions of the different horses, as well as the intentions of their owners, we found ourselves by the side of a Goldfinder mare called Whirligig, which we knew to be the property of a London chimneysweeper, nicknamed Sootbag. At the instant, a cockney sportsman rode up, asked the following questions of the lad who led the mare, and received the following answers: What's the name of this mare?—Whirligig.—Who rides her?—Blackwig.—To whom does she belong?—Sootbag.

Your ancient correspondent,

HALF A LENGTH.

Subscription Room, Tattersall's,
16th May.

FEAST.

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

A SAILOR, having been long in a French prison, was asked, on his return, whether he had not got a smattering of their lingo?—"No," replied Jack, "They call things by wrong names; they call a horse a *shovel**, and a hat a *chopper*†."

AFTER Sir William Keir had imparted to Lord Townshend the melancholy intelligence of the fall of Colonel Montgomery, his Lordship, seeing that he had lost an arm himself, said, "I observe, Sir, that you have not passed without your wounds; but these were, no doubt, received in the service of your country." "O yes, my Laird," replied Sir William; "for I lost the fellow *fin* to this in a little snug duel at my native town of Abetdeen!"

IN a cause which came before the Court of King's Bench on Tuesday, the 3d instant, one of the witnesses, a Captain of a Caernarvon ship, said that he had delivered to the defendant eight thousand *Countesses*, and eleven thousand *Ladies*. Lord Ellenborough appeared astonished; but Mr. Garrow told him they were the names for different descriptions of *states*. The witness was then asked as to their reasonable value, and replied, "As to *Countesses*, the best of them are worth six pounds a thousand, and *Ladies* not so much."

* Cheval.

A MISER in Altona lately gave an entertainment to a few friends: when the juice of the grape had evaporated, he waited on a *justice*, and begged to be committed to prison, on a charge of having *robbed himself* of ten dollars!

A DAILY paper tells us, that the Duchess of Cumberland takes Geneva, on her journey from France to Italy.

A FELLOW, on his way from Maidstone, to be executed at Penenden Heath, on the 7th ult. called out to some soldiers as he passed, to know if they were not militia-men, and some of them *substitutes*? Being answered in the affirmative, he drolly asked, if either of them would become a *substitute* for him, as he did not like so much parade and nonsense, and wished to go another way.

A GENTLEMAN in distress lately wrote the following letter to a friend—"I am now reduced to a *single* penny—a *single* shirt—a *single* coat—a *single* glass of table beer—a *single* sheet to my bed—a *single* rap at the door, even of an old acquaintance, and I have only one consolation that I am a *single* man, and that I have a *single* friend in you."—In these days, says our correspondent, this is not a *singular* case.

† Chapeau.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

A DIVERTING occurrence took place near Taunton, in Somersetshire, some time ago. A favourite old hunter, belonging to Joseph Parsley, Esq. being locked in the stable, on hearing the noise of a French horn, and cry of the hounds, began to be very restiff; the ostler instantly saddled him, and affixed a large monkey, and turned him loose; following the sound, he joined the pack, and was one of the first in at the death of poor Reynard; but the amazement of the sporting gentlemen was greatly heightened by observing the monkey holding the reins with all the dexterity of a true sportsman.

COLONEL THORNTON had a numerous attendance at the sale of his greyhounds and pointers in London. A greyhound of the Norfolk breed sold for thirty guineas, and Major, the brother of Old Snowball, was bought at one hundred guineas. Some of his pointers sold higher than any price hitherto given for dogs of that kind. He bought a pack of fox hounds to take with him to his chateau on the continent.

THE running at Newmarket, on Tuesday the 3d instant, was excellent indeed. Our correspondent went upon the Heath at one o'clock, and, in about half an hour, Trombone and Julia, carrying 8st. 1lb. each, run the Abingdon Mile for one hundred guineas. The odds, at the betting post, were three to one on Trombone, who won easily. Buckle rode Julia, dressed in purple body and crimson sleeves; and Denny, in deep yellow, and green cap, rode Trombone. At

two o'clock, the Fifty Pounds for three year olds, was run over the Rowley Mile. A very pretty race—might have been covered with a sheet. Rumbo made play, but was headed by Duckling, who won in high style. Even betting; at last the field against Rumbo. The next race excited particular interest; it was between Lord Sackville's Dick Andrews, rode by Young Goodison, in white, and Mr. Dawson's Quiz, rode by Denny, in pea-green, and black cap. The match was for one hundred guineas, to be run from the Ditch in. Dick carried 9st. 1lb.; and Quiz received 7lb. carrying only 8st. 8lb. Quiz made play; but young Goodison, who rode remarkably well, let out Dick, and won capitally. Upwards of L.10,000 were sported upon the race, and, in consequence of the event, Dick walked over for the Jockey Club plate.

AT the second Newmarket October Meeting, Sir J. Shelley's Aniseed is matched against Mr. Watson's Gaoler, 8st. 2lb. each, R. M. 300 guineas, h. ft. and Gen. Grosvenor's ch. f. Humming Bird, by Pot80's, dam by Mambrino, is matched against Sir C. Bunbury's ch. f. sister to Orlando, both then two years old, 8st. 9lb. two year old course, 100 guineas, h. ft.

MONDAY, the 2d instant, a number of spectators attended at Copenhagen House, near Islington, to witness the following Match, between the well-known Berks, and a man named Grindlay. The money staked was 20 guineas, and the match was—1st, To fight 3 rounds;

rounds; 2d, To run 100 yards; 3d, To leap a distance. In the fight, Berks hit his antagonist so severe a blow between the eyes, that he gave in. They then ran and leaped, in both which Grindlay was victorious, and consequently gained the money. Berks appeared in high condition; and wishes much to be matched against Jackson, in which, from his superiority of bottom, he would no doubt be the favourite.

AFTER this, a ring was formed, and a half bred dog belonging to Will Ward, the pugilist, was turned out against another celebrated hero of the same species. The contest was severe for five minutes, when Ward's dog was declared victorious. A horse dealer, in Park-lane, behaved so unfairly and impudently, that he was hooted away. —The sport concluded with a duck hunt, in which the pickpockets would have proved the most expert divers, had it not been for the active exertions of the two Limbricks from Bow-street.

CAPTAIN KING, of the navy, had, on Tuesday, the 3d instant, a narrow escape for his life. As he was driving his gig, to the admiration of the beauties of Sloane-street, just as he was passing Sir Richard Ford's door, an unlucky licensed coachman, who had not forgot the smack of the whip, chose to touch his old jades in the raw, which startled the high-mettled racer in the gig; and the Captain, in having mistaken the larboard for his starboard, steered against the wheel, by which accident he was thrown out, and the wheel of his chaise went over him; but his friend, with an appearance of disdain to danger, placed himself in the middle of the gig, holding by each side. The groom, very alert, got before the gig, and laid hold of the bridle; but, from the fright the horse was in, nothing could stop him; and the

groom, to save his own life, left his hold, when the horse took to the bank, turned over the chaise, and the Captain's friend; after which, he broke loose, and was thrown down by running on the pavement. The Captain was taken to his friend's, Captain Stanton's, and was blooded, and we are happy to find received no material injury.

AN extraordinary circumstance was discovered a few days since, which is worth recital.—About fifteen years ago, Lady Guildford lost a favourite dog when she resided in Bushey Park; she first advertised it, with a reward of five guineas, and afterwards ten, but without success. A few days since, one of the labourers, grubbing up some old pollards, found the skeleton of the very dog, and the brass collar round his neck; and below it, the skeletons of two hares, which he had pursued into the tree, whence it is supposed they could not extricate themselves.

MR. NICHOLSON has published a description of a curious magazine pistol, which, when loaded, is capable of being discharged nine successive times, through the same barrel, in the space of half a minute. It has been used for some time past in all parts of the world, by Lord Camelford, and is so constructed, that its use is attended with neither danger nor uncertainty.

A SINGULAR circumstance lately occurred at the Chequers Inn, Boxford.—A boy brought in a nest of young rats, one of which he threw down to the cat, who had kittens. The cat, instead of destroying it, as was expected, carried it to her kittens, and has suckled it with them for three weeks; and whenever it strays out of her nest, she goes after it to bring it back.

A sow, the property of Dr. Brown, at Foster House, near Egham, lately farrowed six monsters, with the head and fore legs in the

shape of a mastiff, and the hind parts resembling those of a pig; they were, very properly, immediately destroyed, and, in our opinion, it would have been equally as proper, if the sow and mastiff had been destroyed also.

MR. MOORE, master of the Bell public house, at Hainaker, near Chichester, has a cat that lately brought forth a kitten, whose head exhibited two distinct and perfect faces, to the astonishment of all who saw it.

ALTERATION!—A London newspaper, dated about forty years back, contains an advertisement announcing to the public that a stage coach would set off from the Blue-Boar, Holborn, on the first day of each month, for Edinburgh, in which city (God willing) it would arrive on the 15th, and return to London on the 30th!!

A DESPERATE fellow named Henry Wood, had been confined in Tothill-fields prison for some time, on a charge of stealing a horse, ten months ago, in Wiltshire, and the owner of which discovered it lately in the Strand. This man having affected illness, was put into the sick ward; from which place he contrived, on Thursday night, the 5th instant, to break through the wall of the prison with a crow, and took three prisoners along with him. They all got away without making the least alarm.

ASTONISHING VALUE OF LABOUR.—Mr. Pictet, of Geneva, in his account of a late visit of three months to Great Britain and Ireland, has astonished the people of the continent with the following exhibition of the power of English industry:—"There is," says he, "a case in which a raw material, value one halfpenny, is raised by manufacture to the worth of 35,000 guineas! This takes place in the art of a watch-spring maker. A pound

of crude iron costs a halfpenny; it is converted into steel; the steel is made into watch-springs: every watch-spring is sold for half-a-guinea, and weighs only one tenth of a grain. There are in a pound weight seven thousand grains; it therefore affords steel for seventy thousand watch-springs. The value of these, at half-a-guinea each, is thirty-five thousand guineas."

THE well-known Hatfield was on the 5th instant, brought to the Public Office, Bow-street, for the last time, previous to his being sent into Cumberland. Sir Richard Ford informed him, that as the charge respecting his not appearing to the commission of bankruptcy was done away, he must now be made amenable for those offences with which he stood accused in Cumberland; namely, for forging and uttering a bill of exchange, and for forging a frank, in the name of the "Hon. Alexander Hope," brother to Lord Hopetoun, and on which charges he, Sir Richard Ford, was then in possession of warrants issued against him by a magistrate of that county, under authority of which he would be sent thither.

Hatfield said, that, as it would not impede the ends of justice, he should be extremely glad to be suffered to continue some little time longer in town; to which Sir Richard Ford, with the concurrence of Mr. Parkin, who attended on the part of the General Post-office, consented. He was therefore informed, that he might remain ten days or a fortnight longer, and have two or three days previous notice of his removal. He was then remanded to Tothill-Fields Bridewell.

Hatfield appeared in very good health and spirits; was very well dressed in a black coat, white waistcoat, and white pantaloons; and his hair dressed and powdered.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE GAMING TABLE.

*An Epistle to the Knowing Ones.**(Continued from Page 294, Vol. XXI.)*

LAWYERS will tell you, and for
once tell true,
From play what vast advantages accrue!
Hence can the lord of unincumber'd
land

His purse replenish, and a bank com-
mand!

He need not wait the slow returning day,
The usual festival when tenants pay!

To raise his spirits, and supply his wants
With more dispatch, annuities he grants!
And should he then, when pungent
thoughts invade,

Wish to annul the hasty grants he made,
By one bold act the hero may succeed;
A pistol, well apply'd, completes the
deed.

For sake of argument, admit that play
May spoil a man of his estate to-day:
The same estate to-morrow may restore,
And to his manor give one manor more.
Stocks rise and fall, the tide will ebb and
flow,

And shifting winds from different quar-
ters blow.

Since all things fluctuate, why should
loss or gain

In one unvaried uniform remain?

By Fate's dark-lantern, if the poring
mouse

Her mystic pages can aright peruse,

The time will come, when Oxford shall
rejoice,

And Cambridge echo back her sister's
voice,

In strains more sweet than e'er touch'd
mortal ear,

To see this ample science cultur'd there.
Then shall commence the massacre of
vice,

And love of virtue spring from love of
dice;

Pupils with joy their knowing tutors
meet,

And card-professors shuffle in the street!

Was such a college but erected now,
And were there gen'rous patrons to endow,

To guide and govern it with proper care,
For able heads we need not travel far:

Does not the Sporting Calendar afford
A list of names, distinguish'd on record?
There in the low, the honour'd, fam'd
and great,

See the true scale of honesty complete.

Turn as it will the fortune of the day,
How happy those who win—from those
who pay!

Mark! by what wond'rous means their
treasure grows,

From wond'rous means as upstart Na-
bobs rose.

How Cheats and Nobles are united here,
And all that sinks the Jockey, lifts the
Peer!

Where the fleetracer, on Newmarket's
course,

At every wish'd-for stroke with double
force

Pours eager on, and strains his mighty
soul;

His eye-balls bursting for the destin'd goal,
Flies,

Flies, tho' unwing'd, and with his ears
reclin'd,
In foamy rapture leaves the lagging
wind:

Behold the peer (suppose it ——— or
whom

Your fancy wills) apparel'd like a groom!
What contrast can provoke a finer sneer?
What!—Why, a groom apparel'd like a
peer.

In ancient times, what honest man
would dare,

To risk his credit by his presence there!
Then was the day, when fraud could rise
no higher,

The sire the son, the son would cheat the
sire.

Nor wonder was it, when the vulgar crew
Follow'd the line that high example drew,
And in the front of broad and blushing
day,

Right Honourable post-boys led the way.
But oh! how chang'd that nest of knaves
and fools

The latter work'd with, as the former's
tools.

Since reformation has begun her race,
And, unexpected, reach'd this motley
place,

In thought, I see the gamester's temple
rise—

Pantheon-like—ev'n Wyatt to surprise,
Adorn'd with ample niches, to contain
The members forms, as guardians of the
same.

Indebted largely to the sculptor's hand,
In gloomy trim the knowing figures
stand;

Stand to convey, to time's remotest date,
What parts made up a minister of state.

Come, then, my friends! instruct a
country-put,

O masters of the shuffle and the cut!

And while the game now falls, and rises
now,

A chance directs it, or as you know how,
Teach me, like you, the various packs to
use,

To win with dignity, with temper lose;
Nurs'd by your rules, and artificial care,
At cards or dice, to pluck the pigeons
bare,

Graceful to deal, serene the wink to tip,
Intent to cog, and elegants to slip.

Oh! while, at whist for sums immense
you play,

And sweep, or seem to sweep, the cash
away,

Say! to your partner shall I slyly dare.
To give the signal from behind your
chair!

When shallow dupes to death shall bow
the knee,

Whose sons shall mourn their fathers
play'd with me,

Shall then this lay to future age pre-
tend;

Each of you prov'd my master and my
friend!

That, taught by you, I learn'd the art of
play:

Play—that is, work, but not the work of
day;

Learn'd ev'ry slight beyond a juggler's
reach,

Beyond what Breslaw's mighty self could
teach;

The odds to lay; the deep ones how to
foil,

And all the beauties of great Edmund
Hoyle:

That drinking water suits the gamester's
aim;

That vice and virtue differ but in name;
That money only gives respect below,

And all our knowledge is—The Doves
to Know.

A TRUE BALLAD OF A POPE

IT is the Bishop Athendius,
Who now at even tide,
Taking the air, and saying a pray'r,
Walks by the river side.

The Devil had business that evening,
And he upon earth would go,
For it was in the month of August,
And the weather was close below.

He had his books to settle,
And up to earth he hied,
To do it there, in the ev'ning air,
All by the river side.

His imps came flying around him,
Of his affairs to tell,
From the north and the south, and the
east and the west,
They brought him the news that he lik'd
best,

The

The things they had done, and the souls
they had won,
And how they sped well in the service
of Hell.

There came a devil posting in,
Return'd from his employ;
Seven years had he been gone from
Hell,
And now he came grinning for joy.

Seven years, quoth he, of trouble and
toil
Have I labour'd the Pope to win;
And I, to-day, have caught him:
He hath done the deadly sin!
And then he took the Devil's book,
And wrote the deed therein.

Oh! then King Bezebub, for joy
He drew his mouth so wide,
You might have seen his iron teeth,
Four and forty from side to side.

He wagg'd his ears, he twisted his tail,
He knew not for joy what to do;
In his hoofs and his horns, in his heels
and his corns,
It tickled him all through.

The Bishop, who beheld all this,
Straight how to act bethought him:
He leapt upon the Devil's back,
And by the horns he caught him.

And he said a pater-noster
As fast as he could say,
And he made a cross on the Devil's
head,
And bade him to Rome away.

Away, away, the Devil flew,
All thro' the clear moon light;
I warrant, who saw them on their way—
He did not sleep that night.

Without saddle or bridle, or whip or spur,
Away they go like the wind—
The beads of the bishop are hanging be-
fore,
And the tail of the Devil behind.

They met a witch, and she hail'd them,
As soon as she came within call.
Ave Maria! the Bishop exclaim'd:
It frighten'd her broomstick, and she
got a fall.

They ran against a shooting star,
So fast, for fear, did he sail;
And he sing'd the beard of the Bishop
Against a comet's tail.

And he went between the horns of the
moon,
With Athendius on his back;
And there was an eclipse that night
Which was not in the almanack.

The Bishop, just as they set out,
To tell his beads begun,
And he was by the bed of the Pope
Before the string was done.

The Pope fell down upon his knees,
In terror and confusion,
And he confess'd the deadly sin,
And he had absolution.

And all the Popes in bliss that be,
Sung, "O be joyful!" then;
And all the Popes that damned be,
They howl'd for envy then.
For they before kept jubilee,
In hopes of his good company
Down in the Devil's den.

But what was this the Pope had done
To bind himself to hell?
Ah! that is the myst'ry of this wonderful
hist'ry,
And I wish that I could tell.

But would you know, to hell you must go,
You can easily find the way;
It is a broad and well known road,
Which is travell'd by night and by day.

And you must look in the Devil's book,
You will find one debt that was never
paid yet,
If you search the leaves throughout.
And that is the myst'ry of the wonderful
hist'ry,
And the way to find it out.

THE FAIR EQUIVOQUE.

AS blooming Harriet mov'd along,
The fairest of the beaux's throng,
The beaux gaz'd on with admiration,
Avow'd by many an exclamation?

What

What form! what *naïvete*! what grace!
 What roses deck that Grecian face!
 "Nay," Dashwood cries, "that bloom's
 not Harriet's;
 'Twas bought at Reynolds', More's, or
 Marriott's;
 And tho' you vow her face unfainted,
 I swear, by G—, your Beauty's painted."
 A wager instantly was laid,
 And Ranger sought the lovely maid;
 The pending bet he soon reveal'd,
 Nor e'en the impious oath conceal'd.
 Confus'd—her cheek bore witness true,
 By turns the roses came and flew.
 "Your bet," she said, "is rudely odd;
 But I am painted, Sir—by God."

LINES

ON

*The Death of a beautiful and favourite
 Spaniel, called Laura.*

MY much-lov'd Laura, now reliev'd
 from pain,
 Near this lorn spot, resolves to dust
 again!
 Faithful companion, of the canine race!
 Oft, for thy sake, I'll seek this lonely
 place;

And, as remembrance to the mental eye
 Recals thy merit, breath the tender sigh!
 Thy fond attachment, constant and sincere,

To my sad bosom ever shall be dear!
 Tho' in the annals of the field thy name
 Stood not enroll'd a candidate for fame,
 Had Fate allow'd thy powers to unfold,
 Thy gifts the sportsman proudly would
 have told.

For from a race that boasts its sporting
 worth,

High-bred, and valued, was deriv'd thy
 birth!

Ne'er didst thou fail, with caution, to
 protect

Thy master's mansion; ne'er thy trust
 neglect!

In the long walk, thou oft, with spirits
 gay,

And kind attention, cheer'dst the tedious
 way!

When food appear'd, sly antics wouldst
 thou try

To win regard, and gain the wish'd supply;

Nor did my lib'ral hand with-hold thy
 share;

I deem'd thee worthy of my fondest care!
 O'er thy fresh sod, have many a tear
 been shed;

I lov'd thee living, and I mourn thee
 dead!

A NEW PARODY.

SIR H. V. TEMPEST.

COME, Lad, and now lead my fleet
 racer for the
 Rich in Arabian blood!—and quicklie
 hie,

To give me proveal of his winde and
 speede!

I've a round sum of duckets on the race,
 With that dark congregated band of
 knaves,

Who by their sable rites do baselie staine
 Englands green turfe! But pray you
 next take heed

That not a creature, by two-legs upborne,
 With wizzard face, his resting place ap-
 proache,

Lest the right honest powers of the brute,
 By man's device be brutallie subdued,
 And his harte sinke ere he can reach the
 goal!

J. J. B.

EPITAPH ON AN ARCHER.

*In the late Church of St. James's, Clerken-
 well.*

SIR WILLIAM WOOD lies very near
 this stone,
 In's time of archery excell'd by none;
 Few were equals; and this noble art
 Hath suffer'd now in the most tender part;
 Long did he live, the honour of the bow,
 To him long love thro' that alone did owe:
 But how can art secure, or what can save
 Extreme old age from an appointed
 grave?

Surviving archery must thy loss lament,
 That in respect bestow'd this monument,
 Where whistling arrows did his worth
 proclaim,

And eternize his mem'ry and his name.

Ob. Sep. 4. An. Dom. 1691, Æt. 82,

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR JUNE, 1803.

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Embellished with, I. Jasper, a finished Engraving by Mr. Scott, from a Painting of Mr. Marshall's.—II. A Lioness and Whelps attacking a Camel, an Etching.

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J. BOOTH, DUKE STREET PORTLAND PLACE; JOHN HILTON, NEWMARKET;
AND BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

An Elegy on the Death of a Sportsman, from the polished pen of S———
B———ll, arrived too late for this Month, but shall certainly appear in
our next.

Our old Correspondent A. B. of Stambourn, will perceive his original
Hunting Song, in our Poetical Department. In the prose pieces
which he intimates in his letter, we hope that, as brevity is the avowed
soul of wit, so humour also, not being distended too far, as generous
liquor is sometimes too much diluted, it may preserve, as much as pos-
sible, both its strength and seasoning.

The entertaining favours of J. J. B. a Western Tourist, &c. &c. will be
found in the present Number.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR JUNE, 1803.

JASPER.

*A finished Engraving by Mr. Scott, from
a Painting of Mr. Marshall's, to face
this Page.*

JASPER, whose portrait is now given, was bred by the Earl of Egremont, and is full brother to the famous Jumper, one of the fleetest and steadiest hunting hounds in the kingdom, and the father of the Duke of Richmond's excellent and uniform pack. Jasper was, when young, consigned to Mr. Compton, of the New Forest, in Hampshire; where, soon after his entrance, he began to acquire the laurel of celebrity, and for ten years maintained his superiority not more as a leader, than his power in hitting off a fault upon a cold scent, or continuing the chase upon a dry road. The whole of the present pack are his own progeny, and esteemed, by the best and most impartial judges, to have as good legs and feet—the first of all considerations in breeding—the finest symmetry, and the strongest muscular powers of any fox-hounds in the universe; few afford more sport,

none do their business better. The Portrait annexed is a correct and striking likeness of Tom Seabright, who has, with great credit to himself and satisfaction to his employer, hunted the pack from the time of Jasper's initiation.

PAINTINGS.

*Sporting Subjects in the Exhibition
OF THE
ROYAL ACADEMY.*

DANCEAWAY, a famous hunter, the property of General Grosvenor.—H. B. Chalon.
Spaniels.—J. T. Sartorius.

A shooting party going out: portraits of four brothers.—W. R. Bigg, A.

Horses and figures, with a view of the ferry-boat at Hampton, Middlesex.—Sir F. Bourgeois, R. A.

Portrait of a spaniel, the property of Major-general Urquhart.—H. B. Chalon.

Portrait of a lady's hunter.—J. N. Sartorius.

Portrait of a fast trotting hobby.

—J. N. Sartorius.

A cock-phaesant.—R. Stennet.

The portrait of an Arabian belonging to the Farming Repository, Dublin.—J. N. Sartorius.

Pointers.—J. F. Sartorius, jun.

The portrait of an old earth-stopper.—H. Singleton.

Portrait of a Newfoundland dog, the property of his Royal Highness the Duke of York.—G. Stubbs, R. A.

Portrait of a Maltese ass.—H.

B. Chalou.

Portrait of a mare and spaniel.—

T. Bellinger, jun.

Portrait of an Arabian, the property of Mess. Moorcraft and Field.

—H. B. Chalou.

Portrait of a hunter, the property of Mr. Holbrook.—H. B. Chalou.

Portrait of a grey Arabian mare, the property of his Royal Highness the Duke of York.—E. Cooper.

Partridges.—M. Haughton.

Portrait of the great tench taken by Colonel Thornton in the year 1802, with a view of the house and park of Thornville-royal.—P. Reinagle, A.

Coursing.—D. Wolstenholme.

Portrait of Mr. Cockburn and dog.—J. Allen.

A tiger crouching from his den.

—G. Smith.

Bear hunting.—J. Bellinger, jun.

The Bibury Welter-stakes.—H.

B. Chalou.

A foreign goose, from nature.—

Miss H. Dickenson.

come a conspicuous member of the turf, had immediately "a dead set" made at him; and a horse was soon found him at so low a price as three hundred and seventy guineas, with an assurance by the parties concerned, "that they had been favoured with such a trial as perfectly convinced them he was capable of winning a King's Plate to a certainty. Being let into so lucky and so *friendly* a secret, the horse was immediately purchased; and notwithstanding his promised excellence, was distanced the first plate he ran for. This secret having transpired, and been much talked of, rendered retrospection necessary—expostulation followed; and suffice it to say, the candidate for fame declines the turf and the horse, with a loss of 100 guineas by the experiment. ARGUS.

Crim Corner, June 20.

SPORTING DICTIONARY.

2 Vols. 8vo.

SINCE the publication of our last number, the above work has made its appearance; and, although the shortness of the time prevents our entering more largely into its merits, a superficial survey amply justifies us in an opinion, that it retains much of the novelty, spirit, and freedom, for which the pen of the writer is so remarkable. In consequence of the frequent litigations respecting the soundness and unsoundness of horses, he has animadverted largely under the heads of "Soundness," "Law-suits," and "Warranty," the latter of which he observes, "is the personal assurance the purchaser of a horse receives from the seller, at the moment of terminating the bargain, if such purchase absolutely takes place; that the horse in question

THE SPORTING SECRET.

THE son of a nobleman very recently emancipated from the confines of a college in one of our universities, having, during the first month of his liberty, displayed proofs of an anxious desire to be-

is no more than a certain number of years old, as the case may be; that he is perfectly free from every kind of vice, blemish, and defect; that he is completely sound, "wind, and limb;" or in other words, that he is in a state of perfection. Much professional jargon has transpired, during the last half century, in the courts of law upon this subject: and a great law authority who once presided, rather inadvertently it is supposed, presumed to declare in open court, "that paying L.20 for a horse, was a price sufficient to have the soundness implied by the sum paid; and that he should consider the warranty to extend full three months from the day of the purchase." Whether this assertion was a lapse of the tongue, or a temporary deviation from sagacity and discretion, is not now worthy discussion; as it must certainly be admitted to have been one of the most absurd, unequitable, and ridiculous opinions ever promulgated in a court of judicial investigation."

"In confirmation of which, let it be supposed, that a horse is sold by either gentleman or dealer, known and declared to be *bona fide* sound at the moment of transfer, and absolutely never to have been otherwise; in equity and in justice, what can the former owner have to do with his state of futurity? Is not a horse of this description, though sound and perfect, as likely to become diseased, to fall lame, or even to die, on that, or the following day, as at any other period of his life? Where then can be found the consistency, the equity, or indeed the common honesty, of requiring, or expecting any man to warrant for weeks or months, what it is not within his power to insure for a single hour? The equitable intent of a warranty, between persons of mutual good intent and integrity, cannot be expected to go beyond

the hour of purchase and sale; for as neither can explore with certainty, the abstruse pages of the great volume of time yet to come, there cannot be the least well-founded plea for retrospective compensation."

We have been induced to the above quotation from a work bidding fair to acquire celebrity, not more from its equitable construction, than from its applicability to certain causes now depending in the courts; as well as others under reference before the most respectable arbitrators, appointed by the parties, whose awards are not yet made known, but shall certainly appear in our next.

Case First.—On the 5th of May, a bay gelding was purchased of Mr. S—, by C. M—, Esq. the circumstances of which were precisely as follow. The subject in question was advertised for sale; he was inspected by the purchaser; a trial requested and granted without restraint. Mr. M. rode him in the Park his own paces, and his own time; he exchanged horses with the seller's groom, that he might see him go his rattling gallops, which he approved; dismissed the attendant and the horse, saying, "his groom and another should again examine and ride the horse on the following morning." They did so repeatedly upon the stones, as well as upon the road; approved the horse, reported their approbation to their employer, and returned with ninety-five guineas for the horse, taking him from Blackfriars-Road, over the stones to the west end of the town; from whence he was again offered to be returned in two hours after, upon a plea of lameness, and an enlargement above the fetlock of the near leg behind. These defects were then visible, and the matter in litigation is, whether the injury sustained was recent,

cent, or a relapse of any former lameness.

Case Second.—Within a few days of the above, a pair of bay carriage geldings were purchased at 150 guineas, by T. W. Esq. of T. H. Esq. both gentlemen of great opulence, respectability, and intimately known to each other. These horses, mutually understood to be perfectly sound, were delivered on a Monday afternoon; the following morning, the purchaser having occasion to go into Norfolk, left the horses in town, giving orders to his coachman to put the horses in harness, and exercise them gently on Wednesday; in which exercise, over the stones, one horse unfortunately cast a shoe, and so broke, battered, and bruised the foot, that he became exceedingly lame; and a veterinarian being consulted, he seemed disposed to attribute, in part, the lameness to the previous shelly state of the hoof, and fleshy conformation of the foot. This opinion rendered arbitration necessary, and the award is hourly expected to be made by the parties to whom it was amicably agreed to be referred.

Case Third.—A pair of chesnut curricule mares having been purchased of O. H. Esq. by W. S. Esq. a few days since, for which the sum of 300 guineas was paid; it was observed, in the first four-and-twenty hours, by a stable lad, that one of the two had every appearance of a confirmed crib biter; which being communicated to the curricule groom of the late owner, he replied, "O yes, we had a neck strap for her ourselves." This is considered an oblique proof of her being so; and the matter at issue, before the arbitrators, is of a two-fold complexion. The questions naturally arising, being first, whether the mare in question is absolutely a crib-biter? and if so, whe-

ther, according to law, and the usage of custom, a horse or mare having that defect, is considered unsound, and returnable in consequence?

N. B. We remember it has been so determined in the Court of King's Bench, that a crib-biter was deemed an unsound horse, and a verdict obtained for the plaintiff, in the case, with costs.

A STOLEN CHAISE, ASSAULT, &c.

Court of King's Bench, June 20.

HEWGILL v. M'KENZIE.

THIS was an action for an assault, committed by running against the plaintiff's chaise, and cutting the traces, and reins of the harness. To this the defendant had pleaded a most whimsical plea, that one D. M'Kenzie, whose son and servant the defendant was, had had the chaise, in which the plaintiff was riding, stolen from him; that in order to know who the defendant was, he gently ran against the chaise, and that with a knife he then held in his hand, he gently cut one of the traces, at which the plaintiff being greatly irritated, he gently cut the reins of the harness with the above-mentioned knife, and that all this was done to make the plaintiff tell his name, and place of abode. The facts producing this plea were as follow:—The defendant's father had had the chaise stolen from him by a man of the name of Hughes, who was convicted of the robbery at the Old Bailey. The plaintiff had hired it of a Mr. Newman, a coachmaker, and being out, he met the defendant, who, recognising the chaise, asked the plaintiff where he got that chaise; it was none of his property, for that he, the defendant, had been swindled out of it. The manner of this inquiry displeased the plaintiff, and he

he refused to tell him who he was; but drove on from the Edgware-road to Hammersmith. The defendant followed him; and at Hammersmith, he locked the wheel of his own chaise with one of the plaintiff's; and then got down and cut the reins from the horse's mouth.

For the defendant, it was proved that he repeatedly asked the plaintiff for his address, which he refused to give him. Verdict for the plaintiff. Damages L.10.

JUNE 25.

GALLOWAY v. SIR JOHN HONEYWOOD, BART.

THIS was an action for the value of a horse.

Mr. Erskine stated, that the defendant was a gentleman who was formerly very much upon the turf, and had bought at various times running horses and colts from the plaintiff. The purchase of a colt of the race breed was a mere speculation: if they turned out equal in speed to their sire and dam, they were of great value, and possibly worth much more than the price paid for them. If their spirit should, however, be not equal to their genealogy, their value when horses would be much inferior to the price paid for them when colts. This was the case in the present instance—where a colt by a horse called Balloon, out of a mare whose sire was Javelin, was sold to the defendant for L.262.

The defendant first pleaded the statute of limitations, and afterwards, that he had not received the said colt.

Mr. Garrow said, that his client, Sir John Honeywood, was a very honourable man, although sometimes not overburdened with cash. He was ready to submit this horse account to the arbitration of any gentleman. Referred to Mr. Lowten.

JUNE 27.

THE KING v. HILL DARLEY, ESQ.

THE defendant was brought up for judgment on a conviction of an assault committed on account of money won at play.

Mr. Erskine, on account of the extreme severity of the penalty inflicted by the statute, which amounts to a forfeiture of goods and chattels, and two years imprisonment, pressed very much upon the court the great provocation which the defendant had received by the prosecutor, who was the winner of the money, telling him, "he need only look in the glass, and he would see the face of a rascal." The assault, Mr. Erskine contended, was not in consequence of money won at gaming, but in consequence of this violent provocation. The learned counsel cited a case, where Mr. Justice Buller was of opinion, that in order to bring an assault within the meaning of the statute, it should be committed at the time and place of play; he also put a suppositious case to the court: suppose he himself had twenty years ago won or lost some money at play, and the person with whom he had so played were now to meet him in the street, tax him with not paying his debts of honour, and call him all manner of opprobrious names, it would surely be an inhuman judgment to sentence him to forfeiture of all his goods and chattels, for striking a man who should use such opprobrious language to him.

Mr. Garrow stated, that it had been distinctly left to the jury who tried the cause, to say, whether they believed the assault was in consequence of this provocation, or on account of money won at play.

There being a difference of opinion on this fact, the cause was postponed until there should be an opportunity of consulting Justice Heath, who tried the cause.

MORE

MORE OF HILL DARLEY.

In the same Court.

JUNE 28.

Mr. Erskine said, he understood that, in this case, if the court would consent, the prosecutor had agreed there should be a new trial.

Lord Ellenborough observed, that after a conviction, and the rule for setting it aside had been abandoned, it would be infinitely dangerous to sanction such a compromise between the parties.

Mr. Justice Le Blanc intimated that he had inquired of Mr. Justice Heath, how the matter had been left to the jury, at the trial. The learned judge had directed them to acquit the defendant upon the counts which charged an assault for money won at play, unless they were convinced that the gaming debt was the cause of the assault, and not the provoking language used by the prosecutor.

Mr. Garrow declared he had no instructions to consent to a new trial.

Mr. Erskine then moved an arrest of judgment, on the ground that there being counts for two species of assault, viz. a common assault, and an assault for money won at play, for which there were different judgments, the indictment was bad.

Lord Ellenborough desired him to consider whether it would be advisable to accept of a rule to shew cause; as his client must be confined during the whole of the long vacation, and the punishment afterwards was arbitrary; so that no consideration could be had of his previous imprisonment.

Mr. Erskine replied, he would take the rule. After some conversation with Mr. Hill Darley, however, he begged he might have till to-morrow to consider of his choice.

More of this next Month.

CRIM. CON.

*Writ of Inquiry.—Sheriff's Court,
WESTON V. WEIR.*

THIS was an action charging the defendant, an officer in the South Devonshire Militia, with criminal conversation with the plaintiff's wife. The defendant suffered judgment to go by default, and a writ of inquiry was executed before the Sheriffs of London, to assess damages for the injury sustained.

From the evidence adduced, it appeared that the plaintiff, who is Captain of the 77th regiment, for a long series of time, had been stationed in the East Indies, whether his wife had accompanied him.—The climate, however, not agreeing with her, she was compelled to return again to Europe, as the only means of saving her life.

Her health being restored, she again set sail for the East Indies, where having remained a short time, she again became a sacrifice to the climate, and was compelled to return once more to her native country, leaving her husband with his regiment. A very handsome allowance was made her, and she retired to the West of England, with a view to renovate her constitution, and to indulge in that retirement she wished for in the absence of her husband. A few months since, Captain Weston returned, and, eager to meet the affections of a wife he had long been parted from, he hastened to her supposed residence; but to his astonishment she had left her abode, and was gone no one knew where. A considerable time elapsed before any traces could be found of her flight, when at last she was found living in a state of adultery with the defendant, sequestered in a remote part of the forest of Dartmoor, shut out from all society except the criminal one she had newly formed. Verdict for the plaintiff—*Five Thousand Pounds.*

INFATUATION

INFATUATION AND OUT-
RAGE.*Old Bailey, Thursday, May 26.*

MR. JOHN GRANT was brought to the bar, to be tried for maliciously shooting at George Spencer Townsend, Esq. with intent to kill him, on the 18th of April last, between four and five in the afternoon, in Cleveland-court, St. James's.

Mr. G. S. Townsend deposed, that on the evening of the day above mentioned, he was coming home to his house before specified, when the prisoner at the bar started out from behind the posts opposite Lord Carrington's house, with his arms transverse, and a pistol in each hand; one of the pistols was presented with the muzzle, and the other with the butt end towards the prosecutor. Mr. Grant called out "Here, here;" upon which the prosecutor lifted up his stick, with intent to strike the prisoner's wrist, and make him drop the pistols; but Mr. G. by lowering his hand, defeated his intention. The prosecutor then called out to some persons, who he knew lived in St. James's-place, and at the same time turned his back and stooped. He immediately heard a shot fired, and felt, as he thought, some shot strike his back. Upon that he endeavoured to run out of the court, but fell by the way. The prisoner then came up, and fired at him lying down; some of the shot hit him, and left three or four marks on his thigh and ham. A number of persons gathered round; the prisoner was secured and taken to Bow-street immediately. He had known the prisoner upwards of four years, and he had twenty times threatened to shoot him. The rea-

son which he had supposed, and which indeed the prisoner had avowed, was, that he being agent to the family of Miss Ward, the daughter of the late Lord Dudley and Ward, had refused to introduce that gentleman to the company of Miss Ward, and also to sign a paper, recommending him as a fit and proper person to be the husband of that lady. Sir W. Burnaby, a post captain, had lodged at the house of the prisoner's mother, in Sloane-street, where the lady and her friends sometimes visited. The prisoner there saw, and became violently enamoured of the lady, though he never had an opportunity of speaking to her. He had conceived an idea that the prosecutor was his rival, frequently talked of duels, and sent him a letter to that purport on the 25th of March: upon which the prosecutor had him taken to Bow-street, but did not think it worth his while to bind him to keep the peace, and suffered him to be discharged.

John Montgomery, a boy, servant to Mr. M'Carthy, of St. James's-place, about half past two, saw the prisoner near Lord Carrington's door. About an hour and a half after, he heard the report of a pistol, and run to see what was the matter. Just as he turned round the corner of Cleveland-court, he saw the other pistol discharged by the prisoner towards Mr. T. then lying on the ground. His fellow servant, Peter, seized hold of the prisoner, and, with the assistance of some others, took him into custody. He afterwards found some grains of shot fixed in the ground, about the spot where Mr. T. lay, one of which he gave to the sister of Mr. T. and the others he saved, and produced in Court.

Susan Broderick, a milkwoman in Hopkins-street, St. James's, saw the prisoner as if waiting behind

the posts, and as she came past, he rushed out with such violence, as to drive her off the curb stone, and shortly after she heard a shot.

James Cross, Mr. T.'s servant, said, that when the prisoner was apprehended, he said, "Take me to Bow-street; Oh, take me to Bow-street!"

Mr. W. Wybrow, the surgeon, deposed, that there were three distinct marks, as if grazed by shot, from a pistol, on the sinews of Mr. T.'s ham.

Moss, a Bow-street officer, found a little loose powder, a turnkey, and some other trifling articles, in the prisoner's pocket; but he did not appear to him to be deranged.

The prisoner, in his defence, said, that "his was not a moral case; it was a case of the heart; and the decision of the jury could not possibly be half so agonizing to his feelings as the refusal or the coolness of that young lady towards him!"

He here wept bitterly, and seemed so overpowered by the agitation of his mind, as scarcely to have power to speak. After a short pause, he requested the court to take particular notice that there was no material injury done by either pistol; that he had presented the butt towards Mr. T. and declared in a solemn manner that it was not his intention to take any advantage of that gentleman, or any other person.

Mr. Bond, a gunsmith, deposed, that if the pistols had been properly loaded, in his opinion much more serious consequences must have ensued.

A great number of very respectable witnesses declared their opinion of the prisoner's insane state of mind whenever he entertained any idea of that unfortunate attachment. Mr. Gregson, a solicitor, said, that he would cry like

a child that was whipped, at such times as that circumstance was mentioned; and thought the prisoner would be as likely to shoot him, or even himself, as Mr. T. during the influence of such paroxysms. Mr. Gardner said, that he kept a leopard on the top of the house, fed him with entrails of beasts before him, and let the animal loose, as if to oblige him.

Mr. Baron Graham delivered a most excellent charge to the jury, in which he explained the law passed in the 29th year of his present Majesty, by which shooting with intent to kill, is punishable the same as murder, and described the different degrees of madness which affect the human understanding. He left the jury to decide which was the prisoner's case.

They retired a quarter of an hour, and returned a verdict—Guilty—Death.

A HORSE KILLED, &c.

FRIDAY morning, May 27, between nine and ten o'clock, as a servant boy, belonging to the Honourable Mr. Burrell, was riding on horseback, near Charing Cross, a dog ran after, and bit the horse's heel; in consequence of which the animal became totally ungovernable, threw off the boy, who received a violent bruise on the shoulder, and ran with great violence against the shop windows of Mr. Butler, hatter, and Mr. Place, tailor, at Charing Cross, and broke the glass and frames of three bow-windows, and knocked down and bruised a poor woman in so bad a manner as to make it necessary to take her to the Westminster Infirmary, without hopes of recovery. The horse cut himself with the glass, and in plunging broke his thigh. He was afterwards killed.

AMERICAN

AMERICAN HARMONIC
PIC-NIC.

MR. EDITOR,

MANY of your readers may have heard of the hoax that was put upon a Yorkshire farmer, who emigrated to Virginia, at the conclusion of the American war.—Hearing one evening the croaking of the frogs, near his house, some neighbours, on a visit to him for a drinking match, actually persuaded him, the noise he heard, was that of the hounds in full cry, and that it was the custom in America to hunt by night; in consequence of which, he saddled his horse, and set off to join the pack, which he very shortly did, in a bog up to his horse's neck. The following extract, from the Travels in America, of Priest, the fidler, will shew that men judge according to their vocation, and that as the fox-hunter likened the voices of frogs to those of hounds, so the musician found them in tune, and very full of scientific anti-harmony. But hear Mr. Priest in his own words—"Prepared as I was to hear something extraordinary from these animals, I confess, the first frog concert I heard in America, was so much beyond any thing I could conceive of the powers of those musicians, that I was truly astonished. This performance was *al fresco*, and took place on the night of the 18th instant, in a large swamp, where there were at least 10,000 performers; and I really believe, not two exactly in the same pitch, if the octave can possibly admit of so many divisions or shades of semi-tones. An hibernian musician, who, like myself, was present for the first time at this concert of anti-music, exclaimed, "By Jusus, but they 'stop out of tune to a nicety!"

"I have been since informed by an amateur, who resided many years in this country, and made this spe-

cies of music his peculiar study, that on these occasions the treble is performed by the tree-frogs, the smallest and most beautiful species; they are always of the same colour as the bark of the tree they inhabit; and their note is not unlike the chirp of a cricket: the next in size are our counter-tenors; they have a note resembling the setting of a saw. A still larger species sing tenor; and the under part is supported by the bull-frogs, which are as large as a man's foot, and bellow out the base, in a tone as loud and sonorous as that of the animal from which they take their name.

"To an Englishman lately arrived in this country, there are other phenomena equally curious, as fire-flies, night-hawks, &c. but, above all, such tremendous peals of thunder, and flashes of lightning, as can be conceived only by those who have been in southern latitudes.

"I have thought, if an enthusiastic cockney, of weak nerves, who had never been out of the sound of Bow bell, could suddenly be conveyed from his bed, in the middle of the night, and laid fast asleep, in an American swamp, he would, on waking, fancy himself in the infernal regions; his first sensation would be, from a myriad of musquitos; waking with the smart, his ears would be assailed with the horrid noises of the frogs; on lifting up his eyes, he would have a faint view of the night-hawks, flapping their ominous wings over his devoted head, visible only from the glimmering light of the fire-flies, which he would naturally conclude were sparks from the bottomless pit. Nothing would be wanted at this moment to complete the illusion, but one of those dreadful explosions of thunder and lightning, so extravagantly described by Lee, in *Oedipus*," page 49. I am, &c.

ALL-IN-TUNE.

'Fidlers Acce; Frogmore, Berks.

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FETE.

'FETE AT ST. IVES.

MR. EDITOR,

SHOULD the following sketch of a very singular institution, find a place in your justly esteemed Magazine, you will much oblige

Your's, &c. H. N.

London, May 1.

ABOUT a mile and a half from St. Ives—a circumstance I learned while on a late visit there—and on an elevated scite that overlooks the town and bay below, from whence you have a most picturesque view of the rocky shores of Cornwall, as far as the port of Padstow, projecting their craggy fronts in wild irregularity into the broad bosom of the Atlantic, stands a triangular monument of a pyramidal form, about thirty feet high, and twelve feet wide at the bottom. On its sides, about fifteen feet from the base, are the following inscriptions cut in stone:—"Johannes Knill, 1782."—"I know that my Redeemer liveth."—"Resurgam."

This monument contains an empty coffin, hewn out of a solid rock, and is intended for the mausoleum of the gentleman whose name is inscribed on it: the entrance, which is entirely closed up, can only be discovered by an arch on the one side. The idea of such a thing built during the person's own life, on such a spot, appeared to me the most extravagant whim I had ever witnessed; and, I concluded that nothing but a most unaccountable vanity could have given birth to it.

On communicating this idea to my friend, I was thus informed—Mr. Knill said he was for many years collector of the port of St. Ives; and so great was his attachment to that place, that he even quitted situations, both lucrative and honourable to return to it,

"There," said he, "he was happy; for there he was beloved: his talents procured him respect; while his principles did him honour. To the poor and distressed he was a father; to every virtuous man, a friend."—But he had many peculiarities.

This town, and more particularly the church, is built on the sand: and the frequent appearance of human bones, that from this, and other causes, had been scattered over the church-yard, together with the idea that churches—instead of being rendered, by the interment of human bodies, as nauseous as charnel-houses—should be kept as pure as possible, first suggested to him the idea of building this mausoleum.

"Had," continued he, "the same sum been laid out in purchasing and inclosing a plat in the neighbourhood of the town, that might have served the inhabitants as well as himself; it would have been a monument more honourable, though less ostentatious than this."

However, he left St. Ives some years ago, and now resides in London; but he intends to bequeath a legacy of L. 10 per annum, and has already deposited it in trust to the mayor, justice, and clergyman of the town, for the time being, for the purpose of commemorating him once every five years, when the accumulated sum of L. 50 is to be disposed of in the following manner: To that poor person who shall have reared the greatest number of children without any assistance from the parish, L. 10; to the best of a company of rowers, L. 10; to the cloathing of ten virgins in white, &c. who are to march in procession from the town to the mausoleum, and dance round it L. 20; and to the trustees, to be spent in a public dinner, L. 10. Next Monday, he continued, will be celebrated for the first time, what may properly be

he called the *Knillian Games*, when, if you happen to be so disposed, we will assemble with the spectators.

On Monday last, which was the day appointed, we failed not to be at St. Ives; and fortunately we arrived just in time to see the procession. Before, went some gentlemen of the town, with the trustees, followed by musicians; then came two old virgins, followed by eight young ones, of about seven or eight years of age, closely pressed on the rear by a mob, which on this occasion, was composed of people from far and near, of every age, sex, and condition. Thus arranged, they marched in solemn procession up the hill to pay their devotions to the manes of a man who is not yet dead.

On their arrival at the mausoleum, they did not, as I expected, dance round it, but immediately formed a circle amid the gazing multitude, similar to what I have sometimes seen in our streets, when the folks have been entertained with the sight of bears and dogs dancing to the sound of the bag-pipe. Suddenly, the music striking up, a brisk tune inspired the virgins with an agility, that is equalled only by those who have experienced the bite of the tarantula. This continued about a quarter of an hour, when they concluded by singing the 100th Psalm: and proceeded down the hill, in the same order as when they came up, to enjoy themselves at the table.

We followed them to St. Ives, and after the dinner was over, saw the prize ably contested for, by six rowers, which was won by J. Routledge, after three very good heats. After which, the reward of industry was awarded to a William Frashier, a poor labouring man, who had brought up a family of ten children without parochial assistance.

A RATIONAL DOG.

The property of the Rev. Dr. Worsley, of Gatcomb, in the Isle of Wight; with some Remarks on Ases.

Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls, must dive below. DRYDEN.

MAN, in the fullness of his imaginary consequence, has presumed to assert that there is no creature in the universe to possess reason but himself. If this be a true position, how frequent may he behold in the less favoured animal, actions to put his rationality to the blush; and faculties, only called instinctive, to remind human presumption of its own insufficiency?

Some authors, and those of no mean consideration, have learnedly maintained, that if we must admit of a difference, the partition is often so slender, that a wise man hardly knows where to draw the distinction. Our own immortal Milton was certainly possessed of this sentiment when he composed the following interrogatories:

“Is not the earth with various
Living creatures, and the air replenish’d;
and all these at
Thy command, to come and play before
thee? Know’st thou
Not their language and their ways? They
also know, and
Reason not contemptibly!
With these find pastime.”

This I have done, Mr. Editor, in the fullness of the author’s recommendation, and not only found pastime, but that kind of reasoning which seldom fails to become a check to presumption, while it communicates to the best informed, the highest of mental gratifications; all which I shall endeavour to exemplify by the subsequent narration.

And now Aurora, with the jocund hours, presented one of those lovely mornings, when, softened by a peculiar

a peculiar serenity, every being that has pulsation rejoices with the vegetation that surrounds it. The sun had just exhaled the dews of night when I quitted my inn; and having refreshed myself at the milk-house, on Node's-Hill*, resolved on a trip to Chele-Bay, and the south-western parts of this delectable island, so, like the peripatetics of old, took my staff, and pursued my journey, with no other companion but the rural muse.

At Gatcomb, about two miles west of Newport, a fine black-dog, powdered with small white spots, and of the greyhound breed, came across the field from his master's house, towards me, swift as an arrow from the bow of an archer; he presented his nose, pricked up his ears, and wagged his tail; while, with the most significant look I had ever beheld, seemed to say, "Let me be your companion, you will not disapprove my friendship." I encouraged my new acquaintance for his partiality towards me, and consented to comply with his solicitations, for I had frequently found the whimsicality of the canine reasoner, and his playful endeavours to divert, more agreeable to me than the ridiculous frivolity of my own species. We therefore set off together in the most friendly manner, and presently became as familiar as if our acquaintance had been of a long standing; and now he did every thing with me but talk. If a robin perched upon a bramble bough, he flew forward to look into the matter; and when any thing appeared, having human consistency, my new friend returned with

the greatest precipitance to warn me of the thing, and put me on my guard. When we came to a runlet of water, he would stay to lap of the current; and, turning up his brilliant eyes, most tenderly seemed to say, "Companion, if thou art thirsty, here thou may'st slack thy craving, like me, to the full of thy wishes." To be brief, my dog was my prime minister, and performed his duty in that capacity with more credit to himself than many moderns who fill that exalted station; for he never led me to act for my discredit, nor forced me, through false representations, to perform projects prejudicial to the interests of those who looked up to me for comfort and protection; he had no private motive to gratify, nor could I accuse him of the smallest peculation: on the contrary, he was a most penetrating companion upon disinterested principles, my playful associate, determined defender, and my accomplished friend. And thus we journeyed together, communicating reciprocal carresses, until we arrived at the White Horse, at Niton, near the sea, a village celebrated for its prodigious crabs, and delicious lobsters. I entered the mansion with an intent to solace myself and companion, but the good woman of the refectory assured me her husband was gone with his fish to Southampton, and she had not so much as a lobster left behind. At this disagreeable news I found myself forced to go farther a-field, so resolved to pass over the High Downs of St. Catherine†, for Chele-Bay. As I turned over the stile, at Niton, my good friend seemed more

* The French having attempted to force Caresbrook Castle, defended by Sir Hugh Tyrrel, were cut off by an ambuscade, in a lane which still bears the name of Deadman's Lane; and, the Tumulus, where the slain were buried, was called Hoddie's-Hill, now corrupted to Node's-Hill.

† St. Catherine's Chapel, on Chele-Down, was founded by Walter Gadyton, 1523.

dull than I had before observed him. I had reason to apprehend his distress arose from my disappointment, and I endeavoured to rouse him to more playful measures. At length, as if awakened by some pleasing recollection, he raised up his ears, and darted into the blooming heather. In a few minutes, I heard something cry like a tortured child, it was a fine wild rabbit my friend had taken, and when he had deprived it of life, brought his game and laid it at my feet, and again turning his eyes pleasantly towards me, seemed to articulate thus—“There, fellow traveller, though you were deprived of a meal at the White Horse, at Niton, I have provided one on the Downs of St. Catherine; take it, and refresh thy weary spirits.” I took the rabbit by the heels, carressed my new friend in need, and we went merrily over the downs and rocks together, till we arrived at the Old Stone Church, by the bay side, which, with the bays of Brixton and Freshwater, form one dreadful coast, from Broken-End to the Needle Rocks. The whole curve for near sixteen miles, is scattered over with frightful crags, as if, by some convulsion of nature, they were thrown from a vast height, to find a gravitation, the most romantic that ever attracted the eye of the traveller; and when the wind is strong at the south, are more to be dreaded than Scylla, or Charybdis. The white cliffs above them, are in many places more than one hundred fathoms, in a perpendicular direction; and, from this elevation, we may truly say with the poet:

“How fearful and dizzy ’tis to cast one’s
Eyes so low! Half way down hangs
One that gathers samphire, dreadful
Trade!—I’ll look no more, lest
My brain turn, and I topple
Downward.”——

At the western extremity of this

disastrous coast, just above the Needle Rocks, is erected, at an immense expence, a most noble light-house, reflecting the highest credit to the Honourable the Trinity Company; for no part of England stood more in need of such a pharos than this, at the confluence of the sea, and the Solant waters.

From the top of this cliff, the country people, as totally insensible of danger, let themselves down by ropes, and merrily suspending between the verge and the billows, shift themselves from rock to rock, inhospitably collecting the eggs of migratory visitors, who prefer this situation for their hours of incubation; nor quit it till their young can take the wing; when the old and new colonies depart together. The bodies of these birds are eagerly collected by the fishermen, for their lobster traps, which they arrange along the shores in a most picturesque manner.

The idea held out in your London newspapers, that an enemy may safely land an army in this quarter, is a blundering mistake; no one who has seen the south bay will assert the possibility.

Here the white waves still lash the crimson shore,
Recede to foam again, and dash with dreadful roar.

No mortal pow’r, howe’er inclin’d to save,
Can snatch the seaman from a wat’ry grave.

While the weather continues serene, a view of these waters, and their land-terminations, is awfully grand; but when the south west blows a hurricane, nothing I have heard or seen can equal the terror the gusts convey to the mind, especially in the dead of the night, when the winter storms in Chelch Bay are perfectly heard in Newport, and the rattle of the innumerable pebbles, at that time put in motion.

Reflecting

Reflecting on the dangers of the sea-worn mariner, I left these tremendous heights; and, with my playful dog, tripped to the green by the church, entered a pleasant house, called the Spaniards, and there found an excellent repast.

Think'st thou thro' life to drink thy cup
all sweet,

Thou'rt wrong: some bitters in the bev-
rage meet.

And this is right; since ev'ry sage
agrees,

Without its bitters not a sweet shall
please.

I omitted to observe, as I passed Chele, with the rabbit in my hand and the dog by my side, I overtook a being they call, at this place, a gentleman farmer, with a fowling-piece. He seemed to regard me and my friend with a surly aspect. I moved my hat; but he returned not the motion. Just as I had finished my comfortable meal, I heard the report of a gun. I looked round for my dog, but saw him not; he had strayed to the village-green. I leaped up, and flew to the door, when a rustic lad told me the gun was fired by Farmer W——y, at a black dog, for running after his lambs. I instantly concluded the death of my kind companion had been effected by the same surly thing we passed in the lane.

I could have sighed at the dissolution of a common acquaintance, but had a tear ready for my generous and playful quadruped. "If ever the farmer," said I, with warmth, "should arrive at the bar of judgment, may he who is the fountain of mercy remind him of the murder, and may he be forced to acknowledge, with contrition, that when he slew my honest companion, he took away the life of a being possessed of more philanthropy than himself." Such was my affection for this kind creature; and

the man of mercy will pardon my exclamation. It is a poor and pitiful benevolence that doth not extend beyond our own species: limited to that narrow sphere, it will daily counteract itself as we advance in life, until it becomes entirely confined to ourselves, and as shrivelled, cold, and forlorn, as flinty avarice in the shades of its detested obscurity.

I had scarce made an end of my reflections, when I beheld my dog enter unhurt. The farmer had missed his aim; and that we might not run the risk of another attack, my friend and I left the inhospitable shores of Chele.

Unwilling to return the way we came, I took the road to Chillerton; and my fellow traveller continuing as entertaining as before, we went merrily on, till we arrived at the back-gate of Gatcomb-house. The dog knew his home; and, as if sensible of the impropriety of proceeding, in the most tender manner carressed me, and bid me farewell; then darting through his master's grounds, leaped the pales and disappeared.

How, Mr. Editor, shall we account for so much knowledge, foresight, and friendship, in what we call the brute? May not this be suggested as a solution? The dog is capable of discriminating the import of sounds, as well as man, and, of course, as competent to observe upon the actions of those with whom he is familiar; at least, I found these principles in the subject of my eulogium, whose friendship I shall never forget, and with whom again I should be happy to find such rational pastime.

The breed of asses, Mr. Editor, in this island, are more particularly encouraged than I have observed any where else; but the asses here are not like those who exhibit the assinine qualities with you. Here
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the ass—you may tell your London friends—is a most useful, laborious, and patient creature. Their owners are travelling labourers, who have no settled habitation; but, like the patriarchs of old, remove with their families from place to place, as may suit their conveniency, and only abide while they find a job of husbandry. A family of these wanderers I overtook in my return, near Lark-Hill Farm, and it was attended by three of the useful creatures I have described. I presently entered into conversation with the head of the tribe, and he appeared to me a very sensible man; for when I inquired how the world used him, he assured me, as time went by, he had less occasion to complain than many who were placed in a higher station; that his wants were few, and of course the sooner gratified: if, by industry, he could secure to his family twelvence a-day, he was perfectly at ease, and could keep away the wolf from his natural community; for, having no house-rent or tax to pay, that sum was enough for all his purposes. With this rural philosopher I travelled some distance, till the evening beams directed him to an ample chalk-pit, overgrown with a rich cover of leafy brambles, and a few young oaks; the hawthorn, just capped with silver blossoms, peeped here and there; and, as if greatly delighted with the new adornments of spring, the black-bird was within the cover singing his evening song to the departing sun. The whole train entered this peaceful retreat, and gave me an opportunity to observe closely on their general economy, or preparation for the hours of sleep.

The moment the king of this little community signified his pleasure, he was attended by his faithful servants, the asses. One of them acted as my lord chamberlain,

and presented his master with a tent and bedding; a second, as chief butler, furnished his lord with the contents of his larder; and a third officiated as wet nurse to the younger branches of this rambling family, and kindly sustained the heirs of my lady queen in a pair of panniers, her highness condescending to assure me this kind creature was her greatest treasure; for often, when her lacteal fountains were defective, the health-giving nipple of this ass afforded ample sustenance to the darling of her bosom.

Reflecting on the words of my friend Oliver Goldsmith,

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.

I could find no room to reproach these wanderers; so wished them still happy, reached my inn at Newport, and soon pressed the pillow of a refreshing repose.

N.

MEMOIRS

OF A

CELEBRATED SPORTING LADY.

LADY DAREALL was the only child of a gentleman of large fortune, in Hampshire, who, being a perfect Nimrod in the chase, and doatingly fond of her, having no son to initiate in his favourite pursuits, or to participate with him in the pleasures of hunting and shooting; seeing his daughter a fine robust girl, determined to bring her up in the place of one; and, as she had strong animal spirits, great muscular strength, and rude health, she preferred partaking the field sports of her father, to the lesson of her French governess and dancing-master, or being con-

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fined

finer to work at the tambour-frame of her mother; in spite of whose gentle remonstrances, Mr. Hawthorn, aided by the inclinations of his romping daughter, vowed he would have his plan of education adopted. In consequence, at fifteen, she would take the most desperate leaps, and clear a five-barred gate with the keenest fox-hunter in the county. She was always in at the death; was reckoned the best shot within a hundred miles: having once levelled her death-dealing tube, the fate of the feathered tribe was inevitable, as the spoils she exultingly displayed sufficiently testified, when she turned out her nets to her admiring father.

At seventeen, Harriet Hawthorn, early habituated to exercise, had never felt the baleful curse of ill-health, that exterminator of every comfort. Her height was five feet eight; her person finely formed; she had a commanding and majestic appearance. From the freedom of her education, which had banished *mauvaise honte*, she had acquired a firm tone of voice, an impressive manner of delivering her sentiments, which, if it did not always carry conviction to her auditors, helped to awe them into silence. Her complexion was that of a bright brunette; on her cheeks glowed the rich tints of health, laid on by Aurora, as she hailed the rosy fingered goddess's approach on the upland lawn. Her eyes were of the darkest hazle, full of fire and intelligence; her nose Grecian; her hair a glossy chestnut, which flowed in luxuriant profusion upon her fine-formed shoulders, in all its native graces, as she never would consent to its being tortured into the fantastic forms dictated by the ever-varying goddess, Fashion, to her votaries.

Her mind partook of the energies of her body; it was strong,

nervous, and masculine. She had a quick perception of character, and a lively wit, which she expressed in flowing and animated language. Unused from early life to restraint, she could never be induced to put any on her words and actions, but had, to the present moment, done and said whatever struck her fancy, heedless of the world's opinion, which she treated with the most sovereign contempt.

At the period we have mentioned, she met, at a fox-chase, Sir Harry Dareall, a handsome young man, just come of age, with whom she was charmed, by seeing him take a most desperate leap, in which none but herself had the courage to follow him. Mutually pleased with each other's prowess and bold daring, from that time they became constant companions; they hunted, shot, and played backgammon together.

At this crisis, the lovers were divided by Squire Hawthorn's being ordered to Bath by his physicians, after having had a severe fit of his old enemy, the gout, in his stomach. To expel this foe to man, from the seat of life to the extremities, he was sent to drink the waters of Bladud's fount; though, in the Spuire's opinion, old Madeira would have been much more pleasant, and of equal utility: but the faculty persisted, and he was compelled to yield. He would not go without his darling Harriet, deprived of whose society he could not exist a single day.

This was Miss Hawthorn's first introduction to the fashionable world, except at an assize, a race, or an election ball. It was all, to her, new and wonderful; she was at first amused by the novelty and splendour of the gay city of Bath, that emporium of cards, scandal, and ceremony. With her ideas of free agency, she was soon disgusted with

with the painful restraint imposed on her by the latter; wild as wind, and unconfined as air, she soon bid defiance to rule and order, determining to please herself just as she used to do at Bramble Hall. In consequence of this wise resolve, she would mount her favourite blood horse, gallop him over Claverton Downs, for a breathing before breakfast—leap off at the pump room—dash in—charge up the ranks between yellow-faced spinsters, and gouty parsons, to the terror of the lame and decrepit—toss down a glass of water—quite forget the spur with which she always rode—entangle it in the fringe of some fair Penelope's petticoat, who, in knotting it, had beguiled many a love-lorn hour, which this fair equestrian demolished in a moment, paying not the least attention to the comments her behaviour occasioned the company to make; such as, "How vastly disagreeable—monstrous rude—quite brutish—only a fit companion for her father's hounds—I wonder, how her mother, who is really a polite well-bred woman, can think of letting her loose without a muzzle!" To audible whispers like these, Miss Hawthorn either laughed contemptuously; or, as her wit was keen and pointed, she made the retort courteous, and by her sarcasms soon silenced her antagonists.

At the balls, she paid as little attention to precedence and order, as she did to ceremony, in the pump room; in vain, the master of the ceremonies talked about it, and about it; in vain he looked sour or serious; she laughed in his face—advised him to descend from his altitudes, that only made him look queer and quizzical; then walk to the top of the room, take her place upon those seats held sacred for nobility, that were not to be contaminated by plebeians. In vain this

elected sovereign of etiquette talked of his delegated authority, and remonstrated against her encroachments, as indecorous and improper; the men supported her in all these freaks; the women, afraid of her satirical powers, only murmured their disapprobation.

The males were all charmed with the graceful beauty of her person, and the wild playful eccentricities of her manners: she was the toast and admiration of Bath, under the appellation of "*La Belle Sauvage*." The females concealed the envy they felt at this new rival of their charms, under a pretended disgust at her unfeminized manners, and masculine pursuits; while she felt, and expressed a perfect contempt for their trifling avocations; and used to say they were pretty automats, whose minds were as imbecile as their persons.

Tired of the dull routine of fashionable follies, as the pleasure of surprising the crowd, lost the charm of novelty, Miss Hawthorn sighed for the time that was to restore her to her early habits. Of all the men that fluttered round, praised her charms, and vowed themselves her devoted adorers, she saw none that could stand in competition, or dispute her heart, with her favourite companion in the chase; the manly, bold, and adventurous Sir Harry Dareall.

Her father, who, by drinking the waters, had expelled the gout from his stomach to his feet, and was content to accept a prolonged existence through the medium of excruciating torments, could not, till pronounced by the faculty to be in a state of convalescence, remove to Bramble Hall. Miss Hawthorn, obliged to remain in a place of which she was heartily tired, sought amusement in her own way, not gave herself trouble what the company—with whom, to oblige her

mother, she associated—thought of her actions.

At length, Mr. Hawthorn, with his family, left Bath, and returned to Bramble Hall, where he soon received a visit from Sir Harry Dareall, who made overtures to the old gentleman of marrying his blooming Harriet. Mr. Hawthorn, discovering the pleasure with which she received the baronet's proposals, accepted the offer with as much eagerness as it was made by the intended son-in-law; and, as the estates joined, and their pursuits were so congenial, every one pronounced it a good match.

Soon after, Sir Harry received the hand of the blooming Harriet, from her father; after which, the new married pair, with a splendid retinue, set off for Leveret Lodge, the seat of Sir Harry, who, with the old fashioned hospitality of his progenitors, ordered open house to be kept for his tenants and dependants. The October, brewed at his birth, and preserved, for this joyous occasion was now poured out in liberal potations, and drank to the health of the bride and bridegroom: an ox was roasted whole in the park, and the plumb pudding of our hardy sires smoked on the festive bord. This rural fete, in the old English style, lasted a week.

Let us now follow Lady Dareall, and view her *entrée* into the great world, aided by all the advantages of youth, beauty, fortune, fashion, and consequence. The admiration of the men, the envy of the women, and the gaze of the multitude. Through the entreaties and remonstrances of her husband and friends, she allowed herself to be presented at court, to have a box at the opera, and so far to comply with the fashionable circles to which she had been introduced, as to attend their routs, and give them at her own house; but these were not the amusements congenial to her mind;

and she determined that, as she yielded to her husband's inclinations in town, she would live to please herself in the country. For this purpose she kept her pack of fox hounds, that were reckoned the staunchest in the country: her stud was in the highest condition; her pointers excellent; and the partridges felt she had not forgot to take a good aim.

Obliged by fashion's law to pass some of the winter months in London every year, she soon threw off the restraint that tyrant custom imposes on the sex; amused herself by riding her favourite blood horse Tarquin, against the male equestrians in Hyde Park; or driving her phaeton, with four fleet coursers in hand, through all the fashionable streets, turning a corner to an inch, to the wonder and terror of her beholders. The ladies, who were constantly hearing her admired by the men, for her prowess, and venturous feats of horsemanship, finding Lady Dareall was quite the rage, sickened with envy; determining, as they could not persuade her to follow their fashions, they would aspire to imitate her's.

From hence, we may date the era of women venturing their pretty necks in a fox chase, shooting-flying, and becoming female charioteers, to rival the celebrity of this fair huntress, who was at the head of the *hunt ton*, with all these dashing ladies; and we had Dareall riding hats, Dareall boots and spurs, and Dareall saddles.

When Lady Dareall had been married about fifteen years, she had the misfortune to loose her husband, who was thrown from his horse, during a fox chase, and fractured his skull, by attempting a desperate leap, to follow his beloved lady, who had cleared it a few moments before: she saw the accident—immediately sprung from her horse; and, while she sent for a surgeon and

and a carriage—no house being nigh the spot where the accident happened—she threw herself on the ground by his side; and, laying his bleeding head in her lap, shed a torrent of genuine tears over the only man she ever loved. He was unable to speak, but seemed sensible of her tender sorrow; for he feebly pressed her hand, and, before any assistance arrived, he expired in her arms.

She mourned for him with unfeigned sorrow; her "occupation seemed to be gone;" her horses fed quietly in their stalls; while, for the space of three months, the hounds slept in their kennels; and she wore a black riding habit for six. Time, which ameliorates the keenest anguish, and reconciles us to all things, aided by the conviction we cannot recall the tenants of the tomb, failed not to pour its lenient balm into her wounded bosom; and Lady Dareall was "herself again."

Sir Harry left an only son by this lady, the present Sir John Dareall, who, following the example of his father and mother, we see him now at the pinnacle of fashion; a Nimrod in the chase, a Jehu in London streets, and a jockey riding his own matches at Newmarket; a bore at the opera; and pigeon at the ladies faro-table. But he is a mixed character, he seeks celebrity by mixing with men of quality and fashion; to gain the reputation of being one himself, he imitates all their follies, though they are not the sort, from which, by inclination, he is enabled to receive any pleasure; for this, he associates with the wives and daughters of needy nobility, with whom his money will compensate for his manners, though, did he give the sensations of his heart fair play, he would mix among the buxom daughters of his fox hunting neighbours.

To gratify his desire for fame, he will draw straws for hundreds, race maggots for thousands:—has a fine chariot built by Leader, in which he never rides; keeps an opera dancer, whom he seldom sees; but this is to give him *eclat* with the fashionable world, and stamp him a man of high *ton*: for, to indulge his real taste, he steals in a hackney coach, to the embraces of his dear Betsy Blossom, once the dairy maid of his mother, but now his mistress, in a snug lodging in Marybone, whom he admires for the vulgar, but native charms of rosy cheeks, white teeth, and arms as blue as a bilberry.

Lady Dareall, his mother, at the present period, is not yet forty, though she appears much older; for she has grown robust, her complexion is dyed of the deepest bronze, occasioned by living so much on horseback, and exposing herself to the warring elements in all seasons; the burning sun, or the pelting storm, deter her not from her accustomed avocations. By her management of herself, she is as truly case-hardened, that she sets coughs, colds, and sore throats at defiance.

She rises at day-break; plunges directly in a cold bath; makes a meat breakfast; then mounts her fleet mare; and, according to the season, either hunts, shoots, or courses, till dinner. After having visited her stud, sits down at backgammon with the vicar; but if she has a visitor that can play, she prefers her favourite game, chess.

But though she has done every thing to preserve her health, and destroy her beauty, she is still a fine woman, and remains a favourite of of the neighbouring gentlemen; is their companion in field sports, and often entertains, with a dinner, the members of the hunt, in the vicinity of Bramble Hall.

SOMETHING

SOMETHING NEW FOR FISHERMEN.

*An accidental discovery of the ingenious
Citizen Coquebert.*

INGENUITY always awakens in me admiration, whether it be the offspring of a beggar or a bishop; and if my gold cannot crown it with rewards, it is certain to meet my warmest recommendations.

There exists a distinction in our London Society, for the encouragement of arts and manufactures, which appears to me ridiculous. The productions of the children, or relatives of persons of rank and distinction, are to be first examined, and first rewarded, and then the mechanics, and those of a lower class.

This conduct—with the greatest respect to the noble president—I declare to be contemptible, and beneath the dignity of any association that professes useful improvements to be its ultimatum.

If the public be served, what is it to that public, whether the service comes from the son of a ditch-born-drab, or a dutchess? Caxton was a foot soldier; Anselm, a bishop; the one built a church, the other improved letters by inventing the art of printing. If distinction was at any time necessary, it was surely here, and the man of real understanding will know where to fix the chaplet. But I am wandering from my subject, let me return.

I quitted Bristol for Cardiff, and arrived at the New Passage about noon, where the ferryman was detained by a company of ladies, on a visit at Lord Clifford's, on a journey of pleasure to the Cambrian Hills.

While I was loitering here, I

perceived on an angle, that protruded itself into the Severn, a man striding a log of wood, almost surrounded with fishing lines, he seemed perfectly at ease, and in his left hand held a small book: the singularity of the scene drew me towards him, I ventured to look over his shoulder; he was reading Tacitus; at this instant a small bell tinkled, and his right hand gave check to one of the lines, the while he turned his face towards me, and pleasantly exclaimed—"Un bon poisson Monsieur." I found him inclined to become communicative, and presently obtained permission to examine his piscatory apparatus.

The stranger had screwed a large gimblet into the log he sat on, near to the extremity which hung over the point of land before-mentioned; the gimblet had a flat head, about three inches long, and one and a half over, with two perforations in the middle of the flat part, about an inch asunder; in these holes were placed two pieces of whale bone, bent at their tops like the shepherd's crook, and at the extremity of each crook, suspended a ferret's bell. The Fisherman had sixteen lines to manage, and they spread round him like the sticks of an extended fan: he had contrived a noose at the near end of every line, and eight of these were skilfully placed over each piece of whale bone; the distant end of every line was sunk with a small bullet, and baited with a ground-bait, and here he sat across the log, like a spider in the centre of his own work. The moment a fish touched the bait, the vibration of the line shook the bell, and gave notice to strike, and the prey was hooked.

The ingenuity of this invention, which he assured me was his own, gave me great pleasure; and

and perceiving by his side, a basket with some fine fish in it, convinced me of the success and utility of the plan. I now set down on the log by the side of this rural philosopher, and ventured on a conversation. He told me he was a native of Rouen, in Normandy; and, that at the commencement of the troubles in France, he had fled with the little he possessed to this blessed country, where a man might enjoy his sentiments in tranquillity, and where that kind of toleration was permitted, which made life most desirable: adding, that fishing was his principal amusement; and that the waters of the Severn were sufficiently bountiful to compensate all the ingenuity he might employ to improve an art so pregnant with sobriety and health. As I was remarking on my tablet his observations, the stranger assured me he had not been unmindful of the pursuit I was at that moment employed in; that he had invented a method to multiply written copies in a short space, so as to render great assistance to those whose interest depended on a speedy supply of manuscript. I requested his communication; and he thus went on:—

“The writer has only to put a little soft sugar into his common ink, and with this finish his writing. To multiply his copy, let him take paper unsized, and damp it lightly with a sponge: the wet paper is then laid on the writing, and a flat-iron of a moderate heat, lightly passed over the damped paper, and the copy is instantly produced.”

I could not help observing how much society would be obliged by an exercise of his talents in its favour; at the same time recommended him to apply with his ability to the Society for improving the Arts, where profit must attach to one so deserving as himself. He shook his

head, and smiled, “I am poor and mean, and have no great man to recommend my exertions;” said he, “and am on this account apprehensive my endeavours will be vain.” I requested his name, he answered Coquebert, once a member of the Philomathic Society of Paris.

How much to be lamented is the narrow policy of our associations for the pretended encouragement of arts and manufactures! Sevenths of their committees, being ignorant of true merit, are led to decide partially; and individual ability is lost to the public, or driven to the murky damps of obscurity.

Where there is a real intention to encourage merit, it will unequivocally manifest itself. The members will listen to information; set inquiry on the foot; and, as the sun does the helpless aurelia, warm the ingenious and modest artist into life. Such members will never be biassed by the ridiculous etiquette of fashion and distinction; they will not wait for the great man’s approbation and recommendation; they will lead merit gently into existence, and, though unarrayed in the splendid coat of the peacock, present it to reward and favour.

Such gentlemen are the real encouragers of the arts, and scorn to leave abilities like Citizen Coquebert’s, to fish for a dinner, or to sit where fiddlers and dancing-masters assemble in judgment on the merits of men of science; the studies of whose lives have been to combine the powers of the wedge, the screw, the pulley, and the fulcrum, for the general benefit of society; and disdain to give a voice where committees distribute rewards with the wisdom of Midas, and the inflated presumption of the Phrygian Marsyas. N.

EXTRACTS

EXTRACTS
FROM THE NEW PLAY OF
THE MARRIAGE PROMISE.

*Of which see an Account, in our Magazine
for April last, Vol. XXII. P. 39.*

ACT I.—SCENE I.

Enter MERTON and SIDNEY, amidst the Shouts and Acclamations of the Villagers.

Sidney.

WELL! here we are at last—the good people seem overjoy'd to see you, Charles.

Mer. They have, indeed, given me a kind reception (*sees Jeff.*) Ah! what my old friend, my companion, my second father (*they embrace.*)

Jeff. My dear, dear boy.

Mer. How fares it, Jeff?

Jeff. Why I thought I was a hale, strong old man, but I find I am as weak as a child; for childish tears and sobs prevent my speech, or I would tell you how overjoy'd I am to see you—I shall recover myself presently, and then I have a thousand things to say to you (*embraces him.*) The blessings of an old man, and all Heav'n's comforts, light upon you. [*Exit.*]

Sid. An old relation, Charles, I suppose?

Mer. An old servant, Sidney.

Sid. A servant! you shou'd keep up your dignity, Merton.

Mer. I know no dignity but what must yield to the dignity of virtue—I esteem and venerate that old man; and for my whole estate, I wou'd not insult his honest heart with the freezing *hauteur* which your dignity requires.

Sid. You have some strange notions; but a little knowledge of the world will soon dissipate them—you have yet to learn what it is to

live in style—you must get rid of these rigid ideas of honour and equity, and strict justice—they are quite incompatible with the character of a man of the world—you don't know the value of ten thousand a year.

Mer. I value it as it will give me ten thousand opportunities of rendering happiness to my fellow-creatures.

Sid. Ay, that is all very well to be sure—I like to be charitable myself sometimes—but I seldom have it in my power.

Mer. How so?

Sid. My creditors are such uncharitable rogues.

Mer. Your estate is considerable too.

Sid. Yes, Charles, pretty well; and by means of hazard and *crim. con.*—settlements and ruin'd spinsters, and dashing curricles, race horses and opera girls, punting and pick-nickery, I have been enabled to improve it wonderfully.

Mer. Indeed!

Sid. Yes, I have clipp'd off all the straggling meadows, the ins and outs, and ragged ends, and it is now all within a ring-fence, my boy.

Tand. (without) John! Robert! Thomas! I hope every thing is properly prepared.

Sid. Ha! what strange animal have we here, Charles? (*looking out.*)

Mer. You know, Sidney, my long residence on the Continent has made me as much a stranger here as yourself.

Enter TANDEM.

Tand. (addressing himself to Sidney) Sir, your most obedient and very humble servant—I have, Sir, the honour to be intrusted with the management of your affairs—I am steward—my name is Timotheus Tandem—I am a man of business—I was for a short time steward

to your late father—a man of honour—was continued in that office by Mr. Mindful, your guardian—a man of probity and wisdom—hope still to remain so by your own appointment—I see he is a man of fashion—permit me to tell you that you are the very image of your late much lamented father—you are, as I may say, his counterpart—whilst I look at you, I almost think I have him before my eyes—look a little this way, if you please, Sir—Oh, the very turn of his eye, and his walk too, exactly.

Mer. (advancing) You address yourself to me, I presume, Sir—my name is Merton.

Sid. Ha! ha! ha!—pray, Charles, was my father acquainted with your mother?

Tand. Bless my soul, what an unlucky mistake. (*Aside.*) Exactly so, Sir—exactly—'tis as you say—Sir, I have the extreme pleasure to wish you joy on your coming to the possession of your estate, which consists of fifteen hundred acres of arable land, four hundred ditto of meadow ditto, one hundred and sixty ditto of ditto covered with water, two hundred ditto of wood ditto, besides various farm-houses and other dwelling-houses, barns, stables, cow-houses, and various other tenements, water-streams, water-mills, and wind-mills, rights of commons, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera—all this estate being freehold except about—

Mer. We'll talk of this some other time, if you please.

Tand. Certainly, Sir—certainly—hates business I see—a man of pleasure—so much the better.

Sid. I hope to gain information from you on more interesting topics—and first, I'll ask you concerning the females—how are they here?

Tand. He's a man of inquiry.—They are all pretty well, I thank you.

Sid. I mean as to their persons.

Tand. Short and fat—what we call a little chubby or so—snub noses—red cheeks—thick lips—sun-burnt complexions—and gummy about the ankles.

Sid. Not very tempting?

Tand. We have two or three of a finer sort—hair, jet—skin, ivory—lips, red and pouting—eyes, blue or black—teeth, pearl—bosoms—Oh, but if you'll condescend I'll introduce you, and you shall judge for yourself.—Girls of gig—fond of romping—tea and coffee—talk scandal and make love—a glass of wine—a rubber at whist, or a pool at pope joan or commerce—cross questions and answers—cry the forfeits—buz and black faces—a game at blindman's buff, and go home—

Sid. Very pleasant, indeed, Mr. —

Tand. Tandem is my name, Sir—Timotheus Tandem—I am a man of business.

Sid. (aside to Merton) This fellow will afford us some amusement; he is really a character.

Mer. (aside to Sidney) A very whimsical one, indeed.

Sid. Mr. Tandem, I shall be happy to become better acquainted with you.

Tand. Sir, you do me great honour—a man of discernment, I see—any thing in my way to make myself agreeable; a morning's chat, or an afternoon's soak; a pipe and a game at cribbage, backgammon, bowls, or billiards—politics or mensuration—take a part in a catch or a glee—play the fiddle for a country dance, a hornpipe, or a Scotch reel—draw a lease, or make your will—crack a joke—puns and conundrums—nothing comes amiss—I am a church and king man, and a good shot. Pray, Sir, what can you do?

Sid. Really I am very deficient in most of these accomplishments.

T

Tand.

Tand. A man of modesty, I see.—At our club, Sir, there I talk to them;—there's Parson Puzzle, a man of many words, we argue together, but I always beat the parson—so I do at all-fours and brag.

Mer. I don't doubt the latter.

Tand. Then, Sir, there is Daniel Dawdle, our apothecary, a man of pills, potions, prescriptions, and gal-lipots—I have convinced him a thousand times that I know more of physic than he does—I have confuted him till he is become as sour as cream of tartar—he! he! he!—I beg pardon for laughing, Sir—in fact, Sir, I may truly be called the light of the village—I teach the schoolmaster Latin—the attorney law—and the farmers agriculture and the art of breeding.

Sid. I should rather have thought that you preferred teaching the farmers wives the latter art.

Tand. He! he! he!—I beg pardon for laughing, Sir.—Very true, Sir.—A man of wit, I see—I like him the better—I'm fond of men of talent.

Mer. I may consider myself happy as having in my employ a person of so much knowledge as Mr. Tandem.

Tand. Oh, Sir, you confuse me, you do, indeed—come he is no fool—he's a man of taste.

Sid. Pray, Mr. Tandem, is it not near the dinner hour!—the country air gives me an appetite.

Tand. (*looking at his watch*) The dinner will be on table in five minutes.

Sid. (*aside to Merton*) Ask him to dine with us.

Mer. If I thought our dignity would not suffer.—Mr. Tandem, we hope to be honoured with your company.

Tand. O, Sir—I--I--he has found out that I am a man of pleasure.

Sid. There is some famous old wine in the cellar, I dare say.

Tand. So old, Sir, that I expect to see a few dead men this afternoon—ha! ha! ha!—I beg pardon—and if you are fond of ale we have some humming stuff—a glass or two of it will make your head spin like a tetotum.

Mer. You know, Sidney, I have but a poor head for the bottle, you must excuse me.

Sid. You only want practice.

(*A Bell rings.*)

Tand. Gentlemen, that is your call.

Mer. Come, I'll shew you the way. [*Exit.*]

Sid. I say, Mr. Tandem, are you fond of fun?

Tand. I love it dearly.

Sid. My friend is a philosopher; he won't drink.

Tand. A philosopher and not drink!—impossible!—wine always makes me a philosopher.

Sid. I want to see the sober, jesuitical rogue under the table.

Tand. Well, that is friendly, however.

Sid. Will you assist me? shall we soak the philosopher?

Tand. With all my heart: if you'll not betray me, I am your man—I dare say he'll be cursed comical in his cups—I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll serve him as I did Block the Butcher—a man of—of—twenty stone weight—I put some brandy into his beer—made him so drunk that he did not know a pair from a prial, and then won all his money from him at cribbage—that's the way to get on—Oh let me alone—I am a man of business.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.—SCENE IV.

A Grove.

Enter SIDNEY.

Sid. What, nothing stirring—no mischief to be done—If I stay in this

this place three days longer, I shall grow as dull and stupid as any country squire in his majesty's dominions.—What shall I do with myself?—I must break my neck over a five barr'd gate, or blow my brains out with a fowling piece, I suppose; for some amusement I certainly must have, or die of the vapours.—Soho!—Soho!—I spy game—a charming girl indeed—how lightly she trips along—Pshaw! there's a cursed old woman hobbling after her. [*He retires.*]

MARGERY speaks without.

Mur. Indeed, young lady, your legs are too nimble for threescore and ten—I must sit down and rest myself on this stile.

EMMA without.

Emma. Do so if please, Margery.

Enter EMMA.

Emma. Yet do not stay—for I'd fly swifter than the dove who seeks his absent mate—the air born gossamer, urg'd by the summer's breath, flies not so fast as my desires. As I live, yonder's the conceited spark who makes love to all the girls in the village, and imagines they are all in love with him.—I'll try to match him if I can. [*Sings.*]

Sid. (*coming forward*) What the devil shall I say to her!—Oh—any nonsense will do—Sweet is the pipe of the shepherd upon the plain—pleasing the note of the lark as she soars—lovely the song of the nightingale in the shade—but pipe of tuneful shepherd, note of sprightly lark, nor song of nightingale delight my soul so much as thy angelic voice.

Emma (*affecting great simplicity*) Oh lud!—Oh lud!—how fine! do pray say it over again, Sir.

Sid. By heaven you are an angel!

Emma. Am I indeed!—well

now, do you know I never was told so before—country people are so stupid—it's nothing but my duck, and my darling, and sweeting, but you say—by heav'n you are an angel—well, the truth on't is, I never heard any body talk so to please me before, (*a pause*) go on Sir.

Sid. She's quite a ninny.—(*Aside*)—Were I to talk for years, I could not say enough in your praise—charming creature—I love you—I adore you.

Emma. What! so soon?—if you love me so much now, what will you do by and-by, when you know me better?

Sid. Oh ho! this is no twelve months siege. (*Aside.*)

Emma. I am sure I ought to be very much obliged to you for loving me so well—but are you sure now that it is all real, true love, and not that fly-away sort of love, that's here to-day and gone to-morrow?

Sid. True love I swear, sweet girl, and thus I seal the oath. (*Offering to kiss her.*)

Emma. (*repulsing him*) Nay, you need not seal it now, for there is no one by to witness it.

Sid. That's not so simple.—Well then, I swear by Cytherea's doves, and by young Cupid's bow and quiver, that I love you truly.

Emma. Oh, charming!—delightful!—I could listen to you for a whole month—(*pause*) pray go on, Sir—come, say something else, will you?

Sid. You shall go to the great city with me, and I'll make an empress of you.

Emma. An empress! well, I should like to be made an empress—but will you really take me to London?

Sid. I will, by the chariot of Phæbus.

Emma. I'd rather go by the stage coach.

Sid. By what conveyance you please, my shepherdess of Arcadia.

Emma. And will you shew me all the sights!—the giants at Guild-hall, and the lions in the tower?

Sid. Oh yes—I'll shew you the lions.

Emma. But you won't serve me as the song says, will you?

Sid. How is that?

Emma. If you'll promise not to look at me I'll sing it for you.

Sid. Oh, I'll not look upon my honour.

Emma. I must make sure of that, for I should so blush if you were to see me—I must put this handkerchief over your eyes.

Sid. No, no—there's no occasion for that.

Emma. Yes, but there is tho'—for I cannot sing if any body sees me. (*She ties the handkerchief over Sidney's eyes.*)

Sid. Well, if it must be so—it must—a very pretty figure I cut here.

Emma. Now, are you sure you can't see?

Sid. I am as blind as love—zounds—don't pull so hard.

Emma. Now listen.—(*She sings.*)—*The song of young Colinette, as given in our Magazine, Page 41, for April last.*)

Sid. A very tragical story indeed.

Emma. Oh, but you must not take the handkerchief off yet, for I have something to say to you, and I would not have you see me for the world.

Sid. What is it?—I am all ears.

Emma. Give me a little time to think how I shall tell you, for I am going to break my mind to you—I—

Enter MARGERY.—*EMMA beckons to her, and places her between herself and SIDNEY.*

Sid. (*taking Margery by the hand*) Speak, my angel—come, I know

what you would say to me—by this trembling hand I can tell.

Emma. You are so impatient—well now I vow cannot tell you, it's so very silly. [*Exit Emma slowly.*]

Sid. Come, rest yourself on my knee (*pulling MARGERY towards him*) Oh moment of ecstacy, I can withhold no longer—*kissing her with fervour.*)

Enter TANDEM.

Tand. (Ha! ha! ha!—)

SIDNEY tears the handkerchief from his eyes—MARGERY curtsies.—

TANDEM continues to laugh.

Sid. What! has that gipseey been quizzing me all the while?

Tand. Ha! ha! ha!—So you are a man of intrigue, I see—he! he! he! beg pardon for laughing.

Sid. What does all this mean?

Tand. So you were determined to have a little blindman's buff—ha, ha—he's a man of gallantry.

Sid. Where can she be gone?

Tand. She's not gone, Sir—here she is—here's your love. (*Pointing to Margery.*)

Sid. Psha! damnation!

[*Exit Sidney.*]

Tand. Won't you take the lady with you? very rude indeed.—Come, lovely fair, give me your hand.—“Oh thou wert born to please me.”— [*Exeunt singing.*]

ACT IV.—SCENE II.

A Grove.

Enter TANDEM.

Tand. But I'll transfer my love—I'll make some other fair one happy—Let me see, who shall it be?—Ha!—here's little blindman's buff coming again—I'll attack her—Curse me, though, if I think I am match
for

for her.—I believe I had better send her my proposals in writing.

[Withdraws.]

Enter EMMA.

(Writing verses in a small pocket-book, and reading.)

EMMA (reading.)

My love I love, and love in vain:

I'll keep the secret here.

Love—gentle love, why cause such pain?

It is not love, but fear

That my love loves not me.

Tand. Oh she's touch'd—she has it—can be nobody but me—there's no other agreeable person in the village—(comes forward) A very pretty song, Miss Harvey.

Emma. I am glad it pleases you, Sir.

Tand. She's glad it pleases me. (aside) Love is—hem!—love is—is love.

Emma. It is indeed, Sir.

Tand. Ay, you know what it is—I have some reason to believe, Miss, that you are a little disposed that way. He! he! he!—I beg pardon for laughing—I am quite serious, I assure you—Are you not a little—just a little touch'd about here?

Emma. Oh yes—I am very bad there.

Tand. Feel a little queer—Nothing more natural.

Emma. Were you ever in love, Mr. Tandem?

Tand. Hem!—(looking significantly) Never so much as now.

Emma. Heigho!

Tand. Why do you sigh? Oh the sweet creature!—What causes such emotion in that tender breast? Oh, how she looks at me!—Speak—declare—who are you in love with?

Emma. If I am in love, 'tis with one on whom nature has lavish'd her choicest gifts.

Tand. Oh, Miss!—

Emma. A person, all elegance and grace.

Tand. She must mean me.

Emma. A countenance divine.

Tand. You flatter—indeed you do.

Emma. A heart full of benevolence, and a mind replete with every virtue.

Tand. A very highly finished picture, indeed, Miss!

Emma. Not equal to the original, I assure you, Sir.

Tand. Indeed you flatter—you do, indeed.

Emma. I did not think the fellow was so great a coxcomb. (Aside)—You won't say I flatter if I draw you another picture of a man who thinks I am in love with him.

Tand. Some conceited puppy, I dare say.

Emma. An ignorant silly fellow.

Tand. Ah—no doubt.

Emma. As ugly as he is vain.

Tand. Oh the wretch!

Emma. As full of noise and impertinence as a magpie.

Tand. A magpie!—a conceited fool!

Emma. A heart full of selfishness—and a head full of folly.

Tand. God bless me! and with all these faults he dares pretend to you?—Amazing effrontery!

Emma. How do you like that picture?

Tand. I really can't find out the likeness.

Emma. No—you can't see him—but I can—Ha! ha! ha!—Good bye, Mr. Tandem—how do you like your portrait? Ha! ha! ha!—I beg pardon for laughing. (Mimics)

Tand. I don't much like the portrait—but there is no one living whom I have a greater regard for than the original. (Exit.)

INSTALLATION.

INSTALLATION.

FETE AT RANELAGH.

WEDNESDAY night, the 8th inst., a most magnificent Fete was given at Ranelagh, in honour of the Installation of the Knights of the Bath, which took place the 19th ultimo.

A superb temporary building was erected, on the right of the Rotunda, under the direction of Mr. Marks, which was one of the most complete and extensive structures ever exhibited on a similar occasion, being one hundred and sixty feet long, by eighty feet wide, and in height thirty-five feet, covered with floor-cloth.

The principal entrance was under a beautiful arch of variegated lamps, supported by two columns, representing the entrance to London by Hyde-park Corner. Within the building, were two rows of growing sycamore trees, twelve in each, completely covered in. The trunks of the trees were covered with green baize, as were also the seats and floor, except the part appropriated for dancing, on the left-hand side.

The company began to assemble between eight and nine o'clock. Every precaution was taken by the Knights to keep the company strictly select, to make the entertainment worthy their noble guests, and to prevent the admission of improper persons. The gentlemen, therefore, all came in full court dresses, or naval or military uniforms. The tickets, which had a most elegant device, emblematical of the entertainment, were engraved for the occasion, and signed and sealed by Lord Henley: they were checked at two places, and Sir James Henry Craig attended at the first door, and examined

them. The company continued coming till between one and two o'clock. By ten, the roads leading to Ranelagh were completely blocked up; those who came through Westminster reached to Buckingham-gate, and those from the west end of the town to Hyde-park Corner. Mr. Sheridan ordered his carriage to go by way of Sloane-street, and, on his arrival at Chelsea, got into Ranelagh in a few minutes, and had the laugh against a number of his friends, who had been detained in the ranks of the carriages between two and three hours. A large party of the Guards and the Light Horse attended, to keep the carriages in the roads assigned to go and come. Macmanus, Townsend, Sayers, and a large party of the police, were also stationed to keep the peace. The company, on their arrival, entered the temporary room. Soon after they began to assemble, they were entertained by the bands belonging to the three regiments of Guards, divided into two parties, in full uniform, playing martial music.

About half past ten, the Duke and Duchess of York arrived, attended by Sir J. Shelly, the Hon. Charles Spencer, Colonel Taylor, Mr. Upton, Mr. Stepney, Mr. Smith, Lady E. Spencer, and Lady A. C. Spencer. The Duke of Clarence soon after followed.

As soon as the rooms were full, Mr. Fawcett, coming forward in the character of a Crier, delivered, in a kind of chaunt, an Address or Proclamation. See our poetical department.

About eleven, a ballet entertainment, of four acts, got up under the direction of Messrs. Fawcett and Byrne, was brought forward, consisting principally of singing and dancing, on a temporary stage; it was accompanied by a very numerous

rous

rous band, in which were some of the first-rate performers, led by Mr. G. Ashley.

The overture to the ballet was a parody on the overture to *Lodoiska*, composed by Morehead. The music to the dances was selected by Mr. Byrne, from the late Mr. Bossi. The story was about two valiant Knights, one of whom proved treacherous, and was detected by a child—Master Byrne. The principal dancers were, Mr. and Master Byrne, and the four Misses Adams. The ballet was got up, with entirely new dresses. The *pas de deux* between Mr. Byrne and Miss Adams, was particularly light, elegant, and well executed, and seemed to give great satisfaction to the noble spectators. Inledon sung the new song, composed expressly for him, by Mazzinghi, "When Order in this Isle began." Johnstone sung "Paddy's Description of Pizarro." Fawcett sung the celebrated mock Italian song, *Bravura*, and a new one written for the occasion, called the "Chapter of Knights," to the tune of the "Chapter of Kings." Denman took the principal part in the glee of the "Red Cross Knights," and the *Divertissement* concluded with a song by Inledon, in the character of a sailor, accompanied by a full chorus.

The Rotunda was laid out for supper in much the same style as at Boodle's Fete, except that every possible addition that could make it surpass that occasion was added. Eight sets, of five tables each, were laid within the circle, each set tapering from the outside to the inside of the circle, the outer table being very long, and the inner very short. These tables, which were prepared by Mr. Weale, of Edward Street, accommodated 1200, all seated on chairs. The

boxes accommodated seven or eight hundred more; so that nearly all the company could sup at once. The banners of the Knights were hung over the boxes; the grand box for the Duke of York made a most splendid appearance; the multitude of variegated lamps, in various forms, of flowers, of branches of laurel, and every fanciful ornament, gave to the Rotunda a splendour and brilliancy which it never before possessed. A full band performed in the centre, and all the music was well conducted. The supper, for such a large company, was most elegant and costly. There were green pease in profusion, though they were very dear, and about a thousand hot dishes were laid. Grapes and cherries, at a guinea a pound, were in plenty. There were also strawberries at three shillings a thumb.—Gentle reader, the measurement of a thumb is sixteen strawberries.—These thumbs were fingered away most rapidly; for, of all the fruit, the strawberries seemed the most in request. Before the supper was quite over, the curtain drew up from a box, which we believe is usually the orchestra, and discovered Inledon, Fawcett, and Miss Howell.

Cloths were laid in the boxes, and on tables in the centre of the Rotunda, for about 2000 persons, and although there were from that number to 2500, yet the greatest order prevailed. The supper was sumptuous in the extreme; there were 900 quarts of pease, at 14s. per quart, and every other rarity that could possibly be procured; the wines were excellent, and consisted of Champagne, Burgundy, Madeira, Sherry, and Port, in great profusion. On the middle table was a large raised cold pie, in the form of a three decker man of war, with

with the English colours flying over those of the French republic, and the word Bonaparte on her stern, which was much admired. The whole reflects the highest credit on the liberality of the Knights, who spared no expence to render their entertainment truly grand, as it does also on Mr. Waud, who was the caterer and conductor of the business.

During the supper, the company were entertained by the three martial bands playing together in an orchestra, in the centre of the Rotunda; and the performance of so numerous a band had a very grand effect. They were relieved by Mr. Fawcett and his party singing glees.

About three o'clock the dancing commenced on a temporary floor in the ball-room. The first dance called for was, "Jenny's Baubee, or Molly put the Kettle on," which was led off by Miss Eden, daughter of Lord Auckland, and Colonel Thornton. The second dance was the "Isle of Sky." The third was a German Waltz, led down by Lord James Murray and Lady Mary Thynne.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, attended by Sir W. W. Wynne, Colonel M'Mahon, and Mr. Forrester, entered Ranelagh about eleven o'clock.

The Prince's box was brilliantly illuminated. The Duchess of Devonshire and Mr. Sheridan were of his Royal Highness's party to supper. The orchestra belonging to the gardens was fitted up as a box for their Royal Highnesses of York to sup in: the Duke of Clarence was of their party. The Prince and the Royal Dukes wore uniforms, and they all appeared in excellent health.

In addition to the songs before enumerated, were sung, "The Post

Captain," by Incledon, in his best style; and also "The Jolly full Bottle," in full chorus. Mr. Johnstone's favourite song of "Paddy's Description of Pizarro," in character, was one of the richest treats of the evening. Fawcett's "Red Cross Knights," sung from a box in the supper room, followed by catches and glees by a company of vocal performers, contributed much to the conviviality of the evening.

For a copy of the new loyal song, which we mentioned to have been sung by Mr. Incledon, see also our poetical department.

The Prince and his royal brothers left Ranelagh nearly at the same time, about two o'clock in the morning.

Several accidents, as might be expected, took place in the course of the night. A footman had his leg broken by the pole of a carriage running against him, while behind his master's. A coachman got severely bruised in the foot by a carriage running over it. A person running across the road got jammed between two carriages, not far from Ranelagh door, and was dangerously hurt. A young man received a violent kick from a cavalry horse. Parties of the guards, and parties of horse were stationed at the different avenues leading to Ranelagh; and, by their keeping off the crowd, no doubt prevented much mischief from taking place.

At five o'clock in the morning the string of carriages, in many places double rows, reached from Ranelagh to Buckingham Gate; besides some hundreds which were in waiting on Ranelagh Green.

It would be an endless task to enumerate the whole of the company present; as we might nearly include the whole of the fashionable world.

A ROYAL

A ROYAL CHESS PLAYER.

PRINCE Bathiani, a branch of one of the first families in Hungary, says a Member of the late National Assembly, seems to possess no ambition beyond an endeavour to analyze the whole composition of the game of chess. Could Addison's ideas be followed up in the dissection of the brain of this man, he observes, nothing would be found in it but the various models of all the pieces made use of in this game; from the Pawn up to the King. He sees, he hears, he thinks of nothing but Chess.—It is the first thought of his waking hours; and the last of his nocturnal slumbers. All the motives that move and agitate other men, are to him dull and inert. "In vain," says the French writer of this account, "did I endeavour to detach him but for a moment from the precious continuity of his own ideas, by introducing some observations upon the situation of his country. To these he made no reply; but, pulling a small Chess-board out of his pocket, he assured me he had it made at London, by one of the ablest artists of which Great Britain had to boast."

Resembling the ancient knights errant that ranged through hill and dale in search of adventures, Prince Bathiani has traversed all Europe, with no other view than to obtain the superlative happiness of throwing down the gauntlet to some of the ablest players. It was, perhaps, jestingly said of this Prince, that he had an idea of travelling into Asia, to discover whether any of the race of Palamedes were still in existence.

There can be no doubt, that his journey to Rome, about the year 1794, was for the purpose of learning the abilities of the Chess players in that city. For three months he was most rigorously incog. He

also lost considerable sums; but was by no means cured of the vain conceit of his own abilities.—At best, but a very middling player, he was continually intoxicated with the eulogiums heaped upon him by artful and designing men. Dining one day at the house of his banker, an abbé being present, and proposing a party at Chess, it was accepted by the prince with great pleasure; when the abbé, after considerable success, perceiving that his want of attention had nearly been prejudicial to him, suddenly exclaimed, "What a fool am I; I have been almost as conceited as Prince Bathiani."—The banker, who was a looker on, felt an uncommon embarrassment. The prince, however, without betraying any symptoms of surprise, asked the abbé "Why he said he was as conceited as Prince Bathiani?" "Because," replied the other, "I have often heard that this German prince is a tolerable Chess player, but that his vanity is so great, that he believes himself the first player in the world; while the proof of the contrary exists at Vienna, where he lost fifty thousand crowns."—"That is false," replied the prince, "he lost no more than forty."—"Well," said the abbé, "that is enough to prove him forty times a fool." It is scarcely necessary to add, that this party soon broke up. The Prince paid his loss, and went out abruptly. The abbé's curiosity being awakened to know his partner, the banker, unable to resist his importunities, informed him that this was Prince Bathiani himself.—"That," exclaimed the abbé, "is impossible:" however, to be convinced, he followed the prince's chariot towards the place d'Espagne, and being soon after completely satisfied, he had only to regret that he did not derive more advantage from the opportunity that had been afforded him.

REVIEW OF THE ORIGIN AND USE

OF

DICE, CARDS, &c.

Concluded from p. 73 of last Number.

IN the review that has been taken of dice and cards, now become engines of so much destruction, there appears a distinction to be made between games of skill, and games of chance.—The former require application, attention, and a certain degree of ability to promote success in them; while the latter are devoid of all that is rational, and is equally within the reach of the highest and lowest capacity.—To be successful in throwing the dice is one of the most fickle achievements of fortune; and therefore, the principle game that is played with them is very properly styled “*Hazard!*”—But it requires some exertion of the mental powers; of memory at least, and a turn for such diversions, to play well many games on the cards. The gamester of skill at first sight, may seem to deserve more favour than the gamester of chance. Now, while cards are played merely as an amusement or diversion, there is, no doubt, more rationality in a recreation that requires some degree of skill and judgment in the performer, than in one, like dice, totally devoid of all meaning whatever. But when the pleasure becomes a business, and a matter of mere gain, there is more innocence, perhaps, in a perfect equality of antagonists—which games of chance, fairly played, encourage—than where one party is likely to be an overmatch for the other, by his superior knowledge of the game. Yet, even games, of chance may be artfully managed, and the most apparently casual

throw of the die be made subservient to the purposes of chicanery and fraud. The nature of cards must be mixed; most games having in them a portion of skill and chance; since the success of the player must depend as much on the chance of the deal, as on his skill in playing the game. But even the chance of the deal is liable to be perverted by all the tricks of shuffling and cutting; not to mention how the honourable player may be deceived in a thousand shapes by the craft of the sharper, during the playing of the cards themselves; consequently, professed gamblers of all denominations, whether their games be of apparent skill, or mere chance, may be hustled together, as equally meritorious and equally infamous.

There is one game, which, though it belongs to neither cards nor dice, nor is in any shape an instrument of destructive gambling, yet deserves a brief mention here, as a contrast to them both, in point of innocence and rational amusement; and that is the game of chess.—If inquiry be made into its antiquity, it will be found to have been a game of Indian invention, of uncertain date, but introduced from thence into Persia. The Persians are supposed to have taught it to the Arabians, with whom probably it travelled westward, when they spread themselves over Africa, Spain, and other countries, under the appellations of Saracens and Moors. William the Conqueror, who was himself a famous chess player, is said to have brought this game into England; though others mention the time of the crusades. It is a game held in great repute in most nations, though somewhat varied in its method of being played. It owed its birth to the camp, and its origin was closely connected with military ideas; many of which, however, are less apparent at present,

sent, owing to the changes that have been made in the names and figures of the pieces. If any deviation from the primitive purity of chess, as an entertaining and innocent pastime, be attempted to be traced, it will be found equally spotless in its present execution, as in its first invention; since, being adapted to the disinterested notions of martial fame and honour, it disdains pecuniary rewards; and its views of conquest are for the glory of victory alone. If inquiry be made into the nature of the game, it consists in execution of pure skill, and deep judgment, being neither subject to chance, nor capable of fraud. If attention be paid to the eagerness of its pursuit, it will be found, that notwithstanding its being devoid of all manner of interest, it is followed up with as much avidity as if thousands were depending on the event. Chess then may be deemed a truly noble and royal game, and worthy the attention of those great personages who are recorded to have excelled in its practice. The only objection that seems to lie against it, as a mere pastime, is this, that it is too full of study and thoughtfulness to answer the purposes of relaxation, or unbending the mind, which, on such occasions, should be amused without any fatigue, or exertion of its powers. For this reason chess has been styled a philosophic game, fit only to be played by an Archimedes with a Newton.

WHAT CAN BE THE MEANING

OF A

SOCIABLE BODY?

MR. EDITOR,

AS the state of the world has been for many years very gloomy, and as a *misanthropic spirit* seems generally to have been the

result, a late advertisement, I must confess, gave me much pleasure. The advertisement alluded to, announced for sale, a *SOCIABLE BODY*: I was so struck with the rarity thus announced, that I threw down the paper with a mixture of pleasure and regret. I was delighted to think, that in this *churlish age*, a *Sociable Body* was to be found: but I was equally mortified in thinking that it should be reduced to the necessity of being exposed for sale. The paper was taken away before I was roused from my reflections, and therefore I had no opportunity of reading more than the mere head of the advertisement.—The subject, however, was so curious, that it has afforded me conversation among many of my friends, whose curiosity has been strongly interested, and whose imaginations have given birth to various conjectures. Some of my friends who are warm politicians, will have it that the *Sociable Body* must be of *their way of thinking*, and rather disposed to hear the arguments of others than to advance any of its own. I say its own, Mr. Editor, for there have been great disputes about the sex of this *Sociable Body*. My married friends of the male kind, affirm that it cannot be a *wife*, most of them concurring in opinion that a *wife* is a very *unsociable creature*. I need hardly inform you that my female friends, in the conjugal state, are equally persuaded that it cannot be a *husband*, a being whom they all describe as *gloomy, suspicious, and tyrannical*. Both male and female friends, however, agree, that it cannot be an *old maid*, as they say an *old maid* is always too *peevish, too fretful, and too strongly biassed* by a sense of *disappointment* to be capable of *sociability*, though they agree also that an *old maid* might be bought, if one could be found. Whether there be any satirical

meaning concealed in the latter observation, I leave to your judgment.

For my part, I confess I am as much in the dark as to the nature of this *Sociable Body*, as any of my friends. I have been inclined to think it may be a *Poet*, as he is always *sociable* when you will hear *his verses*; but as Poets are seldom happy, because they are *envious* of a rival's *fame*, and never think they have enough of fame themselves, I soon gave up that notion, though I can have little doubt that a *Poet's Muse* would be *upon sale*.

Certain shrewd persons would fain persuade me, that they have discovered the true nature of the *Sociable Body*: they say we should examine into the meaning of the word *sociable*, which imports a *submissive, conforming, and trimming* disposition; and, they observe, as the most important sign of the true character of the thing in question, that it is *to be sold*. From these considerations, Mr. Editor, they positively determine that it must be a *Modern Patriot*.

GIMCRACK.

CASE OF UNSOUNDNESS IN A WARRANTED HORSE.

To the Editors of the *Sporting Magazine*.

GENTLEMEN,

THE following strongly marked case, I have no doubt, you will think, in some degree, contributory to the utility of your excellent, and widely circulated repository of intelligence.

A few weeks since, a particular friend of mine, living near London, called on me with a Welshish looking bay gelding, which he had just purchased of an acquaintance in town, at the very moderate price of sixteen guineas; although only six

years old; master of fourteen stone, steady in harness, and warranted sound. My opinion was desired of the nag. To a critical examiner, one eye perhaps, might be said to exhibit a suspicious appearance in future, but still nothing positive could be alleged on that head, to impede an immediate sound warranty; the same might be said of the horse in general. The near toe turned out considerably, is doubtless an unfavourable indication as to the strength of the pastern joint; but the legs looked clean, handled cool, and the sinews wiry and elastic. I gave the horse a good trot, and a rattling gallop; and, bating a little hesitation, which I attributed to the old jig-jog market pace, to which he had been accustomed, he seemed to say sound. It is true, depending on the acquaintance, and the sound warrant, I did not see him rode, as well as ride him, a capital omission, in the trial of a horse; but in truth, circumstances put me off my usual guard. I was beat—the acquaintance went too fast for me. I congratulated my friend on his bargain, without hesitation pronouncing that it was surmounted by a premium of at least ten pounds.

What woeful changes may occur during three short days, in horse-dealing, as well as in stock-jobbing, love, and politics. A penny post letter brought me the melancholy tidings from my friend, that his new horse, so much the subject of my commendation, was really not worth a bunch of dogs meat; which assertion he followed up, the next day, by proof positive, in the production of the horse, to answer for himself. Never did mortal Irish eyes behold a better change for the worse! The poor animal, lately so gay, now exhibited the most obvious and pitiful symptoms of debility and dejection: his head hung
down

down, his near fore foot marked or pointed out, his flanks hollow, his hocks knocking together! Clapping my hand, as it were, instinctively upon his back sinews, and fetlock joints, I found considerable heat, at the same time, a flaccidity, or looseness, and want of elasticity in the bursæ, or windgalls—which had re-appeared on work—and in the sinews, which clearly evinced the horse, in a state, within a degree or two only of being broke down. To be brief, he was dead-lame, one of his eyes morbidly affected, and the horse, in our comprehensive phrase, all to pieces. The history of the facts runs thus:—The horse performed gaily a mile or two, out and home; and even trotted with the buggy a dozen miles, at the rate of about eight miles per hour, finishing his journey of nearly twenty in a good style; but, on his return, the next day, he suddenly fell lame, and it cost my friend much labour, and a soreness in the muscles of his whip-arm, which yet remains as a memento, to bring him home at a foot-pace: a shocking necessity, to which the old bel-dam Nature herself seems to have reduced us, of adding the cruel infliction of punishment to even meritorious misfortune! And here, every true horseman should pause, and judge as he would be judged; and not brand that as vicious jadishness, in a wretched, perhaps really generous animal, which is the cruel result of disease, debility, and the barbarous injustice of man; the most savage and relentless of all beasts. This harsh sentence, however, affects not my friend, who is a man of humanity.

In all particular cases of stopping or gibbing in horses, look at their general character; if that be good, depend on it, some unfortunate cause of default subsists, apparent, or concealed, which demands kindness

and care, not punishment. No fair pretence existed of returning the horse, for various reasons; particularly, because, after conclusion of the bargain, the seller offered the purchaser a guinea—as we phrase it—to be off; and in fact, the horse might have been instantly re-sold, at a considerable advance. Now, whether this seller really knew the horse was lame, and had the wit to endow him with a temporary soundness of understanding, by virtue of bandage and astringents; or whether, belonging to the ambulatory and jog-trot society, he had not energy enough in his equitation, to fetch out his horse's lameness; and was really ignorant that he rode a lame horse; remains yet as much a secret, as whether Mr. Pitt has ever yet ceased to be prime minister; and whether, at this moment, he be really in, or out. However, our chapman not having the honour of ranking in the respectable fraternity of horse-dealers, we may hesitate the less, in forming a judgment. Rest, a loose stable, embrocation of a solution of acetite of lead &c. for the legs, and a proper collyrium for the eye, soon wrought an alteration for the better. The legs became cool, the sinews more tense, the enlargement abated, the windgalls retired, or rather, were retracted, the epthalmic suffusion in the eye began to disperse, we approach our concluding speculations; and adhere—“*sub judice lis est.*”

“Thoughts to counsel.” Ye men of the world, and of the whip, what is to be done in this case? Pshaw, where is the difficulty? Get the beggar in the best condition you can, and sell him to the best bidder.—“Gentlemen, this horse is sound; a good goer, and quiet in harness; but the gentleman who owns him, never warrants any.”—*Verbum sat!* How has the inextinguishable

pugnable

animal, that singularly struck him; the deer stood gazing as if she implored his pity, whilst the largest tears streamed down her shaggy visage.

Mirvan humanely returned his arrow to the quiver, exclaiming—"Thou shalt not drink the blood of this poor deer; and I will restore its young to so affectionate a creature."

However, Josoff had the curiosity to wait, and see how near the mother would venture. The poor animal, who was casting the tenderest looks towards her fawn, having now a better opportunity both of seeing and hearing it, approached with timid steps, and after a little pause, in which, from the motion of its ears, Mirvan thought she hesitated, whether or not, to abandon it to its fate; natural tenderness overcoming all sense of danger, she came close up to the horse, and raising herself on her hinder legs, licked the little captive in the most affectionate manner, and mixing her own tears with those which rolled in greater abundance from its eyes.

Mirvan was greatly moved at the sight; and, untying the fawn, set it at liberty. Away the happy pair trotted, often looking behind, as if they blessed their kind deliverer.

When Mirvan was going to resume his journey, a venerable man came from a little hermitage, just seen through the cover of the forest, and thus addressed the man of pity—"Josoff, because thou hast had compassion on the fawn, nor shed the blood of its mother, Alla, who, in the third heaven, was witness to the benevolent emotions of thy soul, has granted thee thy petition. Before crossing the threshold of thy gate this morning, thou earnestly prayedst for a son. A son shall be born to thee, who one day will owe his life to the little crea-

ture thou hast just now restored to freedom and happiness."

When he had thus said, the hermit vanished from his sight; and Mirvan turned his face towards Mecca, and returned to Alla the prayer of gratitude.

About twenty years after, Mirvan's son was hunting in the same wood, and having lamed his horse, was left by his companions. A tiger, from a thicket, beheld young Josoff, and made towards him, when a noble stag—the very fawn, Mirvan, the child of pity, had once spared—as if on wings, came flying from his covert: the fierce monster was instantly diverted from his purpose, pursued the antlered creature, and the son of Mirvan was thus delivered from his fangs when death had been otherwise inevitable.

I know not, Mr. Editor, how far this little tale may come within your plan; but as it was meant to inculcate a merciful attachment to the animal race, I think it cannot be unacceptable to the greater part of your readers.

H. T. T.

~~AND THE BOND-STREET DASH.~~

A BOND-STREET DASH.

A SHORT time since, a young man, fashionably attired, applied for ready-furnished lodgings, at the house of a Mr. Gwinnet, in Downing-street, Westminster. A suit of apartments were shewn to him, and he approved them much. The situation was extremely *à propos*, as he had business to settle with his Royal Highness the Duke of York, at the War-office, during his stay in town, and being, as it were on the spot, would greatly assist the dispatch of his affairs. Mr. G. desired a reference, and was immediately told to address a line

to Capt. F. at a coffee-house, near Spring gardens, and most ample satisfaction would be given on that head. Mr. G. wrote accordingly, and was answered that Mr. S. was a man of fortune, character, and honour; and that it was an acquisition for any person to have him in their house. M. G. was satisfied, and Mr. S. entered upon his lodgings. After being in possession from Monday sennight to Wednesday, he expressed a wish to give a supper to his friend Capt. F. who had made such honourable mention of him, and requested Mrs. G. to assist him with a *sideboard* for the occasion, as his friend was a *dashing dog*, and liked things in *style*. He should order the entertainment from a neighbouring coffee-house. This request was complied with, and every article of plate was produced and set forth on the occasion. He liked the display amazingly; but Capt. F. could relish porter only out of a *silver tankard*; if that could be procured it would crown the whole; for his own part he could not abide to drink out of *filthy pots* from an ale-house. Mrs. G. had no tankard, but she had a china mug at his service. Well, that must do. He would go to the coffee-house and hasten the supper, and a short time afterwards was heard to go out of doors. Not returning immediately, as was expected, Mrs. G. went into his apartments; and, to her astonishment, discovered that her lodger had carried off every article of plate she possessed in the world; some of which she supposed had been thrown out of the window to an accomplice, it being left open. Information was given at the public office, Queen-square, and this *honourable* gentleman was taken in bed at a coffee-house at Westminster. On being brought before the magistrate, he denied the charge;

and behaved with the most impudent assurance. The magistrate committed him for a second examination. The prisoner could not fail of being *well recommended*, as he had written his *own character* from the coffee-house, passing under the name of Capt. F.

A NEW
OFFICE OF INITIATION

FOR ALL
YOUTHS OF THE SUPERIOR
CLASS.

I BELIEVE, that this world is the object of my hopes and morals, and that the little prettinesses of life will answer all the ends of human existence. I believe, that we are to succeed in all things by the graces of civility and attention; that there is no sin but against good manners, and that all religion and virtue consist in outward appearance. I believe that all women are children, and all men fools, except a few cunning people, who see through the rest and make use of them. I believe, that hypocrisy, fornication, and adultery, are within the lines of morality; that a woman may be honourable when she has lost her honour, and virtuous when she has lost her virtue.

This, and whatever else is necessary to obtain my own ends, and bring me into repute, I resolve to follow; and to avoid all moral offences; such as scratching my head before company, spitting upon the floor, and omitting to pick up a lady's fan; and in this persuasion I will persevere, without any regard to the resurrection of the body, or the life everlasting. *Amen.*

Q. Wilt thou be initiated into these principles?

A. That is my inclination.

Q. Wilt

Q. Wilt thou keep up to the rules of the *Chesterfield* morality?

A. I will, Lord *Chesterfield* being my admonisher.

*Then the officiator shall say,
Name this child.*

A. *A fine gentleman.*

Then he shall say,

I introduce thee to the world, the flesh, and the devil, that thou mayest triumph over all awkwardness, and grow up in all politeness; that thou mayest be acceptable to the ladies, celebrated for refined breeding, able to speak French and read Italian, invested with some public supernumerary character in a foreign court, get into parliament, perhaps into the privy council, and that when thou art dead, the letters written to thy bastards may be published in seven editions, for the instruction of all sober families.

“Ye are to take care, that this child, when he is of a proper age, be sent to ——— to be confirmed.”

A CIRCUMSTANCE MERITING ATTENTION.

IN the royal stables, in Sweden, the horses are allowed no litter, but stand on a raised floor, composed of boards, with open joints. This plan is common also in Norway and Denmark, where cows and even pigs are housed on similar platforms. The animals are in this way easily kept clean and dry; and to this practice it is perhaps owing that in those northern countries a foundered horse is seldom to be seen. In the mode followed in other places, the warm humid compost of dung and litter seems to have the effect of making the feet tender and liable to disease. The Duke of York has, by way of experiment, directed some barracks to be constructed on the Swedish plan.

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LAW CASES.

OXONIAN HIRING A CURRICLE.

Court of King's Bench, June 4.

FOSTER v. ASTLEY.

IT was stated by Mr. Garrow, that the plaintiff is a stable-keeper at Oxford, and the defendant a gentleman of large fortune, who was a member of that university. This action was brought for the hire of a curricule and horses during a long vacation. The contract was for four months; but the horses and curricule were sent back about a month before the time expired, and therefore the demand was only for three months, at three guineas a week. There was likewise the expence of converting a phaeton into a curricule, to suit the taste of this gentleman, and for which he promised to pay. The learned counsel said, he was one of the last men in the world, and the least interested to encourage the extravagance of young men at Oxford. But the defendant shewed the plaintiff a letter, purporting to come from his mother, desiring that he might hire such a curricule; and he would not suppose that the defendant, or any other gentleman, would have represented that such a letter had come from her, if it had not. She is a lady of large fortune, living at Dunkensfield Lodge, in the neighbourhood of Manchester. It was to be presumed these horses were tolerably well exercised during the time this gentleman had them. The defendant was an infant at the time of this hiring; and, in order to maintain this action, he must prove the defendant made a promise to pay subsequent to his attaining the age of twenty-one; for he was afraid his lordship would hold this was not a necessary. He should call a young gentleman, Mr. Hornsby,

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the son of the Professor of Astronomy, who was a friend of the defendant, and who accompanied him in this curricule.

Mr. Hornsby was called; said, he did not know that Mr. Astley intimated to Mr. Foster that it was with his mother's approbation he was to take down a curricule to Dunkensfield Lodge during the long vacation in 1800. He did not know what he, the defendant, was to pay for it; but did not think three guineas a week would be unreasonable. He remembered Mr. Astley coming to the Star at Oxford in last July. It was about the 2d of July when he promised to pay Mr. Foster at Christmas next. He was not then of age. Mr. Foster asked him for L 50.

It was proved by another witness, that the defendant was born on July 17, 1781, and consequently was not of age on the 2d of July, 1802, when he made that promise.

Mr. Garrow said, that although this curricule could not be considered as a necessary, if this gentleman and his friend had been going to take a short trip from Oxford, and immediately to return again; but he submitted it made a difference when he was leaving college, and going home to spend the long vacation with his mother.

Lord Ellenborough.—“I should hold if one gentleman even in his condition were to hire a post chaise to go home from the university, I should hold that was not a necessary; there is abundance of good stage coaches coming and going through all parts of England. I do not know that I should go so far as a very learned judge, who held that wine was not a necessary: one dozen a quarter, or every half year, perhaps might be permitted. I might draw the line in that way; but the university is a place of education, and ought not to be made a scene of revelry.”

Mr. Erskine, leading counsel for the defendant, observed, that his client was a gentleman of very considerable fortune, and a man of a very honourable mind, and certainly never would have defended that action, but for the manner in which he was treated by the plaintiff. He hired this curricule at a time when he could not enter into a contract, except for necessities, and the law enabled him to resist the performance of it. These horses were worth about L.8 a piece, and for the use of them for three months this stable keeper had the modesty to ask L.37. His client carried with him the son of the professor of astronomy; and if he had carried his father he never could have had a finer opportunity of making celestial observations on the road, for these horses very often stood stock still; and in one possible case perhaps this curricule, with these horses, might have been considered as a necessary; as for instance, if the defendant had been in a bad state of health, and his physician had recommended exercise to him, to place him in this curricule would have been the very thing, as these horses required so much flogging to get them on. This gentleman had been imposed upon, but of his own accord he had no doubt would pay this stable keeper what was reasonable.

Lord Ellenborough.—“The law affords a shield to young men, to protect them against the effects of their own imprudence; and the law has said, that no infant shall be answerable, except for necessities; but if after a man attains the age of twenty-one, he makes a deliberate promise that he will pay the debt, he being then capable of exercising a discretion, shall be bound by that promise. The giving horses and carriages, and such things as these, to young men, induced his lordship to observe, that young gentlemen

lemen at the university would employ their time better by pursuing their studies, than by riding about the country in carriages, and following a course of dissipation.

Plaintiff nonsuited.

JUNE 9.

LEAM V. BRAY.

THIS was an action of trespass against the defendant, for running with a gig upon the plaintiff's curricule, whereby he, the plaintiff, was thrown to the ground, had his collar bone broken, &c. &c. The principal witness, Marks, the plaintiff's groom, said, that one night in November last, he was driving out his master to his villa in Surry; when they had come near the Swan at Newington, they passed a chaise going in the same direction; they kept their own side of the way; but in a moment after a gig drove against them, and overturned the curricule. Mr. Leam was by this thrown into the mud, and had his collar-bone broken. This account was confirmed by the post-boy, and the persons he was driving in the chaise. To obviate an objection on the other side, that no proof had been adduced of the defendant being in the curricule, the gentleman who was along with him was called. Having established this point, he swore, in contradiction to all the other witnesses, that he was on his own side of the road when the accident happened. The jury, after some hesitation, found a verdict for the plaintiff, with L.9 : 9s damages, the amount of his surgeon's bill.

THE MARGRAVE OF ANSPACH V.
HALL.

MR. ERSKINE stated that the plaintiff in this case was possessed of a pleasure yacht, called the Camilla; and the defendant was

the proprietor of a West India ship, called the Sally. The action was brought to recover a compensation in damages for the mischief done to the yacht, by the Sally running foul of her in the river. The yacht was coming up the river with a foul wind; the defendant's ship was going in the contrary course, with a fair wind, and could have chosen her course through any part of the channel. Instead of doing this, she chose to run foul of the plaintiff's yacht, which was just then passing from the Kent shore, the wind out of her sails, and not under the guidance of the helm. It had long been settled, he said, that there was a law of sailing, as well as of driving on the road. The ship, which had the wind, and could deviate with little or no inconvenience, was always to give way to the vessel working up against the wind. So the defendant's vessel ought to have done in the present case; instead of which, against all the rules of navigation, she ran foul of the yacht, and must therefore pay the damages.

To prove this case, he called Thomas Nipston, the captain of the yacht; but, before they proceeded, it was agreed to refer the cause to Mr. Harrison.

CRIMINAL INFORMATION FOR A CHALLENGE.

MR. ERSKINE moved for leave to file a criminal information against a Mr. Phillips, a gentleman of fortune, for writing a letter amounting to a challenge, to the prosecutor, Mr. Rees. This letter, although it was not directly a challenge, yet was an implied challenge, and certainly was a provocation to fight. The meaning of it would be sufficiently explained by a letter which had been before sent by the same gentleman to the prosecutor; in which, speaking of an account that

was unsettled, he adds—"You know that when this account is settled, I have another account to settle with you: perhaps this is a discussion you would wish to avoid; but you may as well meet it at once, as you need not think of temporising." In the letter, which was the subject of the present application, after saying, that he understands the prosecutor has feelings that will not bear an insult, he tells him, "that he is a blackguard, and that if he chuses to make any appointment with him, it shall be punctually attended to on his part." This letter, when coupled with the foregoing, Mr. Erskine submitted to the court, amounted to a challenge.

Lord Ellenborough asked, what circumstances of situation in life the defendant was in?

Mr. Erskine.—"My Lord, he was a candidate for Caermarthen."

Lord Ellenborough.—"Mr. Erskine, it is not saying any thing as to a man's situation of life, to say he was a candidate: but is he a gentleman of fortune?"

Mr. Erskine.—"Yes, my Lord, he is a gentleman of very considerable fortune." Rule granted.

SOCIETY OF ODD FELLOWS.

Common Pleas, June 9.

LYON V. MARTIN and OTHERS.

THIS was an action to recover a compensation in damages for an assault committed on the plaintiff.

Mr. Shepherd observed, that a more ludicrous case had seldom come before the Court; yet, as no man's eccentricities are to be exercised to the injury of another, the plaintiff was justified in complaining of the gross assault he had received. The plaintiff was the most *Noble Grand* of a Society denominating themselves *Odd Fellows*. The defendant, was *Lord Warden*

of the same Society, whose dignified station promoted him to the office of *Candle Snuffer*. The Society was formed entirely of Jews, and met at the sign of the Bell, in Middlesex-street, Petticoat-lane, but if they were always accustomed to such conduct as was witnessed on the night of the assault he had to complain of, they were *odd fellows* indeed, and should be pointed out in order to be shunned. In the midst of their mysterious proceedings, the *Noble Grand* moved, that a Trustee should be appointed to take care of their *Exchequer*; but as there did not appear to be more funds than were necessary to reimburse the landlord for expences incurred, the *Lord Warden* and the *Vice Grand* objected; an altercation ensued. The *Noble Grand* insisted it was his province to keep peace and harmony; but, in his efforts to obtain his end, he got his head cut with a pot, and was laid senseless on the floor. A general confusion ensued, in which all distinctions were laid aside; and many a combatant was laid upon the floor of his club room, to the great injury of the plaintiff and his companions, and the annoyance of the neighbourhood.

The assault was proved, and the plaintiff got a verdict for 20s damages.

LIONESS & WHELPS ATTACKING A CAMEL.

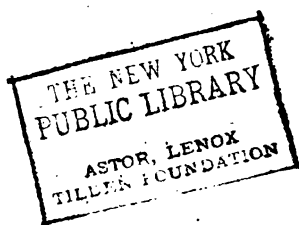
(An Etching to face this Page.)

THIS Etching is taken from the works of the celebrated RIDGER, from whose inimitable works we shall occasionally make selections: and, as that master is so celebrated for Hunting Pieces, we shall search the books of biography for his life, to be given in some future Magazine.

SPORTING



Lioness & Whelp attacking a Camel.



SPORTING WITH PERSONALITIES.

THAT littleness should give an idea of youth is easily accounted for; but I cannot see why a girl who is short in stature should be always treated as if she was in leading strings, any more than a gentleman who is undersized should be supposed to be just breeched. For my part, I am turned of eighteen, and consequently have been a woman these five years; yet they seem to look upon me as a perfect baby: I wonder, indeed, that they do not cram me into a cradle, and feed me with a pap-spoon.—With my aunt, it is child every word, and every body else calls me little Miss; but, when they mean to pay me an extraordinary compliment, then I am a pretty little lady. When I first came down into the country, a lady in the neighbourhood very civilly invited me to come and play with her grand-daughter, who was eleven years old; and a great bulky fellow, who was, they said, my godfather, most boisterously took me up in his arms, like Gulliver and his nurse reversed, and fell a slobering and nuzzling me as if I had been actually in swaddling clothes. Our visitors never fail to bring fruits and sweetmeats with them in their pockets for Miss; and I am constantly insulted by the civility of your good old ladies, who are for loading me with slices of rich plumb or seed cakes of their own making. When I sit down to table, I am helped very sparingly to the meats, as if they thought I had not yet cut my teeth; but my plate is filled with pudding and pie, which they take for granted Miss must be very fond of. When I proposed riding a single horse, that was objected to, as no poney could be found small enough; and it was even debated whether I should be carried before or behind the servant. What vexes me still more,

however, they seem to measure my understanding by my person; and, as I am no bigger, they conclude me as ignorant as a child; consequently their conversation with me is most trifling, and often borders on the dialect of the nursery. In a word, Sir, or in *short*, if you please, I meet with so many of these impertinences, that I am quite sick of them. The only remedy I can hope for, is, to find some man compassionate enough to un-miss me, by making me a wife.

I am, &c

DOROTHY SHORT.

NIGHTINGALES.

Why none to be found in Devonshire and Cornwall?

THIS question is very satisfactorily answered in White's Natural History of Selborne. As the book (now become scarce) may not be at hand to refer to, I will give the querist, partly from myself, but chiefly from that author, the solution of the difficulty.

The nightingale is a bird of passage, and comes to us from the continent. In the spring, nightingales cross the sea, where it is narrowest, between Calais and Dover; and, upon their arrival, proceed forwards, spreading themselves to the right and left, until they have advanced as far as they can recover again, when instinct warns them to return to the countries from which they came. They are seldom found more than one hundred and seventy miles from Dover. These two counties exceeding that distance, are, of course, beyond their bounds.

Here it may not be amiss to add that on the continent of Germany, its portion of nightingales is very unequally divided: though the woods near Leipsic, are said by Baron Polnitz, to swarm with them; in consequence of which, great numbers are there taken and caged.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

CALEDONIAN TRAVELLER.

SANDY Mackintosh, pig-feeder to Mr. Cambell, of Musselborough, received the following letter from his cousin, Jemmy M'Gregor, near St. James's, in London:—

DEAR COUSIN,

I have the happiness to make known to you, that I have, by my civility and perseverance, obtained a good place at court; and what is better, my dear Sandy, I have a situation for you, with our friend Danny; so leave your filthy employment, and come with all speed and economy to your loving cousin,

JEMMY M'GREGOR.

Sandy no sooner read this epistle, than he borrowed a pair of stockings and shoes of his friend, Mr. Cambell, and stole away for Leith, where he presently engaged with the master of a fishing smack, bound to the port of London. They had not been long at sea, when the vessel began to roll and to pitch with the swell; and poor Sandy, who had never before been on salt water, became wonderfully pale and sick; and thus, in a most pitiful tone, addressed the man at the helm:—"Stop! stop the ship, mun; dinna ye ken that a' my boeels are coming fra ma moo! for marcy sake, an ye be a christian, bid the ship stop mun." Old Coppernose, who loved a joke, and saw the dreadful plight poor Sandy was in, archly replied—"My boat is like my wife's tongue, it will not stop with bidding. "How the de'il should she stop," rejoined Sandy, "when ye keep teckling and teckling her a—se wi' that

dam'd lang pole, which ye foolishly ca' a teeller.—Sarra, mind me weel, I am ganging to the great city of the sooth, to collect in-tel-le-gence for Danny Stewart, and to instruct untutor'd cockneys. Yes; mark ye me weel, when I get into the parlement, I will mak a motion, that nae fallow, like yur sell, shall teckle and teckle a ship with a dam'd lang pole in the a—se, to offend a Caledonian traveller; so now mak the maist on't."

An old snuff-taker, speaking of the art of calcining dead bodies, as lately discovered in France, by way of improving the art in this country, says—"How comfortable and pleasant it would be to see our ancestors displayed on a sideboard! All members of soaking clubs I would have made into wine-glasses; your fat aldermen into decanters; and your poor dogs, who can't drink, into water-glasses. Your beaux and belles might be calcined into smelling-bottles; your generals, colonels, and captains, might be introduced into our ball-rooms, operas, and play houses, to illumine the eyes of the ladies, as a constellation of chandeliers; and the ladies and gentlemen of the circus, might be made into tumblers.

This is an invention, I repeat, far surpassing that of any snuff-making schemer, whose ingenuity goes no farther than to make ones grand-mother into Scotch—ones father into rappee—ones mother into Strasburgh—and my old maiden aunt, heaven help her, into high dried!

A YOUNG

A YOUNG merchant in the country, lately addressed a letter to a lady, which began with these words:—"Inclosed I send you a bill of parcels, consisting of tears, sighs, dreams, fears, hopes, &c. which I have shed and endured these two months, and consequently placed to your account."

THERE was a poor blind man in Warwickshire, accounted very cunning in foretelling the weather; and, in the same village, lived a very rich lawyer, who had acquired his property by a repetition of every vice disgraceful to human nature. As the lawyer one morning rode by, he said, with scorn to the poor old fellow, and in contempt of his prognostications, "I pray you, father, tell me, when does the sun change? The old man, who knew well the knave that asked the question, boldly replied—"When such a wicked wretch as you goes to heaven!"

A LOUNGER'S WILL.—One of the Bond-street flashes was lately so ill, that he thought it right to settle his worldly affairs, and sent for a neighbouring solicitor to make his will. The solicitor, who is a wit as well as a lawyer, having been informed by the sick beau of all his circumstances, said, he had a precedent for his will in that of the famous Rabelais, which he would adopt, and which was in these words—"I owe much; I have nothing; and I give the rest to the poor!"

A SHIP being overtaken at sea by a squall, one of the seamen, by the washing of the waves, was thrown overboard. The only witnesses of this scene were a Newfoundland dog, who instantly plunged in after him, and a man who

had a very great impediment in his speech. This poor fellow ran about the deck in the greatest distress, but could not utter a syllable. A messmate coming from below, observing him, cried—"D—n your eyes, Jack, sing it" The man took the hint, and began to sing to the tune of a favourite song—"There is a man overboard, overboard, overboard, &c." By this, making himself understood, a boat was thrown out, and the man and dog saved, just as the latter was exhausted, by holding him up.

A GENTLEMAN walking through Holborn, a few years since, accosted another, who was coming the contrary way, with the common place salutation—"How d'ye do?" He was a stranger, and civilly replied, "Sir, I believe you are *Mis-taken*." "I am, Sir," says the other, upon closer inspection, "but I hope I am not *taken*, a *Miss*." "Certainly not," replied the gentleman, "it is a *Miss-chance* that we often pick up in this populous town, and he would be ill calculated to be *Master* of himself who suffered such *Miss-haps* to affect his passions." "Give me your hand," ejaculated the other, "and I hope it will not be *Miss-applied* in the grasp of a friendly shake." This was an actual occurrence about three years back, and the two gentlemen have continued very intimate ever since. Whenever they meet in a mixed company, they take care not to *Miss* an opportunity of explaining their accidental *Miss-stakes*; and though they are both married men, they seem to take much delight in playing punning pranks with those *Misses*.—The following sentiment is commonly given by one of the gentlemen—"May we never *Miss-trust* innocence, nor be deluded by *Miss-fortune*."

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

SIR THOMAS GASCOIGNE has started horses, &c. this year, seven times, and won every event; viz.—His chesnut filly, by Buzzard, out of Violet, two fifty pound plates at Chester; and one at York. Chesnut colt, by Beninbrough, out of Goldenlocks, a piece of silver plate, value fifty pounds, at Chester. Lenox, by Delpini, out of Violet, the Stakes for all ages, and the Stand Plate at York.—And bay filly, Theophani, own sister to Lenox, the Oaks Stakes, of 800gs. at Epsom.

SIR HEDWORTH WILLIAMSON has refused 2000gs. for the winner of the Derby Stakes, of 1025gs. this year at Epsom. He has purchased of Lord Clermont the black colt, by Whiskey, out of Lavinia; and Mr. Sitwell has also purchased of Lord Spencer Chichester, the colt by Moorecock, out of Gillyflower, for 400 guineas.

MR. ETHERIDGE, gamekeeper to Sir Francis Baring, Bart. lately found in Strutton Park, in Hampshire, four leverets, the produce of one female; and, what is very remarkable, one of them had eight legs, two tails, and two bodies, from the hind part to the middle; afterwards, but one body and one head.

THERE were lately taken out of a nest, at Amberley Castle, Sussex, five young daws, two of the natural colour, and the other three perfectly white.

ON the 21st ult. a salmon, weighing 18lb. was killed in the river Otter, by D. Bacon, Esq. with a small trout fly, after playing the fish twenty minutes, and making many attempts to land it, the fish

always making to a hole in the bank; by the assistance of a boy he pulled off his boot, and placed it in the hole, so that the fish forced itself into the boot, and was there taken.

A FEW days since, as a gentleman was fishing in one of the Hampstead ponds, his line got entangled, and on pulling it ashore, he dragged with it a loaded pistol on the cock; it is supposed some highwayman or footpad, being pursued, had thrown it into the pond, that it might not appear as evidence against him.

A PERSON who has hitherto borne a very respectable character, having obtained the rank of captain in a fencible regiment, was on Thursday, the 26th ult. on the race ground at Epsom, detected in the very act of picking a gentleman's pocket of his gold watch and seals. Behind him was a large body of notorious pickpockets, with whom he had associated himself. When he took the watch he supposed one of his confederates was immediately behind him, and therefore put it back, in order that it might be secured. It was however secured, not by an accomplice, but by Mr. Walter, a sherriff's officer, at Kingston, who secured the captain at the same time. He is now fully committed for trial.

CAPTAIN Henniker, of the navy, sported on Sunday, the 30th ult. in the Park, a new machine, called a Yarmouth Car, which attracted much notice, from the singularity of its construction. The wheels were only eighteen inches high.—

After

After he had displayed his figure in it about an hour, in company with an officer of the guards, amid the gazes of the astonished multitude, the machine overturned, but not in the usual way, on one side; it went back, and fairly lifted the horse off his feet. Providentially no further accident happened.

PUBLIC OFFICE, BOW STREET. In consequence of anonymous letters being sent to Mr. Bond and Sir William Parsons, informing them that Mr. Stackpole, and the Reverend Mr. Ambrose, were to fight a duel early on Tuesday morning, the 31st ult. the magistrates issued warrants against them, and they were taken into custody, and brought before them at the above office, when, after undergoing an examination, they were obliged to find sureties to keep the peace.

WE copy the following from the Leeds Mercury:—

“On Thursday evening, Mr. D****, of York, and Mr. B. of this town, an artist, met in a field near Park-place, to settle an affair of love and honour. Animated by Cupid’s flame, they took their stations—fired—and the former gentleman was, or thought he was, wounded in the arm, evidently not far from the heart!! Under that impression, this Montgomery and his second withdrew, and left his antagonist master of the field, and of course of the Lady’s affections. Gentle reader, be not too severe in censuring these heroes’ seconds, for, in loading the pistols, they had taken great care to put in every thing but—the balls!! This is no fiction, but, as the lawyers would say, a real bona fide transaction.”

MANCHESTER RACES.—A respectable young married person was suddenly taken in labour, in a booth under the grand stand, on Kersal Moor, on the first race day; and,

in a very short time, an accoucheur fortunately being at hand, was safely delivered of a fine boy. She was taken, with her infant, home in a chaise; and, we are happy to hear, is in tolerable health. This event should operate as a lesson to ladies, strictly to avoid incautiously visiting scenes of the above description, under similar circumstances.

MANCHESTER COCKING.—In the race-week, a main of cocks fought between Sir Watts Horton, Bart. (Lister, feeder) and Windsor Hunlock, Esq. (Harrison, feeder) for 10gs. a battle, and 200gs. the main; consisting of thirty main and twelve bye battles, when each party won fifteen mains and six byes. Great betting.

A MECHANIC of Pest, has lately been exhibiting there some curious automatical figures; amongst others, a human figure which performs almost every exercise, dances upon the rope, &c. and one of a horse, which can either walk, trot, or gallop. The universities of Vienna and Pest, after examining the labours of this mechanic, have given the most honourable testimonies of his skill.

THERE are now living in King-street, Wapping, a Swiss woman, named Arnintenger, who has attained her 97th year. Her daughter and grand-daughter both live with her: the former is 77, and the latter 52. They have a dog twenty-five years old, and a cat that is upwards of seventeen. At a public house in the same neighbourhood, there is a parrot upwards of seventy years old: it is very feeble, and is covered with a kind of down instead of ordinary feathers.

A WAGER of twenty guineas a side, was lately decided at Chester-le-street, by Adjutant Cooke, of the Usworth Gentlemen and Yeoman-

ry Cavalry, amidst a great concourse of spectators.—Ten copper penny pieces were separately thrown up, at each of which he shot, and it appeared in the result, that, instead of the hundred shot-marks—the amount prescribed by the wager—there was the amazing number of three hundred and forty-one on the surface of the ten pieces. The first three pieces shot at contained one hundred and seven. A great deal of money was lost in consequence, as the odds, previous to shooting, were twenty to one against the marksman.

It has been determined, that Sir Rowland Winn's Tankersleys should have the fifty pound plate at Malton, as Mr. Simpson's colt, Rudston, not having won one heat in three, was not entitled to start for the fourth.—See our Racing Calendar, page 18.

A MAN of as much taste as piety, at a tavern in Manchester, for a small wager, lately ate a half-pint glass goblet, which he masticated and washed down with a quart of beer. About a dozen of persons were witnesses to this extraordinary instance of dental voracity.

A WAGGONER at Byker, near Newcastle, for a wager, lately attempted to drink a gallon of beer at one draught; but when he had swallowed all but half a pint, he burst, and died immediately.

MR. NORTON has purchased Mr. Pierse's grey colt Sir Peter, out of Contessina, for 800 guineas, not, however, for himself, but for a gentleman in the south.

AT the next Newmarket Meeting, Mr. F. Neale's Bobtail, 8st. 4lb. is matched against Mr. Watson's Lignum Vitæ, 8st. R. M. 200gs. h. ft.—with the power of bringing the match forward to the Second October Meeting—all bets to stand. Mr. Howorth's Flam-

beau, 8st. 3lb. is matched against Lord Grosvenor's Northampton, 8st. D. M. 100gs.

ON Saturday, the 11th instant, as Captain Harrison, paymaster of the royal dragoons, was leading his horse down Charmouth Hill, Dorsetshire, the horse snapped at him, and caught hold of his left hand, by which he lifted him from the ground (a weight of between seventeen and eighteen stone) shaking his head, and stamping with great rage; the whole of the fore finger came away, and with it the tendon which connects it with the elbow; the horse then galloped off. Captain Harrison went on to the village of Charmouth, where he obtained a chaise, and proceeded on his journey to Dorchester barracks.

LAST month a trotting match of 20 miles, for 50 guineas a side, took place on the Ashford road, between Mr. Law's bay mare, of Hoking-bourn, and Mr. Bisset's bay mare, of Greenhithe, each carrying 13 stone, which was won by Mr. Law's, who performed it in an hour and 16 minutes. Twenty pounds to ten were betted against the winner during the match. Mr. Bisset's mare was taken ill during the contest, and we learn that both the noble animals, sacrificed by an exertion beyond their strength, died the next morning, one at Ashford, and the other at Canterbury.

THE bagsmen, who travel the country, economise the matter by going in pairs in a gig. This is to exhibit how two riders may go upon one horse.

LAST month, a very fine bustard, weighing 11lb. was shot on the wold belonging to Major Topham, of Wold Cottage. It was killed with small snipe shot.

GEORGE HERRING, who rode Primrose for the Stand plate of fifty pounds

pounds at York, on the 27th ult. is son of that much-esteemed and well-known Jockey, George Herring, rider to Mr. Thomas Stapleton, of Carlton, in this county, whose abilities, as a rider, the gentlemen on the turf will recollect, when we mention, that he rode *Tuberoze*, *Magog*, *Canibal*, &c.—He was the rider also of Lord Grosvenor's *Grey Robin*, son of *Gimcrack*, who won the great sweepstakes at Newmarket in April, 1777, of 100gs. each, p. p.—fifty-six subscribers—beating Lord Farnham's *Prince*, Lord Abingdon's *Pot80's*, and sixteen others, amongst which were, *Rebel*, *Tremamando*, *North Pole*, *Knick Knack*, *Dictator*, *Rasselas*, *Repulse*, and *Defence*.—It was allowed by every judge on the stand and the course, that, though beaten, he rode with great judgment and skill.—It was his first attempt on the turf.—*York Herald*.

ANECDOTE OF AN ENGLISH SOLDIER.—Prince Maurice, in an engagement with the Spaniards, took twenty-four prisoners, one of whom was G. Haslewood, an Englishman. The prince ordered eight of them to be hanged, to retaliate a like sentence passed by Archduke Albert upon the same number of Hollanders. The fate of the unhappy victims was to be determined by drawing lots. The Englishman, who had the good fortune to escape, seeing a Spaniard express the strongest horror when it came to his turn to put his hand into the helmet, offered for twelve crowns to stand his chance. The offer was accepted, and he was so fortunate as to escape a second time. Upon being called fool-hardy for so presumptuously tempting his fate, he said, he thought he acted prudently; for, as he daily hazarded his life for sixpence, he must have made a good bargain in venturing it for twelve crowns!

ANECDOTE.—About the year 1762, a colonel—since a general officer, but now deceased—on command in the West Indies, was ordered to disembark with his corps, on the attack of one of the islands. In stepping into a boat he fell overboard, and the current carrying him rapidly from the ship, an honest tar jumped after him, and kept him afloat, until a boat came to his assistance, and put him again on board in safety. One of Jack's messmates observing the colonel put something into the hands of his deliverer, stepped up to him, and exclaimed—"D—n me, Jack, you're in luck to-day," eagerly opening his hand, expecting at least his share of a can of grog; but on discovering the generous reward, a sixpence! the tar swore a prayer, and whispered his messmate—"D—n me, Jack, never mind it; every man best knows the value of his own life."

AN EXTRAORDINARY SHOW.—The dry dock at Liverpool lately exhibited one of the most laughable scenes imaginable, occasioned, incredible as it may seem, by a shower—not of rain, but of banknotes! The buoyant treasure soon attracted a motley tribe of collectors, dock-porters, block-makers, brokers, &c. &c.—not excepting even the passing females—all of whom were busily employed in scrambling for, catching, and securing, the flaky store, which, for the moment, had the power of giving sight to the blind, and strength and agility to the halt and the infirm. The star in the east was not more anxiously gazed after than these meteors of Abraham Newland. But scarcely had the phenomenon ceased, and given birth to disappointment among the yet expectant multitude, when the author of their fancied fortune came to dispossess them of their booty. As

may be supposed, a most painful explanation ensued, but though a ludicrous one, either party was mutually convinced, that

"Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream."

The whole, it appears, was the effect of accident: the notes had been exposed in a warehouse, when a sudden gust of wind entered at one door, and blew them out at another. With the assistance of several respectable people, the affrighted owner recovered nearly the whole of his property: and on being desired to think himself fortunate in coming off with so trifling a loss, he calmly resolved to be more careful of the circulating medium in future.

A WELSH curate lately died in Monmouthshire, at such an advanced age, that he had christened, married, and buried the parish three times over.

NEAR the chapel of Gowbarrow, at Water Millock, in Cumberland, is a hill, commonly known by the name of the Priest's Crag; it was formerly covered with wood of different kinds; and was, some years ago, the common resort of the country people for squirrel-hunting, gathering nuts, and other diversions. These they put in practice on the Sundays to the great disturbance of the congregation, as their shouting, squalling, and swearing, were very distinctly heard in the chapel. This rousing the indignation of the minister, Mr Dawson, he, accordingly, one Sunday reproved and threatened them in these words—"Oh, ye wicked of Water Millock, and ye perverse of New Kirk, ye go a whoring, a roaring, a hunting, a nutting, on the Sabbath-day; but, on my soul, if you go any more, I'll go with you." Now the parson was a keen

hunter, and his expression of "I'll go with you,"—which, in the dialect, is a mere threatening phrase—striking some of the more waggish bearers in a double sense, the sermon and its author made such a noise, that it came to the ears of the bishop of the diocese. The bishop upon this, with the concurrence of the Duke of Norfolk, ordered the wood to be cut down, and put an end to the profanation there carried on; but the appellation of the wicked of Water Millock sticks to the inhabitants of that place to this day.

DURING the proceedings in the court of King's Bench, the 9th inst. the court was very much disturbed by a noise near the door. One of the officers at last brought up a man, who, he said, had been very disorderly. The man denied that the officer's statement was true, that he had refused to produce his subpoena, or to tell for what purpose he attended. He seemed in very great trepidation.

Lord Ellenborough ordered him to be committed to Newgate, and brought up again at four o'clock, then to be discharged, on expressing due contrition for his offence.

ON Monday, June 4th, at a public-house on Tower-Hill, a drinking-match took place between a Thames-street carman, and a lady belonging to Billingsgate. The former was to drink half a pint of ale, for each half quartern of gin drank by the latter, the defaulter to pay the reckoning. The palm was resolutely contested until the landlord had scored thirty-one to each of them; when the carman tacitly acknowledged he was overladen, and unable to drive any farther. Of course victory was declared in favour of his fair adversary, against whom the odds ran high at starting.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

CITY JOCLARITY.

SIR TIMOTHY GRUB had a box
near the road,
As a fat thriving citizen must,
And soak'd all the summer as snug as a
toad,
Delightfully buried in dust.

Six poplars in order, trim, taper, and
tall,
The pride of his premises stood:
As 'tis horrid to gaze on an arrant brick-
wall,
The knight had his *bit of a wood*.

Said Deputy Growl—of no moderate
size—

While he swell'd at the Saturday's
feast,
"With trees brown with dust, and a
house full of flies,
"Brother Grub, why you live like a
beast."

"You're right, Brother Growl," chuckl'd
Alderman Plum;

"But a *grub* and a fly are akin:
"A wo'm crawls in dust, and a *grub*'s
like a wo'm;
"So our friend in his element's bin."

Next Saturday, summon'd to swallow
good cheer,

With wonder they gap'd at the scene.
"Good luck!" was the cry, "what a
change is this here:

"Not a fly, and the trees are all
green!"

"The flies are defunct," cried the knight,
proud to please;

"I hunted 'em, catch'd 'em, and
crush'd 'em."—

"But the trees! What the deuce has
been done to the trees?"—

"What's been done! Why, I've beat
'em and brush'd 'em."

MERCATOR.

For the Sporting Magazine.

A PRECEPTIVE HUNTING SONG.

ALL ye sons of anxiety, slaves of sad
thinking,

Who brood over cares, and sit morbidly
winking;

Ye lovers who languish; ye husbands
who pine

With fears of the wife, that in beauty
does shine;

Give over dull thoughts, which corrode
life away;

And the sprightly steed mount at the
break of the day.

CHORUS.

Fly o'er the mounds,

Pursue the hounds,

And ne'er dose life away;

Pray ease the mind,

Sweet peace to find,

But exercise your clay.

Mind on the stretch,

Does make the wretch;

But motion makes us gay.

'Twill

'Twill ease the mind,
And peace you'll find,
And spirits blithe as May.

O'er the hills the morn peeps, see Aurora
appear,
In effulgence most glorious, with spring
in his rear;
Then call for your steed, he'll exultingly
fly
To the sweet sounding horn, and hounds'
musical cry,
Painful thinking will fly, that corrodes
life away,
If you join in the chase at the break of
the day.

CHORUS.

Fly o'er the mounds, &c.

If health be your aim, strength and vi-
gour you prize,
In the scale of bright honour you mean
to arise;
If courage and glory you have in your
view,
If you'd conquer pale fear, and terror
subdue,
Then banish sad thoughts, to the chase
haste away,
And the sprightly steed mount at the
break of the day.

CHORUS.

Fly o'er the mounds, &c.

A RECITATIVE.

*Delivered as a Proclamation, by Mr.
Fawcett, at the late Installation Fete.*

O YES! O yes! O yes! God save
the King and People!
And, like my bell, let all the bells ring
out from every steeple;
While, as my office bids me, I proclaim
this merry warning,
That ev'ry Knight, that's here to-day
must keep it up till morning.
Each laughing face is welcome here;
while those who're fond of sorrow
Have leave to go, indulge their woe, and
call again to-morrow.
Those who love feasting and good cheer,
as long as they are able,
May claim a seat, as it is meet, like
Knights of the Round Table.

At supper each may have a treat, for
well we know the trade is,
Of ev'ry Knight, to take delight in help-
ing all the Ladies.

Those who, on light fantastic toe, would
dance away the vapours,
While other folks are cutting jokes, are
welcome to cut capers.

Those who prefer the sparkling glass, in
merry moderation,

The toast may pass, to some sweet lass,
the King, and British Nation.

Or, who the noise of sing-song verse,
prefer to pipes and tabors,

Like jocund elves, may sing themselves,
then call upon their neighbours.

Each Errant Knight may seek adventures
here, while he is walking,

'Midst singing, dancing, eating, drinking,
laughing, sporting, talking;

'Midst music, painting, science, art,
grace, beauty, wit, and glee;

And, lastly, those who nonsense love,
may come and list to me,

A SONG,

*Sung on the same occasion, by Mr.
Incliden.*

WHEN order in this land commenc'd
with Alfred's sacred laws,
Then sea-girt Britains, closely fenc'd,
join'd in one common cause.
The glorious name, an Englishman, struck
terror to the foe,
And conquering William fix'd a fame
that shall for ages glow.
On Albion's cliffs let commerce smile,
and cheering plenty bring.
Then sweet content shall bless the Isle,
and George its gracious King.

Our Henrys and our Edwards too
Fram'd once a Constitution,
Which Orange William did renew
By glorious Revolution.

Mild Anne, with sceptre gently sway'd,
Insur'd the people's love,
And when her kingdom's peace she
made,
Was call'd to realms above!

Thence

Thence British Freedom, Rights, and
Laws,
From whence her glories spring,
The pray'r of grateful Britain draws
On George its gracious King.

Great George and Charlotte's happy
reign
In Union binds the land,
And scatters blessings o'er the main
With all-benignant hand.

The regal stock, its royal fruit,
Like ivy round it clings,
From whence its spreading branches
shoot
A race of future Kings.

Thence English, Scotch, and Irishmen,
With heart and voice shall sing;
While Brunswick's line adorns the
throne,
God save our Gracious King.

To you our youthful efforts we must
plead;
Give us, this once, the grateful, golden
meed—
And from this Promise he will never
swerve,
The praise you give to labour to deserve.
Our Author's surely mod'rate in his
wishes,
He asks no costly fare—no season'd
dishes—
Cameleon-like, from air his food he draws,
And lives upon the breath of your ap-
plause.
Come, then, O Boxes, Pit, and Gal-
l'ries upper,
Send him not home to bed without his
supper!

VERSES.

*Ascribed to the Pen of Francis Newbery,
Esq.*

PROLOGUE

TO THE MARRIAGE PROMISE.

GOOD folks, I'm come a few short
words to say,
By way of Prologue to our Poet's Play,
"The Marriage Promise."—Does the
title please?
Ladies, we shall decide by your de-
crees.—
Ye fair around, to judge by your com-
plexion,
I see but few inclin'd to make objec-
tion:
Few frowns there are; and they, me-
thinks, betoken
A fear that this same Promise may be
broken.
But these must vanish, when 'tis under-
stood
Our Author means to "make his title
good."
Accept his "Marriage Promise," then,
ye Fair,
To keep it with you be our Poet's care.
Well, then—we'll trust the Ladies we
shall gain;
But Critics! shall we your applause ob-
tain?—

IN my youth I was careless and gay,
Freely joining in pleasure's career;
'Twas the spring-time of life—it was
May,
And ne'er thought of the date of the
year.

But to Vice's allurements not prone,
Busy Love whisper'd soft in my
ear;
"There's no comfort in living alone,
And pray look to the date of the
year."

My fond heart gave assent, beating high
And acknowledg'd the maid that was
dear;
Ready Hymen soon fasten'd the tie,
Ever blest be the date of that year!

Many summers roll'd on full of joy;
Many winters that never was dear:
And oft times a girl or a boy
Gave delight to the date of the year.

Bred in Harmony, virtue, and truth,
Happy faces around me appear;
And the grateful affections of youth,
Prove a balm to the date of the
year.

While

While old friends full of sense, taste,
and knowledge,
Sweeten life with attachment sincere;
And the stories of school and of college,
Seem improv'd from the date of the
year.

Thus I've liv'd till my hair is grown grey,
And still pleasantly move in my
sphere;
For December is cheerful as May,
And content marks the date of the
year.

TO ANGLERS.

TAKE away that wily, treach'rous
hook!

Why are the harmless tenants of the brook
—Secure, poor things, till now, amongst
each other—

To be of cold barbarity the sport?
Perhaps each fish, that from the flood
you court,

May mourn its parents kind—a sister
—brother.

It makes Humanity, sweet maiden! weep
To see the wanton sportives of the deep
Torn from the pleasures of their silv'ry
bed:

It makes her sigh, to mark the dipping
float

The hidden captive's agony denote,
And all its sweet and social comforts
fled.

I love to see the gudgeon and the bream
Thread the wild mazes of their native
stream,

And, unmolested, through each thicket
stray.

I love to see the dace, in shining pride,
Now rush amidst the fierce, impetuous
tide,

And now upon the tempting surface
play.

The worm that writhes, too, on the barb-
ed steel,
Knows not less pain than does the cul-
prit feel,

When legal vengeance drags him to
her den:

His well-knit limbs, his nerves, his sinews
firm,

Defy not torture better than a worm—
Reptiles are flesh and blood as well as
men.

'Tis not for man to lift his murd'ring
arm,

Against the artless, unoffending swarm,
To wage unequal combat with a
fish:

So much, believe me, liberty I prize,
I'd rather on their freedom feast my
eyes,

Than view them smoaking on the glut-
ton's dish.

Enough for me if, while I roam at
ease,

And taste, sweet Isis, on thy banks the
breeze

That wantons there, upon her silken
wings,

Health's genial hand its bounty shall be-
stow,

And on my cheek impress the livid
glow,

And all the charms the lovely goddess
brings.

Farewell, my rod, and to my lines fare-
well,

No more shall sports like these my bo-
som swell—

No more shall ye to cruelty invoke
me:

Perhaps some fish, with patriot rage may
burn—

Perhaps some trout be savage in its
turn—

And, dying for its injur'd brethren,
choak me.

J. T.

Margaret Street.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR JULY, 1803.

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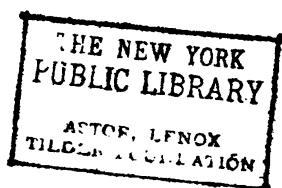
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several Communications are come to hand, which shall have a place in our next.

We are happy to inform our Readers, that the unfortunate Mr. Grant, whose trial we detailed in our last Number, has been respited from the sentence of death by his Majesty,



consequence of the flat and fleshy conformation of the horse's foot, previous to the sale, at 150 guineas, they decreed that 10 guineas of the purchase money should be returned.

The case between W. S——, and O. H——, Esqrs. in which one of the (three hundred guineas) curricie mares was deemed a crib-biter, was decided in favour of the latter; for, although the mare was admitted to be thus defective, the award was made by the arbitrators—both barristers—that a crib-biter is not an unsound horse.

"NEW LORDS, NEW LAWS."

ON SPAVINS, AND COLLEGE PUFFING.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

As thoroughly experienced professional men, it is a duty you owe the Public, to set them right, and guard them from imposition, in all cases of consequence within the circle of your profession. You have performed this honourable and useful duty during a course of many years, highly to the satisfaction of a numerous and respectable class of readers, not only in the British Isles, but in the United States of America, in the East and West Indies; in fact, wherever the English language is either in use or fashion.

It is necessary, however, you should have the aid of occasional correspondents, whose sentiments may be submitted to the correction of your superior judgment. On these terms, a sportsman not quite green in his vocation, makes you a respectful tender of the following.

It is well known to you, gentlemen, and ought to be equally so to the sporting world, and to all proprietors of horses, that twenty shiners will purchase a man his diplo-

ma; authorized by which he is enabled to practise in, if not to cure, all the diseases of horses and other cattle; no matter, whether the *gemman*, has ever in his life, called a horse his own, or has ever mounted one—it is quite sufficient if he has seen one—or what profession the *gemman* may have been bred in; whether as a hammerer of iron, a stitcher of broad cloath, a retailer of farthing candles, or a haberdasher of hats. He has paid his shot—his warrant is signed—he flashes

VETERINARY SURGEON,

In six-foot letters, and, *in course*, can cure all the diseases of horses; and shoe, nine times better than Nature herself. Nay, so great is the miraculous, intuitive, heaven-born knowledge of modern professors, and so infinitely superior are they to the dolts and bunglers who preceded them, that a certain young man, remarked for his modest assurance, has attained the highest reputation for a knowledge of horses, merely on the strength of his ability to say the Lord's Prayer in Latin, and to play tricks with calves eyes, judging thence, with wonderful sagacity, that horses also have eyes; although, previously to the sudden establishment of his well-grounded fame, he had never but once been on horse-back, in his life; when, journeying from the metropolis to Highgate, on his return he was obliged to hire a man to lead his horse down the hill.

How unreasonable is it in us, of in the Public, to marvel, that this veterinarian should maintain the total inutility of consulting any other books, or any other system of practice, than his own.

But to come closer to business.—At *****, in our county, the inhabitants and their animals are fortunately secured in their health, by a newly established veterinary surgeon, who, it is understood, was lately an exciseman; and has,

at

at any rate, fortunately for himself, taken a good gauge of the pockets of his patients, both mere animal, and Christian; for there are no Jews, and only *one* Greek in the vicinage. His Christian practice has been hitherto chiefly confined to the late influenza, which he professed to be able to cure, with the utmost certainty, on the new plan of the west country doctors: accordingly, a substantial farmer being strongly affected, as usual in the disease, with alternate heats and chills, our new Hippocrates, ordered the patient instantly to be placed upon a chair, in an unaired parlour, exactly midway between an open window and door, and there to be supplied with a tea-cup-full of cold water, every quarter of an hour, until he found he had enough! See also Dr. Kinglake's method of treating the influenza, in the Medical Journal, for June, who we hope will read this article. As the devil would have it, the window had a north-east aspect, and the wind blew fresh! the door opening into a long passage, at the extremity of which, was another open door, looking towards a low meadow!!! In a few minutes, the unfortunate patient was seized with a most violent fit, which our old-fashioned doctor used to denominate an ague, but which, it seems, will now no longer answer to that name. The clergyman of the parish luckily came in, and ordered the man into a warm bed, where he lay twelve hours in a burning fever, which being succeeded by a profuse critical sweat, his good luck and good constitution cleared him at once, both of his disease and his doctor.

The good parson's horse, however, has not yet been quite so fortunate as his reverence's friend the farmer, for indeed, in this case, the parson's judgment seems to have failed.

He had lately purchased a young horse, which, on his beginning to

work him, put forth a spavin. The new veterinary surgeon, was in course at first consulted, to determine the seat of the lameness, on which, *as will sometimes happen with these learned gentlemen*, he found it convenient to hesitate, until the groom blundered out, "Why, lord! Doctor, an old woman with one eye, would see in a jiffy, that the horse has put out a spavin; don't you feel how hot the place is?" Well, the doctor affecting to look very profound, assured the bystanders it was a spavin, and what was far better, that he would cure, and render the horse fit to ride, in a short time. The horse being ordered next morning to the Doctor's new forge, was, rather neatly, but superficially fired, and nothing farther was held necessary, but he might even be ridden. The owner, however, waited until the horse's leg was clear of all the effects of the operation, and then mounted him, in order to ride a short journey; the day after which, the nag was considerably more lame than before, the exercise having brought much heat and tension upon the part affected, or the seat of the spavin. The doctor was again called, when he declared confidently, that the case was perfectly familiar to people at college; and that another firing would do the business effectually. The firing was immediately repeated, somewhat deeper, and the horse—against the doctor's advice, who declared they found no occasion for such dilatory practice *now*—was turned off in a sheltered paddock, *by himself*, at the express desire of his owner. The writer of this rode him last week, and found him *dead* lame, the *exostosis* considerably enlarged, and a contraction of the sinews beginning to take place. The nag is now incurable, the blemish from firing quite *ostentatious*, and the doctor's bill paid. What can a reasonable man desire more!

When

When the nature and situation of the malady in question, is considered, it will easily appear, that no marvel need be made, at general ill success of attempts at a radical cure: in truth, few of our oldest and most experienced jockies will warrant even the possibility of it. The spavin is a bony protrusion from the shank of the hinder leg, just beneath the hock, and posited among the ligaments and tendons, which it inflames and contracts by its growth; in consequence, rendering all motion painful to the animal. Now, in such a case, what possible efficacy can a superficial firing have, going only skin deep, at most but touching the surface of the protrusion, which is thereby only temporarily impeded in its growth, in most cases, even if applied early? It must yet be allowed, that an early attention to the spavin affords the only hope; and may be fairly averred, that a confirmed spavin is incurable, notwithstanding, that every one of the multitude of our veterinary writers of the last four or five years, treat the case with all possible *sang froid*, and direct you to—fire: in other and more significant words, to open your purse, and just let the operator cool his fingers in it. *Gardez vous poches Citoyen*. A wink and a nod are to be held sufficient about a blind horse, but the dear-bought experience of many, fully proves, that strong cautions are necessary in regard to a spavined one.

From the cure of spavins to the practice of puffing, Messieurs, is no unmeaning gradation. Some weeks since, taking up a sunday newspaper, the particular business of which, it should seem, and I trust it is well paid for the labour, is to raise puff-paste, for the service of the country; I was not at all surprised to observe the following puff—direct for the benefit of the veterinary college. "In a certain veteri-

nary treatise, which has run through eleven editions, is a chapter expressly on the diseases of the gall-bladder, in the horse; when lo, and behold, from the more scientific investigations of the veterinary college, it comes out, a little unluckily, that the horse has no gall-bladder at all. Now it happens far more unfortunately for this bungling puffer, that any of our old veterinary writers would have informed him, that, if the horse has no gall-bladder, he has yet a gall-pipe, *porus biliaris*, and is much subject to biliary disease; which is a very satisfactory apology for a mere inadvertent misnomer in Mr. Taplin.

Were I to extend this article on veterinary puffing to many of our new and fine publications, I should now puff up the whole present number of the magazine; a certain delicate writer, however, who professes to paint, as well as to cure horses, must not be passed over, in pity to our turf gentlemen, who, it seems, are totally ruining the mouths of their race-horses, by pressing them with the bit. Nothing can be more beautiful, than this gentleman's book, nor more legible than the type thereof; through the medium of which, he tells us, at starting, of the wonderful discoveries he is about to make. Next come his reader's discoveries, which are, that the book consists of a conveniently brief abridgement of what had been written and abridged by upwards of fifty writers and compilers before him; the majority of whose abridgements, are gone to that very place, whither his own is hastening, or already arrived—the Capulets. Does that term imply the pastry cooks, or the band-box makers? I fear it will not save this large, comely, pretty book, that its practical author recommends preserving the load of hair upon a cart horse's leg, in order to keep it free from dirt; that he

cures

cures wind-galls, by keeping the horse upon a hard pavement; or, that he advises to ride a race horse without a pull!!!

A JOCKEY.

Newmarket, July 9th.

P. S. We are all alive, and in high training here, and very strong in cavalry.

HILL DARLEY, ESQ.

AFTER several applications, by counsel, during Trinity term in the court of King's Bench, as may be seen in our Magazine, page 123, for last month, and some fruitless objections taken to the verdict, Mr. Hill Darley, was on Tuesday the 28th ult. brought up to receive judgment: previous to which, application had been made to Mr. Justice Heath, who tried the indictment, to know of him, in what way he left the defendant's case with the jury, at the trial. The judge's answer was, that the question was expressly put to the jury, "Whether they considered the assault charged against the defendant to have been committed in consequence of *money won at play*, or in consequence of the irritating words made use of by the prosecutor? If they were satisfied of the first, they would say so by their verdict; but if they believed the violence to have been caused by the words only, and deemed it merely a common assault, then they would acquit the defendant." The jury found the defendant *guilty*. The fact being so explained, viz. that the assault was in consequence of *money won at play*, Mr. Darley was, according to the act of parliament, sentenced to be imprisoned in the county goal of Sussex, at Horsham, for two years, and all his goods and chattels forfeited to the king.

SINGULAR AND RECENT CAUSE OF LITIGATION.

A GENTLEMAN of fortune, having left a horse at a livery stable in the vicinity of Leicester-Fields for sale; which horse was six years old, sound, of his own breeding, and had never been out of his possession; communicated this circumstance to a few of his friends; from one of whom a gentleman receiving the information, went to take a survey of the horse; made a short trial in the street, and seemed to approve him; upon being told the lowest price was fifty guineas, after some pause he acquiesced in the proposal, and hesitatingly said, "he believed he should have him," adding, "if you will send him home, I will send you back the money." But immediately changing his plan, said, "if you will let a saddle and bridle be put upon the horse, I may as well ride him home, and your man may go with me for payment." Upon arriving at his residence in the neighbourhood of Berkeley Square, and dismounting, he desired the messenger to hold the horse while he went in to bring him out the money; but returning in a few minutes, desired the servant of the livery stable keeper, to take the horse back, with compliments to his master, that he had altered his mind and would not have the horse, as he did not like his shape and make behind. The stable keeper having reported the case to his employer; he, his attorney no doubt, and some friendly advisers, persist in its being a sale and delivery of the horse, and threaten a suit for the recovery of payment; the altercation is at this moment in progress, and time alone can determine the event.

SKETCH

SKETCH

or

AN OLD UNLUCKY GAMESTER.

THERE is not, perhaps, in nature, a more deplorable being than an old unlucky gamester. His character is too well marked, he is too well known to be trusted. A man that has often been a bankrupt, and renewed trade on low compositions, may as well expect extensive credit, as such. His reputation is blasted; his constitution worn out by the extravagance and ill hours of his profession. He is now incapable of alluring his dupes; and, like a superannuated savage of the forest, he is starved for want of vigour to hunt after prey.

LUDICROUS ACTION OF ASSAULT,

Lately tried in the Marshalsea Court.

THE plaintiff, a respectable old man, upwards of eighty years of age, living at Turnham-Green, was riding his horse near Acton, in June last, when a *Pig* belonging to one of the defendants, who are *Modern Antiques*, ran under his horse, and nearly brought the animal and his rider to the ground. By the stumbling of the horse, the pig either frightened or hurt, cried most strenuously, and darted through a hedge. The old woman hearing the screams of her unfortunate pig, hastened to its assistance; but not seeing the animal, she concluded that it had been *killed* and *stolen* by the plaintiff; under this impression she alarmed her neighbour, the other old woman, and they both sallied out in pursuit of the plaintiff, vociferating with truly stentorian lungs, "*Stop Thief!*" This had the effect they wished, and the plaintiff was directly stopped. The defendants,

attended by a great number of people, soon came up, and the old gentleman was charged with the *double crime* of *killing* and *stealing* the pig. In vain did he protest his innocence, and declared that he never was either actuated by malice, or harboured any design against the pig's life, although his own existence had been very much endangered by the silly conduct of that beast. The old ladies were inexorable; they insisted that he should restore the pig; they pulled him from his horse, dragged and *clawed* him at a most terrible rate for nearly an hour, until some of his neighbours coming past, vouched for his honesty, and rescued him from the fangs of those implacable viragoes. The pig, the cause of all the quarrel, was very soon after the battle found at home, in great health and spirits, eating most heartily, and seemingly unconscious of having been the cause of any disturbance. These facts being fully proved, and summed up by the learned judge, the jury, in consideration of the injurious treatment suffered by the plaintiff, which seemed the result of mistake rather than intention, found a verdict for the plaintiff, with twenty shillings damages, which in this court entitles him to costs.

SALE OF A WIFE.

A FELLOW lately conducted his wife with a halter round her waist, into the market-place of Sheffield, and announced publicly, that he wanted to sell *his cow*. She was put into the hands of a butcher, who acted as *auctioneer* on the occasion; and she was *knocked down* to a bystander for *one guinea*! the *cheapest* cow sold in that market for several years.

COMBATS.

COMBATS OF THE GLADIATORS.

THE gladiators were persons who generally fought in the arena at Rome, for the entertainment of the people. They were usually slaves, and fought out of necessity; though sometimes free-men made profession thereof, like our prize-fighters for a livelihood. The Romans borrowed this cruel diversion from the Asiatics: some suppose that there was policy in the practice, the frequent combats of gladiators tending to accustom the people to despise dangers and death.

The origin of such combats seems to be as follows:—From the earliest times with which we have any acquaintance in profane history, it had been the custom to sacrifice captives, or prisoners of war, to the manes of the great men who had died in the engagement: thus Achilles, in the *Iliad*, lib. xxiii. sacrifices twelve young Trojans to the manes of Patroclus; and in *Virgil*, lib. xi. ver. 81. Æneas sends captives to Evander, to be sacrificed at the funeral of his son Pallas. In course of time they came also to sacrifice slaves at the funerals of all persons of condition: this was even esteemed a necessary part of the ceremony; but as it would have appeared barbarous to have massacred them like beasts, they were appointed to fight with each other, that the life of one may be saved by killing his adversary. This seemed somewhat less inhuman, because there was a possibility of avoiding death, by an exertion of skill and courage. This occasioned the profession of gladiator to become an art: hence arose masters of the art, and men learned to fight and exercise it. These masters, whom the Latins called *lanistæ*, bought them slaves to be trained up to this cruel trade, whom they afterwards sold to such

as had occasion to present the people with so horrible a show. These exhibitions were at first performed near the sepulchre of the deceased, or about the funeral pile; but were afterwards removed to the circus and amphitheatres, and became ordinary amusements.

The first show of gladiators, called *munus gladiatorum*, was exhibited at Rome, according to Valerius Maximus, by M. and D. Brutus, upon the death of their father, in the year of the city 490. On this occasion there were probably only three pair of gladiators. In 537, the three sons of M. Æmilius Lepidus the augur, who had been three times consul, entertained the people with the cruel pleasure of seeing twenty-two gladiators fight in the forum. In 547, the first Africanus diverted his army at New Carthage with a shew of gladiators, which he exhibited in honour of his father and uncle, who had begun the reduction of Spain. In process of time, the Romans became so fond of these bloody entertainments, that not only the heir of any great and rich citizen lately deceased, but all the principal magistrates, presented the people with shows of this nature, to procure their affection. The *ædiles*, prætors, consuls, and, above all, the candidates for offices, made their court to the people, by entertaining them frequently with these fights: and the priests were sometimes the exhibitors of the barbarous shows; for we meet with the *ludi pontificales* in Suetonius, August. cap. 44. and with the *ludi sacerdotales* in Pliny, Epist. lib. vii. As for the emperors, it was so much their interest to ingratiate themselves with the populace, that they obliged them with combats of the gladiators almost upon all occasions; and, as these increased, the number of combatants increased likewise. Accord-

ingly Julius Cæsar, in his ædileship, diverted the people with 320 couple. Titus exhibited a show of gladiators, wild beasts, and representations of sea fights, which lasted 100 days; and Trajan continued a solemnity of this nature for 123 days; during which time he brought out 1000 pair of gladiators. Before this time, under the republic, the number of gladiators was so great, that, when the conspiracy of Catiline broke out, the senate ordered them to be dispersed into the garrisons and secured, lest they should have joined the disaffected party.

These sports were become so common, and their consequences in a variety of respects so dangerous, that Cicero preferred a law that no person should exhibit a show of gladiators within two years before he appeared candidate for any office. Julius Cæsar ordered, that only a certain number of men of this profession should be in Rome at a time; Augustus decreed, that only two shows of gladiators should be presented in a year, and never above sixty couple of combatants in a show; and Tiberius provided, by an order of senate, that no person should have the privilege of gratifying the people with such a solemnity unless he was worth 400,000 sesterces. They were also considerably regulated by Nerva.

The Emperor Claudius restrained them to certain occasions: but he soon afterwards annulled what he decreed, and private persons began to exhibit them at pleasure as usual; and some carried the brutal satisfaction so far as to have them at their ordinary feasts. And not slaves only, but other persons, would hire themselves to this infamous office. The master of the gladiators made them all first swear that they would fight to death; and, if they failed, they were put to death

either by fire or swords, clubs, whips, or the like. It was a crime for the wretches to complain when they were wounded, or to ask for death or to seek to avoid it when overcome; but it was usual for the emperor or the people to grant them life when they gave no signs of fear, but waited the fatal stroke with courage and intrepidity: Augustus even decreed that it should always be granted them.

From slaves and freed men the inhuman sport at length spread to people of rank and condition; so that Augustus was obliged to issue a public edict that none of the senatorian order should become gladiators; and soon after he laid the same restraint on the knights; nevertheless Nero is related to have brought upwards of 400 senators and 600 Roman knights upon the arena; though Lipsius takes both these numbers to be falsified; and, not without reason, reduces them to 40 senators and 60 knights: yet Domitian, that other monster of cruelty, refined upon Nero, exhibiting combats of women in the night-time.

Constantine the Great is said to have first prohibited the combats of the gladiators in the east. At least he forbade those who were condemned to death for their crimes to be employed; there being an order still extant to the *praefectus praetorii* rather to send them to work in the mines in lieu thereof: it is dated at Berytus, in Phœnicia, the 1st of October, 325.

The emperor Honorius forbade them at Rome, on occasion of the death of Telemachus, who, coming out of the east into Rome at the time of one of these spectacles, went down into the arena, and used all his endeavours to prevent the gladiators from continuing the sport; upon which the spectators of that carnage, fired with anger, stoned

stoned him to death. It must be observed, however, that the practice was not entirely abolished in the west before Theodric king of the Ostrogoths. Honorius, on the occasion first mentioned, had prohibited them; but the prohibition does not seem to have been executed. Theodric, in the year 500, abolished them finally.

Some time before the day of combat, the person who presented the people with the shows, gave notice thereof by programmas or bills, containing the names of the gladiators, and the marks whereby they were to be distinguished: for each had his several badge; which was most commonly a peacock's feather, as appears from the scholiast of Juvenal on the 158th verse of the third satire, and Turnebus *Advers. lib. ii. cap. 8*. They also gave notice how long the shows would last, and how many couples of gladiators there were; and it even appears, that they made representations of these things in painting, as is practised among us by those who show wild beasts at fairs.

The day being come, they began the entertainment by bringing two kinds of weapons; the first were staves or wooden files, called *rudes*; and the second were effective weapons, as swords, poignards, &c. The first were called *arma lusoria*, or *exercitoria*; the second *decretoria*, as being given by decree or sentence of the prætor, or of him at whose expence the spectacle was exhibited. The combatants began to fence or skirmish with the first, which was to be the prelude to the battle; and from these, when well warmed, they advanced to the second at the sound of the trumpets when they instantly stripped and fought quite naked; and, if the vanquished surrendered up his arms, it was not in the victor's power to grant him life: it was the people

during the time of the republic, and the prince or people during the time of the empire, that were alone empowered to grant the boon. The reward of the conqueror was a branch of palm-tree, and a sum of money, probably collected from among the spectators: sometimes they gave him his congé, or dismissed him by putting one of the wooden files or *rudis* in his hand; and sometimes they even gave him his freedom, putting the pileus on his head. The sign or indication, whereby the spectators showed that they granted the favour, was *premere pollicem*, which M. Dacier takes to be a clenching of the fingers of both hands between one another, and so holding the two thumbs upright close together; and when they would have the combat finished and the vanquished slain, *verterunt pollicem*, they bent back the thumb; which we learn from Juvenal, *Sat. iii. v. 36*. It was the pride of the vanquished gladiator, when he was doomed to die, and had received the mortal stroke, to fall honourably. Even when beat to the ground, and with just strength sufficient to support himself on his arm, he does not abandon himself to grief and dejection; but is solicitous to maintain that firmness of aspect which the gladiators valued themselves on preserving in this season of distress, and that attitude which they had learnt of the masters of defence. He must fear neither death, nor betray any token of sorrow by his countenance, nor shed one tear: *quis mediocris gladiator ingenuit, quis vultum mutavit unquam, quis non modo stetit, verum etiam decubuit turpiter*, says Cicero, in that part of his *Tusculan* where he is describing the astonishing firmness of those persons. And at this instant, notwithstanding his exhausted strength, and that he has but a moment to live, he is viewed

with attentive admiration, and the glory of the scene is to see him expire and fall without a groan, or without a symptom or expression that could betray the smallest desire of life!

After all that may be said in favour of the Roman gladiators, almost every modern reader shudders at the inhumanity of the practice—But it was also in this light that the great and good Emperor Marcus Antoninus considered it; the writer of his life therefore observes, that he took even the gladiators and ropedancers under his care; and ordered that the first should only fight with foils instead of swords, and under the latter he commanded feather beds to be laid, to break the force of their fall. In consequence of these precautions, even after his time, the Romans used to hang up nets and sheets for the same purposes.

HORSEMANSHIP.

As connected with the Order and Progress of Chivalry.

(Continued from p. 45.)

THUS castles became the warehouses of all kinds of rich merchandise, and the prisons of the distressed females whose fathers or lovers had been plundered or slain; and who, being therefore seldom disposed to take the thief or murderer into favour, were in continual danger of a rape.

But as some are distinguished by virtue even in the most general defection, it happened that many lords insensibly associated to repress these sallies of violence and rapine, to secure property, and protect the ladies. Among these were many lords of great fiefs; and the associ-

ation was at length strengthened by a solemn vow, and received the sanction of a religious ceremony. As the first knights were men of the highest rank, and the largest possessions, such having most to lose, and the least temptation to steal, the fraternity was regarded with a kind of reverence, even by those against whom it was formed. Admission into the order was deemed the highest honour; many extraordinary qualifications were required in a candidate, and many new ceremonies were added at his creation. After having fasted from sun-rise, confessed himself, and received the sacrament, he was dressed in a white tunic, and placed by himself at a side-table, where he was neither to speak, to smile, nor to eat; while the knights and ladies, who were to perform the principal parts of the ceremony, were eating, drinking, and making merry at the great table. At night his armour was conveyed to the church where the ceremony was performed; and here having watched it till the morning, he advanced with his sword hanging about his neck, and received the benediction of the priest. He then kneeled down before the lady who was to put on his armour, who being assisted by persons of the first rank, buckled on his spurs, put an helmet on his head, and accoutred him with a coat of mail, a cuirass, bracelets, cuisses, and gauntlets.

Being thus armed cap-a-pee, the knight who dubbed him struck him three times over the shoulder with the flat side of his sword, in the name of God, St. Michael, and St. George. He was then obliged to watch all night in his armour, with his sword girded, and his lance in his hand. From this time the knight devoted himself to the redress of those wrongs which "patient merit of the unworthy takes;" to secure merchants from the rapacious cruelty

elty of banditti, and women from ravishers, to whose power they were, by the particular confusion of the times, continually exposed.

From this view of the origin of chivalry, it will be easy to account for the castle, the moat, and the bridge, which are found in romances; and as to the dwarf, he was a constant appendage to the rank and fortune of those times, and no castle therefore could be without him. The dwarf and the buffoon were then introduced to kill time, as the card table is at present. It will also be easy to account for the multitude of captive ladies whom the knights, upon seizing a castle, set at liberty; and for the prodigious quantities of useless gold and silver vessels, rich stuffs, and other merchandise, with which many apartments in these castles are said to have been filled.

The principal lords who entered into the confraternity of knights, used to send their sons to each other to be educated, far from their parents, in the mystery of chivalry. These youths, before they arrived at the age of 21, were called bachelors, or bas chevaliers, inferior knights, and at that age were qualified to receive the order.

So honourable was the origin of an institution, commonly considered as the result of caprice and the source of extravagance; but which, on the contrary, rose naturally from the state of society in those times, and had a very serious effect in refining the manners of the European nations. Valour, humanity, courtesy, justice, honour, were its characteristics: and to these were added religion; which, by infusing a large portion of enthusiastic zeal, carried them all to a romantic excess, wonderfully suited to the genius of the age, and productive of the greatest and most permanent effects both upon policy and man-

ners. War was carried on with less ferocity, when humanity, no less than courage, came to be deemed the ornament of knighthood; and knighthood a distinction superior to royalty, and an honour which princes were proud to receive from the hands of private gentlemen; more gentle and polished manners were introduced, when courtesy was recommended as the most amiable of knightly virtues, and every knight devoted himself to the service of a lady; violence and oppression decreased, when it was accounted meritorious to check and to punish them; a scrupulous adherence to truth, with the most religious attention to fulfil every engagement, but particularly those between the sexes as more easily violated, became the distinguishing character of a gentleman, because chivalry was regarded as the school of honour, and inculcated the most delicate sensibility with respect to that point; and valour, seconded by so many motives of love, religion, and virtue, became altogether irresistible.

That the spirit of chivalry sometimes rose to an extravagant height, and had often a pernicious tendency, must however be allowed. In Spain, under the influence of a romantic gallantry, it gave birth to a series of wild adventures; for the ardour of redressing wrongs seized many knights so powerfully, that, attended by esquires, they wandered about in search of objects whose misfortunes and misery required their assistance and succour. And as ladies engaged more particularly their attention, the relief of unfortunate damsels was the achievement they most courted. This was the rise of knights-errant, whose adventures produced so many romantic novels; but the love of the marvellous came to interfere; fancy was indulged in her wildest exag-

gerations;

generations; and poetry gave her charms to the most monstrous fictions, and to scenes the most unnatural and gigantic, until they were deservedly ridiculed in the character of Don Quixote, &c.

In the train of Norman ambition, it extinguished the liberties of England, and deluged Italy in blood; and at the call of superstition, and as the engine of papal power, it desolated Asia under the banner of the cross. But these ought not to be considered as arguments against an institution laudable in itself, and necessary at the time of its foundation: and those who pretend to despise it, the advocates of ancient barbarism and ancient rusticity, ought to remember, that chivalry not only first taught mankind to carry the civilities of peace into the operations of war, and to mingle politeness with the use of the sword; but roused the soul from its lethargy, invigorated the human character even while it softened it, and produced exploits which antiquity cannot parallel. Nor ought they to forget, that it gave variety, elegance, and pleasure, to the intercourse of life, by making woman a more essential part of society; and is therefore entitled to our gratitude, though the point of honour, and the refinements in gallantry, its more doubtful effects, should be excluded from the improvement of modern manners.

To illustrate this topic more particularly, we may observe, that women, among the ancient Greeks and Romans, seem to have been considered merely as objects of sensuality, or of domestic convenience: they were devoted to a state of seclusion and obscurity, had few attentions paid them, and were permitted to take as little share in the conversation as in the general commerce of life. But the northern nations, who paid a kind of devotion

to the softer sex, even in their native forests, had no sooner settled themselves in the provinces of the Roman empire, than the female character began to assume new consequence. Those fierce barbarians, who seemed to thirst only for blood, who involved in one undistinguishing ruin the monuments of ancient grandeur and ancient ingenuity, and who devoted to the flames the knowledge of ages, always forbore to offer any violence to the women. They brought along with them the respectful gallantry of the north, which had power even to restrain their savage ferocity; and they introduced into the west of Europe a generosity of sentiment, and a complaisance toward the ladies, to which the most polished nations of antiquity were strangers.—These sentiments of generous gallantry were fostered by the institution of chivalry, which lifted woman yet higher in the scale of life. Instead of being nobody in society, she became its *primum mobile*. Every knight devoting himself to danger, declared himself the humble servant of some lady, and that lady was often the object of his love. Her honour was supposed to be intimately connected with his, and her smile was the reward of his valour: for her he attacked, for her he defended, and for her he shed his blood. Courage, animated by so powerful a motive, lost sight of every thing but enterprise: incredible toils were cheerfully endured, incredible actions were performed, and adventures seemingly fabulous were more than realised. The effect was reciprocal. Women, proud of their influence, became worthy of the heroism which they had inspired: they were not to be approached but by the high-minded and the brave; and men then could only be admitted to the bosom of the chaste fair,

fair, after proving their fidelity and affection by years of perseverance and of peril.

Again, as to the change which took place in the operations of war, it may be observed, that the perfect hero of antiquity was superior to fear, but he made use of every artifice to annoy his enemy: impelled by animosity and hostile passion, like the savage in the American woods, he was only anxious of attaining his end, without regarding whether fraud or force were the means. But the true knight or modern hero of the middle ages, who seems in all his encounters to have had his eye on the judicial combat or judgment of God, had an equal contempt for stratagem and danger. He disdained to take advantage of his enemy: he desired only to see him, and to combat him upon equal terms, trusting that heaven would declare in behalf of the just; and as he professed only to vindicate the cause of religion, of injured beauty, or oppressed innocence, he was further confirmed in this enthusiastic opinion by his own imagination.—Strongly persuaded that the decision must be in his favour, he fought as if under the influence of divine inspiration, rather than of military ardour. Thus the system of chivalry, by a singular combination of manners, blended the heroic and sanctified characters, united devotion and valour, zeal and gallantry, and reconciled the love of God, and of the ladies.

At the court of every prince, count, or baron, jousts and tournaments became the favourite amusements. Instead of the gladiators and naked spectacles which corrupted the manners of the Greeks and Romans, and banished from the stadium the virgins and matrons, the pompous decoration of the lists was crowned with the presence of

chaste and high-born beauty, from whose hands the conqueror received the prize of his dexterity and courage. The skill and strength that were exerted in wrestling and boxing, bear a distant and doubtful relation to the merit of a soldier; but the tilts and tournaments, as they were invented in France, and practised in England, and eagerly adopted both in the east and west, presented a lively image of the business of the field. The single combats, the general skirmish, the defence of a pass or castle, were rehearsed as in actual battle; and the contest, both in real and mimic war, was decided by the superior management of the horse and lance. At these entertainments, skill in arms, devotion to the fair, and generous courtesy, were all at once cultivated. The asperity of national prejudice was softened; and the community of religion and arms spread a similar colour and generous emulation over the face of Christendom. Abroad, in enterprise and pilgrimage; at home, in martial exercise, the warriors of every country were perpetually associated; and impartial taste must prefer tilts and tournaments to the Olympic games of classic antiquity. At these martial entertainments, each knight was attended to the tournament by his faithful squire, a youth of equal birth and similar hopes; he was followed by his archers and men at arms; and four, or five, or six soldiers, were computed as the furniture of a complete lance. The lance was the proper and peculiar weapon of the knight: his horse was of a large and heavy breed; but this charger, till he was roused by approaching danger, was usually led by an attendant, and he quietly rode a pad or palfrey of a more easy pace. His helmet and sword, his greaves and buckler, it would be superfluous to describe; but I may

may remark, that at the period of the crusades, the armour was less ponderous than in latter times; and that, instead of a massy cuirass, his breast was defended by an hauberk or coat of mail. When their long lances were fixed in the rest, the warriors furiously spurred their horses against the foe; and the light cavalry of the Turks and Arabs could seldom stand against the direct and impetuous weight of their charge. In the expeditions to the neighbouring kingdoms, or the Holy Land, the duties of the feudal tenure no longer subsisted; the voluntary service of the knights and their followers was either prompted by zeal or attachment, or purchased with rewards and promises; and the numbers of each squadron were measured by the power, the wealth, and the fame, of each independent chieftain. They were distinguished by his banner, his armorial coat, and his cry of war; and the most ancient families of Europe must seek in these achievements the origin and proof of their nobility. From what has been said, we might trace a strong resemblance between the manners of the age of chivalry, and those of the old heroic ages delineated by Homer.

The military enthusiasm of the barons is but of a piece with the fanaticism of the heroes. Hence the same particularity of description in the accounts of battles, wounds, deaths, in the Greek poet as in the Gothic romancers. Hence that minute curiosity in the display of their dresses, arms, and accoutrements. The minds of all men being occupied with warlike images and ideas, were much gratified by those details, which appear cold and unaffecting to modern readers.

We hear much of knights-errant encountering giants and quelling savages in books of chivalry. These

giants were oppressive feudal lords; and every lord was to be met with, like the giant, in his strong hold or castle. Their dependents of a lower form, who imitated the violence of their superiors, and had not their castles, but lurking places, were the savages of romance. The greater lord was called a giant for his power; the less, a savage for his brutality.

Another terror of the Gothic ages was monsters, dragons, and serpents. Their stories were received in those days for several reasons: 1. From the vulgar belief of enchantments. 2. From their being reported on the faith of eastern tradition, by adventurers from the Holy Land. 3. In still later times from the strange things told and believed on the discovery of the new world.

In all these respects, Greek antiquity resembles the Gothic. For what are Homer's Læstrigons and Cyclops, but bands of lawless savages, with each of them a giant of enormous size at their head? And what are the Grecian Bacchus, Hercules, and Theseus, but knights-errant, the exact counterparts of Sir Launcelot and Amadis de Gaul?

With the greatest fierceness and savageness of character, the utmost generosity, hospitality, and courtesy, were imputed to the heroic ages. Achilles was at once the most relentless, vindictive, implacable, and friendliest of men. We have the very same representation in the age of chivalry. As in those lawless times, dangers and distresses of all kinds abounded, there would be the same demand for compassion, gentleness, and generous attachments to the unfortunate, those especially of their own clan, as of resentment, rage, and animosity, against their enemies:

(To be continued.)

THE

THE ADVANTAGES

OF

Preserving the Martin, the Swallow, and the Swift.

MR. EDITOR,

IN my morning walks about the metropolis, towards the latter end of August, I seldom stray from one field to another, that I do not meet with young men qualifying themselves against the approaching season, for what they call a *good shot*. Not a *Martin*, *Swift*, or *Swallow*, divides the atmosphere with its playful wings, that is not interrupted by the tube of death. I would modestly ask these gentlemen, if a better mode could not be adopted for their improvement, than taking the lives of harmless and useful creatures. I think, with the greatest submission, a substitute might be found; and that infinitely more to the credit and advantage of the young practitioners.

I have seen Mr. Bray, game-keeper to Sir J. Dyke, a sportsman, who had the honour to teach some of the first *shots* in this kingdom, do without this mode of slaughter. He would make fast a cricket-ball to a string, and sling it to a great height in the air, and this he would hit, upon the return, for any moderate wager, five times in seven. I will leave it to the judgment of the juvenile sportsman to determine, if there is not as much practice to be acquired by the game-keepers method, as in destroying of *Martins*, *Swallows*, and *Swifts*.

In almost every village in America, these birds are held in the same sort of veneration the Egyptians shew to the Ibis of the Nile. At the season when they are expected to return, I have seen the villagers, as it were, make a little holiday;

and cleanly arrange, in the front of their houses, small square boxes, some of them prettily adorned, and many painted quite gaudily; and all this preparation, only to induce these vagrant birds to sojourn, and peaceably enjoy their months of incubation. And I can assure my countrymen, that this solicitation of the Americans, arises from no childish prejudice, no weakness of attachment; but, from a sublime policy, of which the late Dr. Franklin used to say,

Be kind to the Swallow,
And profit shall follow.

And in this, that wise legislator was perfectly right; for one great article of the farmer's traffic, is their poultry: and at the season when these are young and helpless, birds of prey are frequently seen hovering over head, to devour their stock. At this time, is the Doctor's distich exemplified; for, the moment the enemy appears above, the swallows, &c. give the alarm; and all within sight and hearing, congregating, mount to attack the tyrant; and this they fail not to do, till they have fairly driven him away, and the farmer's helpless stock are perfectly in safety. If any one of our qualifying sportsmen, will take the trouble to look into this thing, he may observe a similar economy. The swallows, &c. are birds of passage, and over his own threshold, bring with them the same inclination to attack the common enemy; and of course, the same advantages must arise to the husbandman, &c. with us, as with those of America. This I think will be sufficient to shew the impolicy of destroying our pilgrim friends for sport; and, more especially, when a substitute may so easily be found for acquiring those accomplishments; without which, I own, no sportsman can with satisfaction to himself enter the field.

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A PROVINCIAL

A PROVINCIAL PLAY BILL.

THEATRE—WARE.

MR. and Mrs. Johnson, - Mr. J. Johnson, Mr. C. Johnson, Mr. Johnson, jun. and Master Johnson, as well as the two Misses Johnson, present their most respectful compliments to the inhabitants of Ware, and its vicinity; and acquaint them, that they are now performing at the Theatre, at Ware, to splendid, enraptured, and overflowing audiences, with unlimited, but not unmerited approbation. The Johnson family intend not to make this notice a vehicle of self-adulation. Conscious that as "good wine needs no bush," good playing needs no puffing—unless it be that puffing and blowing necessary to give effect to the scene, and in which they might say they excel—they leave it to London, and other inferior actors to puff themselves. That the public, however, may have an opportunity of convincing themselves to the summit of their wish, of their individual and collective excellence, they transmit them a bill for their perusal.

ALMOST THE LAST NIGHT,

And by particular Desire of several of the first Rank and Fashion.

On WEDNESDAY Evening,

For the Benefit of JOHNSON, Jun.

Will be presented, the Favourite Comic Opera of

LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

Hawthorn, in a superlative style of excellence, Mr. Johnson, jun.

Hodge, according to the genuine simplicity of nature, Mr. Johnson.

Justice Woodcock, with original comic humour, Mr. J. Johnson.

Meadows, with astonishing vocal abilities, Mr. C. Johnson.

Rosetta, in a manner that cannot be equalled, Miss Johnson.

Mudge, who will not o'erstep the modesty of nature, Mrs. Johnson.

And *Lucinda* will be well sustained, by Miss M. Johnson.

End of the Play, the following Entertainments.

The Comic Songs of the Countryman in London, and a Planxty in favour of Ireland, by Mr. Johnson.

The Favourite Pantomime of the Humors of a French Public House; with a Boxing Match between a Frenchman and a Hairdresser.

Quaker, with primitive chasteness, Mr. Johnson.

Conjuror, with appropriate cunning, Mr. J. Johnson.

Boy, an Arch Humorist, Master Johnson.

Cuddy Clodpate the Clown, with a rich display of comicality, Mr. C. Johnson.

Landlady, an excellent personification, Mrs. Johnson.

To which will be added, the Farce of
THE LYING VALET.

Sharp, a fellow of infinite jest, Mr. Johnson, Jun.

Gayless, with great justice to the part, Mr. J. Johnson.

Justice Guttle, in a capital manner, Mr. Johnson.

Mellissa, with her usual excellence, Mrs. Johnson.

Kitty Pry, in which she will evince much comic talent, Miss Johnson.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

The Chorus by some Gentlemen of Ware.

The Ware Band will attend.

* * * Tickets to be had at all the Public Houses, and of Mr. Johnson.

PIT 1s.—GALLERY 6d.
Tradesmen and Children 3d. each.
PLEASANTRIES

PLEASANTRIES

OF THE LATE

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M. B.

DR. Goldsmith discovered, at a very early period, signs of genius that engaged the notice of all the friends of the family, and at the age of seven or eight evinced a natural turn for rhyming.—The following instance of his early wit is handed down. A large company of young people were assembled one evening at his uncle's, and Oliver, then but nine years old, was required to dance an hornpipe—a youth playing at the same time on a fiddle. Being but newly recovered from the small-pox, by which he was much disfigured, and his figure being short and thick, the musician, very archly as he supposed, compared him to *Æsop* dancing; and still harping on this idea, which he conceived to be very bright, the laugh was suddenly turned against him by Oliver's stopping short in the dance with this retort:

"Our herald hath proclaim'd this saying,
"See *Æsop* dancing, and his monkey
playing."

This smart reply decided his fortune; for, from that time, it was determined to send him to the university. With this view he has removed to the school of Ashton, and from thence, after remaining two years, to Edgworthyton, distance about twenty miles from his home. In his last journey to this school, he had an adventure, which is thought to have suggested the plot of his "*Mistakes of a Night*."

Some friend had given him a guinea, and in his way to Edgworthyton he had diverted himself the whole day by viewing the gentlemen's seats on the road, until at the fall of night he found himself in a small town named Ardah. Here he inquired for the best house in

the place, meaning an inn; but being understood too literally, he was shewn to the house of a private gentleman, when calling for somebody to take his horse, and lead him to the stable, he alighted and was shewn into the parlour, being supposed a guest come to visit the master, whom he found sitting by a good fire. This gentleman immediately discovered Oliver's mistake; and being a man of humour, and also learning from him the name of his father, who happened to be his acquaintance, he encouraged his deception. Oliver accordingly called about him, ordered a good supper, and generously invited the master, his wife and daughters, to partake of it; treated them, with a bottle or two of wine, and at going to bed, ordered a hot cake to be prepared for his breakfast: nor was it till his departure, when he called for his bill, that he found he had been hospitably entertained in a private house.

MODERN POLITICIANS.

BEN Brown, and George Green, two hard working politicians, were sitting at an ale-house door, imbibing the chemical potency of a pot of porter, when Ben observed with great gravity, that this *here* new war could not fail to be of *wust* benefit to Old England.—"I do not see that," replied George, who happened to be of a different opinion.—"Then, I will shew it you," rejoined Ben; "we shall presently have *Malt-a* all to ourselves.—"What, then?" quoth George.—"What, then," re-echoed Ben.—"Why, it is as plain as the froth upon this *here* tankard; when we have *Malt-a* all to ourselves, the roguish brewers will be able to make us better porter. So here's't'ye George."

B 2 HUNTER'S

HUNTER'S HOME.

A Ramble to it, from Portsmouth, through Titchfield, Bursledon, and Netley-Abbey. With a humorous description of my Landlady, Mrs. Diaper, and her Husband, Mr. Mark Diaper. With a set-down at Southampton.

Let me, with quiet, trace the rural scene,
And look thro' Nature, ruffled, or serene;
Commend where Merit lifts a modest face,
And shield her from the insults of the base.
Record examples worthy to be known,
And from Time's early tablets, deck my
own.

ON Sunday morning, while the Grand Fleet under the command of Lord Howe, was firing its tremendous ordnance, a signal to unbend and bear down Channel, I quitted Portsea, and crossed to Gosport; soon turned my back upon the sanguiferous exertions of Mars, to enjoy scenes more congenial with the quiet purposes of my soul. The lilac was in full blossom, and the hawthorn opening its silver beauties to the all-reviving orb of day; the larks were floating in æther, and seemed to me more tuneful than they were wont; the humbler birds, as if ashamed to be out-done in gratitude, perch'd on the tip-top branches, baring their brilliant bosoms to the beaming god, stretching their downy throats, and pouring notes of sweetest minstrelsey. I presently forgot the cannon's roar, and all the pomp and circumstance of war, and at the turnpike, about a mile on the high road, took the cross-way to Southampton; and after a pleasant walk of eight miles, arrived at Titchfield, a charming village, healthfully situated, with a trout stream winding thro' some of the finest meadows in Europe. I know of no place, where a gentleman of rational propensities can retire for study, or to avoid the bustle of impertinence, better than to this tranquil station; for, it is out of the

dusty stage-coach road, and yet within an hour's ride of Winchester, Portsmouth, and Southampton, and as short a sail to the Isle of Wight. In Titchfield, but few remains of antiquity are to be discovered Bugle-Hall, once the seat of the Wriothesleys, but now the property of Wm. Gunthorpe, Esq. is happily situated; and the Abbey, though of no considerable magnitude, particularly calculated to attract veneration. Here is a noble monument to the memory of Barbary Villiers, mother of the Fitzroy family, and once a favourite beauty of the amorous Charles. This Abbey, anciently belonged to the order of Præmonstrants, an order so rare in itself, that no one could become of its fraternity, who had not in the most eminent degree, shewn examples of good works.

From Titchfield, I took my way over a heath four miles in extent, to the ferry of Bursledon, so called, from a village built in a crescented form, over a small bay; the acclivity of the hill on which the town stands is sudden, and the houses, intermingled with spreading trees, present a pleasing and romantic appearance. It was here, for the first time of my life, I saw water poured from the mouth of a linen-sack; the novelty of the thing occasioned inquiry; and I found from the exhibitor of the trick, an old Gloucestershire clothier, that it was a practice he had used for many years, to the great wonder of his neighbours, and for which he had the reputation of a conjuror; and some old women were so alarmed when they met him, that they would hobble out of his way, to avoid the influence of the evil spirit, they believed to possess him; "but, this, Sir," said he, "is exceedingly ridiculous, as you will perceive; for I never make a mystery of any singularity I may practise before persons

sons of information. Therefore, if you are inclined to try the experiment, I give it freely; and you may presently produce a similar effect.

"I take twelve pounds of roach allum, three ounces of isinglass, and three ounces of sugar of lead, with one ounce of hard soap, dissolved in hot water; and this will saturate enough, to water-proof all the farmer's sacks in the neighbourhood." I set down this on my tablet, and thanked the old man, as he went tottering with his sack of water from the bay, up to the village. Who knows, if the pompous company near London, who puff off their manufactory with such high sounding assurances, have in fact, higher pretensions to public favour, than the old clothier at Bursledon.

Here is also a good yard for ship building, in which, at this moment, a fine frigate is ready for launching; a plentiful fishery also, partly supplies the surrounding markets. Craw-fish, of three pounds weight, are caught here, and of the most delicious flavour. Patterson, in his Book of the Roads, has not noticed this cross-way; therefore, I think it necessary to do so, as here is, by day and night, a speedy ferry for man, horse, or chaise, and nearer by ten miles to Southampton, than the high way through Botley; a grand object to a pedestrian, when weary and panting for rest and refreshment, which was in no respect the case with me, for I had heard of Netley Abbey in my journey, and turned full a mile out of the way, to visit that beautiful mass of monastic ruins. A countryman I overtook, upon inquiry, informed me, Mr. Dance was lord of the manor of Netley, and that his game-keeper Mr. Coles lived in a house at hand, and that he would send his son with me as a guide to the Abbey; this I found to be strictly true, and the young sportsman and myself went

on together, till we entered the solemn shades of that ancient edifice.

These beautiful remains of the liberal Rupipus are situated near the Southampton waters, about three miles S. E. of the town, surrounded by grounds gently rising, and covered with woods of a very romantic appearance. Most of the apartments belonging to this religious foundation still exist; but the church exhibits a melancholy picture of desolation, not an arch or pillar of the nave remaining entire. The east window, richly ornamented, contains an elegant circular compartment. The west end is terminated by a lofty window, finely mantled with ivy. The space between the east and west extremities, is nearly choked with a heap of ruins, agreeably covered with moss, briars, hawthorn, and ash; affording at first sight, one of those scenes that strike with reverence, and in which a Zeno might prefer to teach his quiet philosophy. The south transept is almost perfect, the roof excepted, which formerly must have been curiously arched, as appears from a suspending fragment in imminent danger of falling.

Perhaps no remains of clerical grandeur in this or any other kingdom, has had more fashionable visitors, or learned investigators within its walls, or employed the pencils of so many artists.

Among many other circumstances of information, my young conductor, whom I found a very rational moralist for one of his standing, informed me with an air of the greatest solemnity, as we entered the fountain-court, that great treasures had been found within the walls of the Abbey; "and here, Sir," said Coles, pointing to a deep chasm, "some time ago was found an iron chest full of gold. An elderly man of Netley, who was at plough in a neighbouring field, dreamed the

night

night before, that money was hidden in this place. Not contented till he had made the search, he went with the boy who drove the plough, to the ruin, and cutting away the ivy, opened the recess, and there found a coffer of great antiquity, but not being able to open it, put his horses to, and drew it into a field; where, for the present, he contented himself with covering his prize with bushes, enjoining the boy to the greatest secrecy. But the lad telling the tale to the master, he went in the night, and drew the casket to the farm-house; where he soon found means to possess himself of the treasure: but the contemptible villain, to prevent discovery, got the poor boy pressed, and sent to sea; and the lad was never after heard of. The ploughman who first found the prize set up in business, and prospered very well; but, the unnatural and treacherous wretch who took it from him, never did good with the property, for himself or for others; but fell a martyr to the stings of conscience, and excess of drinking, and at last went a miserable beggar to the grave."

Such was the little tale told me by my young friend; and as it is replete with morality, I could not withhold it from your knowledge. To corroborate the fact, he attempted to shew me some writing on the place, to commemorate the discovery; but this, I confess, was not so satisfactory, as the recital of the event was entertaining.

We now crossed a corn field to the west, and entered the place called the Abbey Fort, which appeared once to have been of great strength, and is now so rustically clad in briars, ivy, and trees, and so moated and flanked with aquatic weeds, that every artist who beholds it, must be happy to describe it on his tablet.

The lad had by this time abun-

dantly gratified my inquisitive mind, and I presented him my largess for his trouble. Coles shewed me to the stile of a romantic wood, through which my way led to Southampton, and there we parted. I entered this umbrageous retreat with pleasure; it appeared to me well stocked with noble oaks, the underwood in many places cleared away, and the whole bottom covered with full blown blue bells, &c. which, together with the yellow bloom of the broom bushes, diffused such a strength of rich odour, as I could barely sustain the effect of. Halfway through this wood, in a deep dell, is a rindlet of water, clear and harmless as the unpolluted mind of my dear Louisa; whose image at that moment ran in my thought; and I wished her with me, that her tender hand might cull a bouquet of the vernal beauties that surrounded me.

I was here thirsty, and found an inclination to gratify this natural want; but I had no vase, and how was I to drink of the current? In a moment, it came to my recollection, that Diogenes had said, to mortify human pride, "That man in reality, wanted for nothing; and that he ought not to lay up, so much as a goblet, for the gods had so kindly considered him, as to give the hollow of his hand for a bason." Instantly I stood across the rindlet, to slack my craving thirst, and as soon convinced myself of the truth uttered by that Cynic of antiquity.

As I quitted this retreat, worthy of a Sylvan deity, the country opened to my view a wide range of grand scenery; a beautiful river of great breadth, washing the old walls of Southampton, skirted with a fine extent of the new forest, and other adornments hardly equalled in the whole country—"While sea, and earth, and Heaven, upon each other smil'd." I entered a bushy covert at the back of a village, called

called Weston; where, I was suddenly arrested, not by one of those merciless monsters of the law, authorized to multiply miseries upon misfortune; but, by the voice of that divine minstrel of the spring, the nightingale: the harmony of his song so wrought upon me, that I became as it were fascinated.

What a pity that so much perfection should work itself an enemy; but it is equally so in human life; the greater a man's merits, the more certain is he to attract the enmity of the malignant. At this moment, a hawk, intent on blood, dashed on the thicket that contained the object of my admiration, and the author of my enchantment; in a moment I quitted my station, and diverted the marauder another way; disappointed, he fled across the waters, and in less than five minutes, my friendship and assiduity was rewarded with another strain as tuneful, and as eloquent as the former. After this pleasing peregrination, I passed Walsen, the seat of Mr. Dance, late Mr. Dummer's; took my way for Itchin, sixteen miles from Gosport; sat down at *Hunter's Home* with my landlady, Mrs. Diaper, to a repast composed of all that was good and comfortable. Finding my reception particularly acceptable, I resolved to make the most of it—and then for the birthplace of Sir Bevois.

DESCRIPTION OF MRS. DIAPER,
HOSTESS OF HUNTER'S HOME.

What Justice dictates, let me never spare; Here, the best Horse, is still the sorrel Mare.

Mrs. Diaper is somewhat under the standard of six feet; the front part of her head is not unlike what the sign painters make for the resemblance of the full moon; her hair is of a vermillion colour, made shining and smooth by such a sub-

stance as gave brilliancy to the beard of Aaron; her features are by no means unpleasant, though her double chin appears like two bags of red lead, faintly compressed together; her plump cheeks, covered with roses, seem to say to the rouge of fashion, how contemptible art thou when compared to the efforts of sublime nature! her neck, which is of the same complexion with her cheeks, must remind us of the buffalo; may it never bear the yokes of slavery; her scapulary extension seemed to testify her descent from the giants of old, and more fit for the largest pair of Hantonian milk pails, than the shawls of Patna, or the muslins of Malabar; her breasts, rather prominent, have the resemblance of two neighbouring mole-hills; and her waist, not unlike a kitchen biggin, turned the small end upwards; her hips, extending wider than her shoulders, set off an abominous protuberance, like a new inflated balloon; her legs, being covered, I could not come at their dimensions, but her feet appeared to me in no way unlike the pedestals of the camel of the Arabian desert; her arms, two German puddings, but infinitely larger in their circumference, while every finger exhibited an arm in miniature; and, to set off these graces, she is perfectly clean and comfortable.

HER MIND.

Her mother must have been a good woman, for mine hostess possesses a vast quantity of the milk of human kindness; and is liberal beyond the praise of my foolish pen. She always meets you with a smile, and all her study seems for your accommodation. In her bill of charges she is less extortionate than a traveller may expect so near the resort of the rich and courtly.

I had

I had not been so minutely circumstantial, but that the peripatetic philosopher, who has not much gold to part with, may call in his way at *Hunter's Home*, and find comfort with Mrs. Diaper, the Royal Oak, at Itchim Ferry. As to Mr. Mark Diaper, he is a good-natured little fisherman; and appears like the lesser lights of heaven, only to reflect the brilliancy of the greater luminary. I know not what Lavater would say of this humble pair; but if he should give a different description, I shall never bring my mind to become his disciple.

"I have seen the unseemly casket open'd
to the view,
Contain a brighter gem than art e'er
set within

The collects of a royal diadem.

Sufficiently refreshed at *Hunter's Home**, I crossed the ferry, and landed at the Stone Cross House, a small building, open to the Cardinal Quarters, yet a friendly shelter in foul weather; for, by entering the recess to the leeward, the traveller may defy the rain, and laugh at the blustering winds that assail him. This accommodation was the offspring of pity and piety. A lady of delicacy, once waiting, when there was no shelter, for the lazy ferryman, caught cold and died; but to prevent the like disaster, left a sum to build Stone Cross House, 1634, and twenty shillings a year to keep it in repair for ever.

Chill'd by the elements, she pin'd and
died,

But first this lasting legacy she gave,
That folks might turn the shafts of death
aside,

Nor sink, like her, untimely to the grave.

And now passing a delightful
meadow, skirted with a double row

of lofty trees, and a public walk of some extent, I cast my eye on that beech so celebrated by Henry of Huntingdon, for being the place where the first Canute reproved his courtiers for their unbounded flattery.

A sycophant of his train would persuade the king that he had the powers of a god, and that all nature listened to his mandate with reverence, and to obey him. The king, no doubt, subject to this kind of dissimulation, resolved to put his own omnipotence to the trial. To that end, Canute walked on this beach with his courtiers, till they came to the waters of the rising tide, where, commanding a chair to be placed, he permitted the waves to roll upon his feet, and, calling the sycophants to attend him, Canute thus addressed the insolent element—"Thou art under my dominion, rude waters, and the land on which I sit is mine, nor did any one ever disobey my commands without punishment; therefore, I command thee to recede, and not to wet the feet or garments of thy royal master." Notwithstanding this, the waters rushed upon his feet, and mounted to his knees, from which, the king retreating, thus addressed the locusts that surrounded him—"Hence, let all the inhabitants of the earth know that the power of monarchs is a vain and empty thing, and that no one truly deserves the name of majesty, but He, whose will, by an eternal decree, the heavens, the earth, and seas obey. Nor would Canute ever after suffer the crown to rest on his own head, but caused it to be placed on the image of Christ, at Winchester. As a corroboration,

* The sportsman, or artist, who may travel to *Hunter's Home*, is requested to notice the old ivy-covered mansion, at the entrance of the wood. It is a rich object, and worthy the attention of a Moreland, Turner, or Ibbotson.

all

all the latter coins of Canute seem to confirm this story; for we find the covering of the head to be a triangular cap, as that on the coin of St. Edward.

From Canute's Beach I entered the lower gate, and being inclined to finish my ramble for the day, fell in with good company, and made my set-down in the delightful corporation of Southampton.

T. N.

A PROCESSION, CONVERTED INTO A RACE.

IN Anderson's Embassy to China, chap. 13, he relates the attempt of Colonel Benson, to form a procession, to precede the palanquin of the British ambassador, Lord Macartney. But the morning being dark, the relator says, they could not distinguish each other; the manœuvre, therefore, was of very short duration, as the bearers moved so much too fast for the solemnity, that, instead of marching before it with a grave pace, we were glad to follow it with a quick one. Indeed, whether it was the attraction of our music, or any accidental circumstance, I know not, but we soon found ourselves intermingled with a cohort of pigs, asses, and dogs, which broke our ranks, and threw us into irrecoverable confusion. All formality of procession was, of course, at an end; and the ambassador's palanquin so far advanced before, as to render some smart running necessary to overtake it. At length, arriving in this state of confusion, at the Emperor's palace, the pedestrian part of the procession were completely out of breath. In short, it appeared ridiculous to most of those concerned in it, to attempt to make a parade which no one could see.

VOL. XXII. No. 130.

LAW.

Court of King's Bench, July 4.

HORSES KILLED AND INJURED.

STUTCHBURG v. WALKER.

THIS was an action brought to recover L.24, the price of a horse, which had been killed by the unskilful driving of a post-chaise by the defendant's servant.

The plaintiff's servant said, he was riding this horse on his own side of the way, only at the rate of two or three miles an hour. The defendant's servant was sitting on the bar, and driving at the rate of fourteen miles an hour. He said, he was upon his own side of the way when the accident happened: and if he had chosen, he might have prevented it.

Lord Ellenborough here interposed, and observed, that as the plaintiff's servant had deposed that he might have prevented the accident, by going out of his own side of the road, he thought this action could not be maintained.

Plaintiff nonsuited.

JULY 6.

DEAN v. BRAITHWAITE.

THIS was an action for a trespass committed by defendant. The declaration stated, that the plaintiff let to the defendant four horses, to convey him to Epsom, under the care of two experienced drivers, and that the defendant by force of arms, on the same day took possession of two of the same horses, and drove and beat one of them till he died, and so distressed the other that he fell sick, and was diseased for a considerable time, to the great injury of the plaintiff. To this the defendant pleaded a special justification, in saying, that the plaintiff's servant was drunk

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and incapable of performing the journey, and that defendant was compelled to drive himself.

The case made out on the part of the plaintiff was, that Captain Braithwaite and Major Morgan set out from Fladdon's Hotel, in Oxford-street, at eleven o'clock in the morning of the 26th of May, on their way to Epsom. Defendant's carriage was drawn by four hack horses belonging to the plaintiff. Major Morgan and Captain Braithwaite rode on the *barruche*, their valets sat cheek-by-jole in the carriage. When they had reached Wandsworth Common, Captain Braithwaite, who wished to be at Epsom time enough for the Darby Stakes, complained the post-boys did not drive fast enough, though going nearly eight miles an hour, and caused the carriage to be stopped, insisting that he would himself drive the leaders. The post-boy would not be displaced, on which defendant pulled him off his horse, hurt him exceedingly, and left him by the way-side, then mounted and galloped off at full speed. The day was exceedingly hot, and defendant found himself tired at driving post. He alighted, and Major Morgan's Valet supplied his place. He also grew fatigued after a while, and a third person finished the journey to the race course, at which place they arrived about twenty minutes past one. The leader, which defendant had rode, appeared exceedingly distressed, and on his return to Epsom dropped down in his harness. A farrier was sent for, who bled him, and he was walked about a mile and a half on his road home, staggering during the way, when he fell down a second time, got up again, struggled for a short time, fell again and expired. The other leader was brought home and remained ill for some time. The horse that was

killed, had, till that day, been used as a job horse by Lord Levison Gower; was described as a free goer, and worth L.36; in good health when he left the stables, and quite fresh.

On the part of the defendant, Major Morgan was called, who described one of the post-boys as being mortally drunk, and that defendant, in order to preserve his own life, as well as that of the driver's, was compelled to pull him from the saddle, and to get upon the leader himself; leaving—to use the witness's own expression—the beast drunk as he was by the way side, and to drive on without him.

Mr. Gibbs here took an objection, and observed, that the trespass was committed on the two leading horses, and that the proof of drunkenness attached only to the man who rode the wheel horse; consequently was not an answer to the trespass committed by defendant on the other two.

Lord Ellenborough thought the distinction decisive of the case, and destroyed the plea in justification.

Mr. Garrow insisted, that Major Morgan had been deceived in the appearance of the man; and said, if necessary, he could prove that he had only staggered from the violence used towards him by defendant.

The jury, after a few words from his Lordship, found a verdict for plaintiff—Damages, L.41.

JULY 5.

CONTACT OF A WAGGON WITH A COACH.

D'ISRAELI V. ADSDALE.

THIS action was brought against the defendant for the negligence of his servant, who was stated in the declaration to have so carelessly and unskillfully driven a waggon, that he run foul of the plaintiff's coach.

coach, and almost demolished it. The rencountre took place in Bishopsgate-street, on the 23d of April last. The evidence, as in most cases of this kind, was very contradictory. For the plaintiff it was sworn that the defendant's servant improperly backed his waggon, loaded with wood, and thus drove in the pannel of the plaintiff's coach. The carman himself, and a by-stander, quite unknown to either party, deposed that the waggon was on the proper side of the way, and that what had happened was entirely to be imputed to the coachman, who wished to make the turn too rapidly. The latter witness said so to Mrs. D'Israeli at the time he handed her out. The other side laid considerable stress upon Mr. Adsdale having twice, when applied to, promised to pay the sum expended for the repair of the coach. The coachmaker's bill amounted to twelve guineas; two for the pannel, and ten for repairing the carriage, &c.

Lord Ellenborough said, that the question was, whether the defendant's servant had been in fault. If what had happened was mere accident, he could not by any means be considered as responsible. His lordship attached no consequence to the defendant's promise to pay the bill. He might think it better to give a guinea or two than go to law, without being at all convinced that he was liable to make good the damage which the plaintiff had sustained. Verdict for the defendant.

JULY 2.

IDENTIFICATION OF A PIG.

WILKIE v. UNDERWOOD.

MR. ERSKINE stated, that this action was brought to recover the price of a pig. The plaintiff found

the defendant carrying off this pig; when he took him before a magistrate. The defendant said, it was his, and that he had lost it some months before. The magistrate told them he could not decide it; and that the plaintiff must bring an action. The learned counsel said, he could shew the genealogy of this pig, with as much particularity as if this were an ejectment. His client had reared this pig; her name was Young Sall. She was produced from Old Sall. He stated a case that had been tried at the Assizes, before Mr. Justice Heath, where a man brought an action for a horse which he had lost. It had been out of his possession for a certain length of time; but his lordship held, that any number of witnesses called to prove it was his horse, could never be equal to the evidence on the other side, which was, that he had bred him, and that he had been constantly in his possession. He recollected another case, where a friend of his had lost a horse, and thought he had found him in the possession of another person. That person, however, told him he had reared him, and that he had never been out of his possession. His friend; however, was still convinced it was his horse, for he said, the man who stole his horse might afterwards put him into the defendant's stable, and take the defendant's horse. He brought an action, and lost it. He also recollected a lady, a friend of his, who had a favourite lap-dog, which she lost; after the time of mourning was over, the lady thought, one day, as she was walking in the street, she had found Phœbe. This business was brought into court. The defendant proved this bitch had been constantly in his possession, and Phœbe, without a subpoena, went to the other side of the table, and paid her respects to her old master. So this

pig followed her master to the watch-house, to see justice done to the defendant, who was carrying her away. The single question was, as to the identity of this animal. A number of witnesses swore, the pig in question was reared by the plaintiff, and was constantly in his possession, till the time the defendant took it away. Another set of witnesses swore, with equal certainty, that this was the pig of the defendant. There was no idea any of the witnesses were perjured, but that they really believed what they swore.

Verdict for the plaintiff. The defendant undertook to return the pig.

JULY 2.

CRIM. CON. CASE.

BIRD V. BOLTON, ESQ.

This Mr. Garrow stated to be an action brought by the plaintiff to recover, by means of the justice of the jury, a verdict against the defendant for the most serious injury that could be complained of in a court of justice. The principles on which these cases depended, and the circumstances belonging to them, had unfortunately occurred so often for discussion, that it was extremely difficult even for the genius of his learned friend, Mr. Erskine, as he had often said, to find any thing new to utter upon them; but, however, if he had nothing new to offer on them, he contrived to mix up his old materials in such a form, as to have all the charms of novelty to all who heard him. He should take care to conceal nothing in his opening of this case which belonged to it, for he knew that if he did not state them, they would be stated with all their force by his learned friend (Mr. Erskine) on behalf of the defendant; but it appeared to him that they would not affect the plaintiff's right to recover in this case. The plaintiff, he said, was a gentleman's servant, who

became acquainted with his present wife in Lincolnshire. She was a farmer's daughter; they were soon afterwards married; this was in 1788. They lived for some time happily together; but the plaintiff's situation required that he should attend his master to the East Indies, which he did, leaving his wife comfortably situated; and he returned home; they then lived together in lodgings in Little King-Street, St. James's. They might have continued happy together, but the defendant, a man of rank and fashion, a colonel, thought proper to seduce the plaintiff's wife, who is a handsome woman, and he now kept her, in defiance of decency and religion, in open and avowed adultery, riding about with her in his carriage, and frequenting all places of gay resort, and had two children by her. He was ready to admit the plaintiff's wife had had a lapse from virtue before the plaintiff married her; she had had a child by an officer of rank, General Twentyman, but she had been reclaimed, and had recovered her character for chastity before her marriage, and had maintained it until she was again seduced by the defendant, for which the defendant was responsible in damages, as he was in morals. There was no question but that many women had been reclaimed after a lapse from virtue, and had regained their native modesty; of this there were many happy instances in that excellent and humane institution the Magdalen Hospital, of which his learned friend was one of the most excellent guardians—not that he meant to put these persons, though reformed, upon a footing with those females who never lost their honour; no, they were above all price; but he meant to contend, that when one of these persons who had been unfortunate, had recovered her love of virtue, it was a crime to seduce her again, and that it was not

not to be said in a court of justice that a woman who had once had a lapse from chastity was fair game for any one who may have an inclination to seduce her. He apprehended that this was not a topic on which the damages might be reduced. He thought the Jury would apportion their damages, not according to the original misfortune of the plaintiff's wife, but according to the delinquency of the defendant, which he maintained to be very considerable in this case.

After some evidence was given of the marriage, and of the plaintiff and his wife living comfortably together, and of her now living with the defendant Colonel Bolton, a

Mrs. Bailey was called—she said, “I live in Little King Street St. James's. I was subpoenaed on the part of Col. Bolton, as well as for Bird. I remember Bird and his wife coming from Lincoln to London; it was about thirteen years ago, I believe; they took apartments in my house, —and continued there, I believe, for five or six months. It was a furnished apartment. The husband was a servant, and, I believe, he slept with his wife. During the time they were in my house they were very comfortable. I never heard any disturbance. I saw Mrs. Bird at a house of entertainment in the neighbourhood of this Hall this morning.”

On her cross-examination, she said, “They came together when they took my lodgings in Little King-Street, St. James's. They had only one room on the first floor furnished; they paid six shillings a week for it. I have seen her and him many times after they left my lodgings; they used to call at my house, but not together. I remember Bird, the plaintiff saying to me, “He was glad his wife had got some person to support her better than he could.” This might be about a month ago.

He said, “He was glad she had one to do better for her than him.” He spoke of Colonel Bolton at that time. I do not recollect but that once—it was in the parlour. He was speaking of Colonel Bolton, and Bird said, he should be very glad to speak to his wife before me; and he said, “He was glad she had got somebody that could do better for her than he could.” He mentioned it to me. He said, “She lived with the Colonel.”

Lord Ellenborough—“Has not this action come to its close? If a man knows that his wife is living in adultery, and acquiesces, he cannot come into a court of justice to ask for damages for the unlawful intercourse. Not only has he the knowledge of, and acquiesces in the unlawful intercourse here, but he may, upon this evidence, be taken to have procured that intercourse. He may be a very unfortunate man, and there may be much to blame, perhaps, in the defendant; but a man who acquiesces, and seems to rejoice in what has happened, can have no right of action in this case.”

Mr. Garrow said, that nobody could doubt the correctness of the principle laid down by his Lordship; the only thing that could be doubtful was, whether the witness did not mistake what she had heard.

Lord Ellenborough observed, that this evidence came from a witness called on behalf of the plaintiff, and unless the whole of her evidence was to be overthrown, the plaintiff could have no case.

Mr. Garrow said, he could not impute it to the witness that she invented this; he must admit her to be entitled to credit, else he should not have been instructed to call her.

Lord Ellenborough—“I am afraid that somebody has suggested this to this poor man, as the means of retrieving his circumstances.”—Plaintiff nonsuited.

JULY 7.

ANOTHER CRIM. CON. CASE.

SMITH V. SMITH.

It appeared from Mr. Erskine's very eloquent opening of this case, that it was an action brought by Mr. Richard Smith, who is a manufacturer at Birmingham, against William Smith, the defendant, and his own cousin-german, for criminal conversation with his wife. This is one of the most affecting cases of the kind that ever was stated in a court of justice. The plaintiff laid his damages at L.6000. The plaintiff was about 40 years of age, and was married to his lady, who is about 34, on the 23d of March 1790, and had by her four children living, three boys and one girl. The defendant is about the age of 24. He was an orphan; in consequence of his parents having died in his infancy, and when he was about 12 months old, he was delivered over to the care of the plaintiff. He was brought up in his family. When he had arrived at a proper age he was put out an apprentice, for the purpose of making the means of his own living; and when his time was out, the plaintiff set him up in business for himself. He was a factor, and the plaintiff procured an order for him to the amount of L.1100, with which he began business. The plaintiff gave him a part of his own warehouse, which did not cost him a shilling. He treated him with all the kindness and affection of a brother; in short, his house was always open to him, and he looked up to the plaintiff and his brother Mr. William Smith, as to his parents, for advice and protection. The plaintiff and his lady had lived in the utmost harmony and affection till about two years ago, when without the smallest reason which the plaintiff could conceive, she began to alter her conduct to him and her

children. There was on her part a coldness and neglect of duty to her husband, even in his sickness. Her husband, in the year 1798, had left Birmingham, and had retired to about the distance of two miles and a half into the country, and lived with his mother and his brother. As he could assign no possible reason for an alteration in his wife's affections, he thought it might possibly arise from his living with the other branches of his family, and therefore he returned to Birmingham, where a house was fitted up in an expensive style of elegance entirely to her own taste. The plaintiff, who was an excellent husband, and an excellent father, had for some time been in an extremely bad state of health, in consequence of her cruel and unfeeling conduct. But after this lady had got back to Birmingham into her new house, there seemed to be a return of her affections, which revived the spirits of her husband, as he had the most tender affection for her. When all on a sudden, on the 12th of March last, she eloped with the defendant, whom the plaintiff had never suspected, whom he was daily and hourly loading with favours, and advancing his prosperity in the world with as much activity and anxiety as if he had been his own son, down to the moment of the elopement.

The first witness called was the Rev. Mr. Blick, who said he performed the ceremony in this case. The lady had lived previous to her marriage several years in his house. The marriage was solemnized on the 23d of March 1790. The lady and her sister were orphans; and he was intimately connected with her family by friendship and acquaintance. His acquaintance continued after the marriage, and the plaintiff and his lady entertained for each other a mutual affection.

Mr.

Mr. William Smith was the principal witness on the part of the plaintiff. He said he was the brother, and the only brother of the plaintiff. He and his brother were bred up to the same business, and had lived in habits of friendship together for four-and-thirty years. The defendant had been brought up by him. The defendant was an orphan, and not twelve months old when he was brought to their house. He was in proper time put out as an apprentice, and when his time had expired, they interested themselves to get him a situation. They told him their house should ever be his home. He constantly visited with them as one of their own family. The plaintiff took the most active interest in promoting this young man, and in June 1800, the witness happened to be in London, and procured for him an order to the amount of L.1100, with which he began business. He said there never was a more affectionate husband than his brother. The whole of his happiness lay in the society of his wife and children. That was the case till within the last two years, when there was a sensible alienation of her affections, which they could not at all account for, unless it was by living along with him, the witness, and his mother; and therefore his brother returned to Birmingham. He never saw any thing improper between the defendant and the plaintiff's wife. He thought he had sometimes perceived her discover a partiality for him, but it never made the least impression on his mind, and it would not have warranted him to have communicated it to his brother. He was perfectly certain his brother had no conception of it, otherwise he would have instantly dismissed him from his house.

Several other witnesses were

called on the part of the plaintiff, who, as far as they went, confirmed this gentleman in his evidence.

Mr. Casils made a very able speech for the defendant, as far as his materials, which were extremely slender indeed, would enable him. The defence which he was instructed to set up, and which he managed with great discretion, was, that he should be able to prove a criminal negligence in the husband, who had been cautioned by people who had observed an improper degree of attention from his wife to this young man, and that he had given himself no concern about it.

He called three witnesses, who, instead of proving any case for the defendant, very considerably strengthened the plaintiff's case. One or two of them said, they had perceived this lady discover a partiality for this young man; but they were certain the husband, whose conduct they considered as a perfect model of propriety, never perceived it. The following letter from the plaintiff to his wife, did him the highest honour, and was well described by Lord Ellenborough as one of the most glowing paintings of a virtuous mind, which was ever put upon paper.

"MRS. S—,

"This letter will completely convey the distress of my mind. What my feelings are, no language that I can find is able to express. This is probably the last time that I shall ever address you, for I can hardly entertain a ray of hope that my observations, which have been so repeatedly disregarded, will make any impression on your mind. However, I think it a duty I owe to you, to myself, and our children, the common objects of our care, to endeavour, if possible, to dispel the storm which threatens to burst upon

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on you, and render us all unhappy. Consider, then, how you endanger your own happiness. However at the present moment you may despise the opinion of your relations and former friends, be assured that the time will come, if you cast off the protection of your affectionate husband, that you will most heartily repent your present misconduct, to which alone it will be owing, if you are now separated from me. As to those remarkable ideas that you have expressed as loving solitude, be assured of this, the pleasures of solitude are merely chimerical, and would very ill replace the tender affection of your husband, and the duties of a mother. As a husband, I can most solemnly appeal to God, that it has ever been the strongest wish of my heart to see you happy, and had it pleased Providence that we should live longer together, such would still be my first wish and endeavour. But if my endeavours should be ineffectual, you should at least consider your children. Can you bear that they shall be always afflicted when they think of their miserable unhappy mother? When I complain in this manner of your general conduct, and point out to you the consequences it must produce, do not suppose I mean to impute to you any personal criminality. The best proof I can give that I harbour no such suspicions, is, that I now address you. Independent of any such suspicion, I have matter sufficiently serious to urge against you. Why do you deny me those rights which God and nature have given the marriage state? Can you suppose that any man can be contented to live with his wife, enjoying only the mere name of husband? You must therefore think that separation must be the consequence of your mis-

conduct. I must therefore warn you of the disgrace and ruin which must befall you in case of our separation, and I must again recal to your mind the particulars of your misconduct. Instead of shewing the least contrition for what is past, you seem to be always watching opportunities to give me fresh provocations—hardly any thing can occur that you do not prefer against me as charges of extravagance, tyranny, and injustice. I have many friends that know me intimately, and have known me long; I can safely and confidently appeal to them whether I deserve those accusations. But, supposing I did deserve them, is it the part of a wife to be my constant accuser? But, to pass over every consideration of my happiness, and even of your's, without mentioning any thing of the ties of affection, or of our former happiness, I must appeal to your feelings as a mother, whether you can bear not only the contempt of your children, but the just accusations they make against you for the extinction of their prospects in life: they may well say, their mother, by her misconduct, fettered their father's mind and his exertions, and prevented them from receiving the patrimony which they had a right to expect from a father's care. Are you prepared to hear this unmoved? Your children are now growing up; and are of an age to make observations. Baldwin—the eldest son—has made observations. I have nothing more to urge, but to-morrow's post must convey to your friends the news of the separation which you have so often demanded. How will your friends, how will the Doctor—her brother—feel, when he hears that his sister has so degraded herself as to leave her husband and her children?"

This

This letter was produced, on the part of the defendant, to shew that he had talked of separation, previous to the elopement.

After a display of the most splendid eloquence from Mr. Erskine, by way of reply,

The noble and learned Judge delivered a most impressive and solemn address to the gentlemen of the jury, stating that this was one of the most affecting cases he thought that ever presented itself in the shape of a civil action before a court of justice. His Lordship, with great discrimination, selected for the consideration of the jury all the most material facts of the case. The only defence attempted was, that the plaintiff himself must have perceived the partiality of his wife to the defendant, and ought to have checked it. The witnesses had stated, that he was the last man who was likely to have seen such a thing; and the observation of the satirist was, *Dedecus ille domus sciet ultimus*. It had appeared that the defendant was worth between two and three thousand pounds, and he saw no reason why he should retain a farthing of that money in his pocket a minute longer, unless they could see circumstances of culpable inattention on the part of the husband. So far from it, every thing was the reverse. The letter that had been produced and read, from the plaintiff to his wife, discovered the feelings and sensations of the most moral mind that had ever depicted itself in writing; and such a fund of honour, and of principle in a gentleman in the commercial part of the world, was the best security for the stability of the country; and considering the relaxation that took place in some other countries with regard to this relation, the strong sense of moral obligation, which the conjugal state imposed, as here described by this

gentleman, enabled us to hold our heads high, when we saw that the security and stability of this country depended not only upon the strength and valour, but also on the moral character of its inhabitants. Perhaps this woman was the first mover towards the commission of this offence; but the defendant by lending himself to her wickedness became as wicked as herself. They were not to punish the defendant for a crime, but to give the plaintiff a compensation, as far as money could make it. This unhappy gentleman was perfectly miserable and undone, and no verdict they could give could restore his peace of mind, which had been destroyed. They would not give such a verdict as would utterly ruin the defendant, though the maxim of law was "*qui in crumena non habet, luit in corpore*." They would give the plaintiff such a compensation as they in their sober judgments thought he deserved. Verdict for plaintiff, L.3000.

Curious Case of a Lady's Breach of a Marriage Promise.

LEEDS v. COOKE AND WIFE.

THIS was an action to recover damages for a breach of promise of marriage. The plaintiff is a landholder in the county of Essex, and Mrs. Cooke, formerly Miss Carbonnel, daughter of a person possessing considerable property in the same county.

From the statement of Mr. Erskine, it appeared that the parties had been betrothed to each other for some time; that the marriage settlements had actually been prepared in May last, when the lady, from some unaccountable fickleness, thought proper to elope with Mr. Cooke, a purser of an East Indian ship, and they were privately married; in consequence of which the plaintiff brought his action for a

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compensation in damages, for the injury which he had sustained by the loss of the lady's affections.

The marriage settlements were put in and proved. By these it was agreed that the plaintiff should apportion £4000 for their mutual comforts, and the father of the lady was to furnish the like sum. A letter was received from the lady after her elopement, in which she expresses her sorrow for the step she had taken, which she was assured would wound his feelings; but there was a secret something within her own breast which told her she could not be happy with any person but the one she had gone off with. This was the whole of the proof for the plaintiff.

Mr. Garrow, for the defendant, contended, that the plaintiff had been the cause of his own unhappiness, if he regretted the loss of the lady, as it had been owing to his gaieties that she had been induced to act as she had done.—He then stated, that the plaintiff had not only acted in the most libertine manner, but had threatened to horsewhip her when they were married. Under these circumstances, which he should prove by evidence, a woman, he observed, would be foolish to marry such a man.

Lydia Burnby, a maid servant of Mr. Carbonnel's, said, that she had heard Mr. Leeds declare to Miss C. that he would flay her alive, and that he would break every bone in her skin. He added, that he would murder her if he were married to her. Miss C. answered, "we are not married yet." She is not sure whether this was before or after the execution of the settlement.

Hatt, a bailiff to the defendant's father, stated that he had heard them quarrelling when going out on a party of pleasure, the plaintiff insisting that she should ride,

when she wished to walk, and that he threw a horsewhip at her.

Mr. Carbonnel, the father, stated, that he accompanied the plaintiff to town to prepare the marriage settlement, and that the plaintiff left him, after they had signed the deeds, to follow two prostitutes in Fleet street. When he came to his lodgings at night, he said he had been home with one of them to Milk-street.

Mr. Erskine, in reply, contended that the whole of the defence was made up in order to defeat the plaintiff's claim.

Lord Ellenborough said, that though the husband and wife were joined in this action for a breach of promise of marriage; it was to the wife exclusively the jury were to look, the husband being joined only because she ceased to have any separate property, and the damages must come out of his pocket. As the breach of promise was admitted, there were only two questions to be considered. 1. Whether it took place under circumstances that rendered it venial? and 2. If it did not, to what sum was the plaintiff entitled as a compensation for the injury he had sustained? This species of causes were capable of more shades and gradations than almost any other. The disappointment might occasion so much misery even to a man, that he had a fair right to complain of it in a court justice. But before it was supposed the feelings of a party were wounded, it was necessary to inquire whether that party had any feelings. If he remained indifferent, the most minute damages could not be too small for him. I think, said his lordship, the brutal conduct of the plaintiff towards the lady has been sufficiently proved. A woman is not to commit her happiness to a man that threatens to flay her and to break her bones.

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It may be proper that a woman should break off a match with a man for whom she can feel no affection, but the law does not sanction this step.—She may act with prudence in dismissing him, but she must abide by all the legal consequences of this breach of her promise. She is liable to compensate in damages to the man for the injury she had occasioned to him. Bad conduct on his part can alone excuse her. "Upon the whole, gentlemen," he concluded, "I am of opinion that you must find for the plaintiff; but whether he is entitled to more than nominal damages, it is for you to consider."

The jury, after consulting together a few minutes, returned a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages, One Shilling!

MOUSE HUNTING.

DURING the course of the late Dr. Garnett's lectures, it unluckily happened to the great confusion and alarm of the ladies present, that a mouse confined under a glass, merely, to shew, how animation might be destroyed by an electric shock, made his escape, by overthrowing the glass. It should have been observed, that prior to this, the professor had arranged some other electrical experiments, and was exhibiting them in the dark. However, the alarm of the poor little animal's escape, spread like electricity itself, and a general hunt ensued after the fugitive. Every lady was considerably terrified, and apprehensive she had afforded him an asylum in her clothes; the chase of course was general, and continued a long time; still, the most experienced sportsmen were thrown out, and the affrighted animal had the good fortune to escape.

A TALLOW CHANDLER,

TAKEN IN

A MELTING MOOD.

ALATE Chester Chronicle mentions an action recently brought against a Mr. Kisten, a person of this profession, by a lady of the name of Hand, for breach of promise of marriage.

The evidence consisted chiefly of the letters which the defendant had wrote from London to his mistress at Harbro'. These occasioned infinite merriment. In the first place they disclosed the fact, that Mr. Kisten was a journeyman tallow-chandler.

In painting the ardour of his attachment, he likewise borrowed many terms from his art. Although it appeared that he was not always in a melting mood, he talks of his soul being dissolved, of being dipped in wretchedness; of his heart being cast in a delicate mould, of the store of happiness which he conceived was awaiting him; of his love burning clear; of his liver being consumed like the wick of a candle; of his fears lest her passion died away like the flame in the socket of a candlestick, &c. &c. There was one passage which afforded peculiar amusement, as it reminded every one of the stile of a noble Marquis, who, after painting the ardour of his passion, stops suddenly short to descant upon the price of wheat in Reading market, "My love," says Mr. Kisten, "my angel, my Hand, when shall we be joined together, and mix like wax and spermaceti? By the bye, I have had news for your brother. Tallow is as high as ever, and at present there is a prospect of its rising higher still. As such, he cannot do better than buy any that comes in his way."—Damages 100l.

D d 2 TAPLIN.

TAPLIN'S
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ALTHOUGH it is not our practice to obtrude upon our readers a review of new publications, yet the above comes so immediately within our professed department, that it might be considered a degree of neglect and inattention on our parts, to withhold from our sporting friends, observations upon a work in which every sportsman is so materially interested. The former productions of the author, having in the course of fourteen editions acquired no small degree of reputation, there can be little doubt but the present volumes will be received by the public with equal avidity. So far as we are enabled to decide upon the merits of the work, we feel ourselves justified in an opinion, that the universality of its contents, the extensive field of information and instruction, the great variety of sporting subjects, and practical descriptions of each, from his own personal experience, in a language clear and comprehensive, will lay claim to general approbation.

This work is not inaptly inscribed to the Right Hon. the Earl of Sandwich, master of his Majesty's stag hounds; the dedication to whom, is to the following purport. That in the twenty years his Lordship has presided at the head of his Majesty's hunting establishment, it has acquired a degree of perfection and celebrity, hitherto unprecedented in the annals of sporting history; and to the impressive influence of his Lordship's philanthropic representations, every subordinate in the department, is indebted for an increase of stipend; by which, the comforts of their families have been

most happily increased. And concludes in the following terms.

"To have had the inexpressible happiness of partaking with your Lordship the pleasures of the chase, during the whole of that period; to have witnessed your Lordship's humane, polite, and condescending attention to various individuals on the most distressing emergencies; to have been repeatedly honoured by your Lordship's public patronage and private favour, are gratifications of so much magnitude to the ambition of the sportsman, that it is impossible to resist the temptation of dedicating to your Lordship, a work, solely appertaining to the sports of the field; and of publicly soliciting permission to continue, &c.

In the preface he observes, that, upon a review of the works now extant, under titles nearly similar, they were found to be the productions of more than a century back; that they had been repeatedly re-copied, and repeatedly transmitted from one generation to another, with matter nearly obsolete, and sports long since buried in oblivion. To compensate for which want of novelty, the present work was undertaken; calculated to recommend itself upon no other grounds than its originality, and the great variety of useful information it will be found to contain. He, disdaining the subservient trammels of imitation, has declined entering into a diffuse disquisition upon any sport or subject, in which he has not been personally engaged; making exultingly this emphatic remark, that it is the greatest and most consolatory ambition of his life, to have engaged in every sport, and to have embarked in every pleasure, upon which those volumes will be found to treat; without a deviation from consistency, a debasement of dignity, or a degradation of character.

To juvenile adventurers, who feel

feel themselves inadequate to the task of self-denial; and, who cannot resist the predominant temptation of engaging in scenes of such duplicity and danger, he recommends an occasional reference to certain parts, which are fully fraught with precautions, that the younger branches of the sporting world stand so much in need of; amongst these, Betting, Cocking, Gaming, Hazard, and the Turf, will not be found the least conspicuous. The horse is largely treated on in all its stages of sickness, and in health. The Chase of every kind, will be found to have undergone the most minute description. The Game Laws are simplified and reduced to one comprehensive single point of view; and the Turf so fully enlarged on, in both its past and present state, that it includes a correct account of the recent racing performances, and authentic pedigrees of the most celebrated horses of the time.

The volumes contain in plates, accurate representations of his Majesty's Stag Hounds in chase, and his Harriers in the field. The Portrait of a complete and perfect Hunter. Hambletonian beating Diamond; the match over Newmarket, for 3000 guineas. And two others, of Teeth and Shoes, with explanatory matter of much utility. Little disposed to the effervescence of flattery on one side, or the severity of unnecessary criticism on the other, we feel disposed, as indeed it is our duty, to survey the production with an eye of impartiality; and in so doing, will venture in the language of the Times, to pronounce, that "he has deserved well of his country."

Those most conversant with the writings of this gentleman, will most probably recollect, that a slight vein of irony and satire in general, accompanies the whole; more particularly, where the introduction has been to be justified upon the

basis of consistency, or the propriety of the occasion. The same degree and cause of mirth, so frequently to be seen in his other productions, is also to be observed in various pages of this work; and that our sporting friends may form some adequate idea of the aggregate, we presume to sport a few extracts as specimens, from which some opinion may be formed of the whole.

In the description and delineation of modern "Artists"—alias animal painters—respectful notice is taken of Stubbs, Gilpin, Marshall, Garrard, and Sartorius, with a concluding observation, that "owing to a superiority of good fortune, or to a superiority of genius, Marshall is the only instance of an artist's having, so early in life, and with so much rapidity, reached the summit of princely patronage, as well as the very zenith of professional celebrity, without having once submitted a single production of his pencil to the caprice of public opinion, at that shrine of fashion, the Royal Academy at Somerset-house, hitherto considered the only possible and direct road to fame and fortune."

In the progress of the work, such occasional veterinary remarks are introduced, as must soon establish its merit, and prove its utility with the public at large, as well as the sporting world in particular. The family of the "Black Legs" are not forgotten. The sublime sport of "Bull Baiting" and its effects, engrosses a number of pages; and the "Chase" is a favourite topic of animadversion in various parts of the work. "Cocking" is more largely treated on, and more fully explained, than in any other production that has ever fallen under our inspection. Even our neighbouring Cockneys who know not their own origin, may be grateful for a concise account of themselves, under

under the head "Cockney," which is defined to be, "the distinguished appellation by which those gentlemen are honoured, who being natives of the metropolis, are supposed never to have far exceeded the vibrative limits of St. Paul's Clock, or Bow Bell. The term, however, well known as it is, would not have been entitled to a place in this collection, had it not been thought necessary to communicate to the sporting world, a derivation so very little known.

"A citizen of the above description, having, in times of old, made an excursion with his son to the neighbourhood of Highgate, the lad who had never before undertaken a journey of so much magnitude and extent, happening to hear a horse neigh, which was quite new to him, hastily exclaimed, "how that horse barks." "Barks, you booby," replied the father; "neighs you mean. A dog barks, a horse neighs!" They had not proceeded far, when the youth, finding his ears assailed by the sudden crowing of a cock, was so fascinated with the thrill and unexpected sound, that he instantly attracted his companion's attention with, "hark, father, how that cock neighs!" To which fertile and happy effusion of fancy, citizens will probably stand indebted for the appellation of Cockney, to the end of time."

After an infinity of intervening variety, we find considerable information respecting "Forests," "Forest Laws," and "Forest Courts;" concluding with the authentic anecdote annexed. "During the time of the great camp upon Bagshot Heath, the Duke of Richmond having taken up his temporary residence at the Rose Inn, at a small town in Windsor Forest, where the courts were occasionally held; and seeing the regulations respecting the court of attachment fixed in the room, his Grace wished to obtain

some information upon the subject; but finding none to be derived from the waiter, who was an occasional attendant only, he requested a person might be sent up who knew something of the matter." In a few minutes appeared the son of the landlady, who most sagaciously informed the Duke, "that the forty days court was an annual meeting held every six weeks; with which very clear and explanatory account, his Grace condescendingly expressed himself perfectly satisfied."

"Gaming," he says, "is that destructive vice which has annihilated some of the most princely fortunes in this, and perhaps in every other kingdom; it is a whirl-wind of the most devastating infatuation which destroys every thing before it: like the effect of unrestrained fire; it continues its ravages so long as there is a single combustible to feed the flame. The most magnificent mansions, the most lordly possessions, the most majestic "towering woods," and the most extensive fertile vales, have been in one night swept away, by this infernal and destructive propensity. Thousands educated in affluence, and left in a state of the most flourishing independence, have been reduced to the greatest want, and died miserable repentants within the dreary confines of a prison, by the certain effect of an attachment to this most dreadful of all vices, which the united wisdom of the legislature has so laudably and so strenuously endeavoured to suppress."

Proceeding systematically, he describes "Gaming Houses" to be those infamous nocturnal receptacles of the most abandoned iniquity; where such scenes of villany are in perpetual practice, that the most fertile pen must be inadequate to even a tolerable representation. These houses in the metropolis, are by the sporting world denominated "Hell;" and so truly are they entitled

titled to that sublime description, that the whole force of magistracy has been, most laudably and successfully exerted against them without exception. Houses of this description, are appropriated only to the purposes of play, and that of the most unfair description. They are kept by systematic depredators, "who shun the light;" men who have no credit to support, no reputation to lose; and who are as completely lost to every sense of shame, as they are completely banished from the respectable classes of society. Here it is, where the young, the inexperienced, the injudicious, and the inconsiderate, sacrifice not only their own, and often the property of others; but prostitute also, that most invaluable gem, their integrity, and with it, a peace of mind never to be restored. From the first moment of entering such an iniquitous sink of pollution, such a complication of villany, and such a combination of the most desperate and abandoned thieves, every infatuated adventurer may date the origin of future misery. Whether it be cards, dice, E. O. or whatever game or name the speculative sport may be, the credulous, unsuspecting dupe, has no one chance to win, but inevitably every chance to lose, under the certainty of their systematic depredation. Thus far, in explanation of those hells, legally considered nuisances to society, as being prejudicial to the morals, and destructive to the property of such individuals, as unhappily fall within the vortex of so fashionable an influence. But there are other Gaming Houses of a superior order, and of the most magnificent description, supported in all the style of eastern splendour by annual contribution, from the first characters in the kingdom; these are called "Subscription Houses," to which none but their own individual members are admitted, under

any plea whatever; and these, as private houses being above the law, any member possesses, of course, the privilege of ruining himself, and reducing his family to beggary, without transgressing the laws of his country, or incurring the censure of his best and most fashionable friends."

His remarks upon "Game," and the "Game Laws," are truly useful and entertaining. Upon "Games of Art" and "Chance," he is equally explanatory. The definition and description of "Grease," "Glanders," and other diseases in Horses, are professionally scientific, and must insure approbation. The duty of "Grooms" and "Coachmen" is largely explained, and the prevention of disease particularly pointed out.

"Hare hunting" has undergone a most minute disquisition. "Horses" and "Hounds" are treated with a degree of attention, to which their general utility has so much entitled them. Little can be required on these subjects, but what will be found much at large in this work. The hazardous game of "Hazard," is clearly explained, and its consequences considered. "Horsemanship," and his remarks upon it, are not only truly instructive, but replete with distinguishing traits of the most dignified humanity; and his description of "Horse Racing," lays strong claim to the attention of those who are personally interested in that sport; as, under this head, will be found, almost every information that can be required upon that subject. "Hunters," their treatment and qualifications form a discussion of many pages; and "Hunting," in its general acceptation, must prove a gratification of no small magnitude to the mind of an amateur; in which every minutiae of the chase is feelingly depicted, and the duties of the "Huntsman" most characteristically described.

(To be continued)

EDGEWORTHS

EDGEWORTHS ON IRISH
BULLS.

AS we think with the Correspondent, who has pointed out this work, that it comes within the description of a divertimento, and is well worthy the attention of our readers, the subject being highly pleasant and laughable, and at the same time exhibiting a very extensive portion of reading; suffice it here to observe, it is divided into sixteen chapters, viz.

1. Vulgar Errors. 2. Etymology of an Irish Bull uncertain. 3. Originality of Irish Bulls disputed. 4. Irish Newspapers. 5. The Criminal Law of Bulls and Blunders. 6. Little Dominick. 7. The Bliss of Ignorance. 8. Thoughts that breathe, and Words that burn. 9. Practical Bulls. 10. The Dublin Shoe-black. 11. The Hibernian Mendicant. 12. Irish Wit and Eloquence. 13. The Brogue. 14. Bath Coach Conversation. 15. Same Subject. 16. The Irish Incognito. Conclusion.

The main purport of the ingenious authors is to prove, "that the bulls and blunders of which the Irish are accused, are often imputable to their neighbours, or that they are justifiable by ancient precedents, or that they are produced by their habits of using figurative and witty language."

In the chapter on "The Originality of Irish Bulls Disputed," it is observed, that "the difficulty of selecting from the vulgar herd of Irish Bulls one that shall be entitled to the prize, from the united merits of pre-eminent absurdity, and indisputable originality, is greater than hasty judges may imagine."

And it is here shewn that Joe Miller was a plagiarist for one of his best jests, that of the Irishman looking over a gentleman writing to a friend, which appears to be a literal translation from a French

book, published in 1694, containing the remarkable sayings of the Eastern Nations. Lady Coventry's reply to George II, that she had seen every sight in London, except a coronation, which is mentioned for the sake of remarking, that we should exclude from Irish blunders that class which can be found in another country. This reply, it is observed, is certainly not equal to that of the English Marshal, who, when his king found fault with some arrangement at his coronation, said, "Please your Majesty, I hope it will be better next time." Of the same class is the following:—"Please your worship, he sent me to the devil, and I came strait to your honour." This has its prototype in Marmontel's *Annette and Lubin*: "The bailiff sent us to the devil, and we come to put ourselves under your protection." The following is meant to shew that the French can make mistakes, which in Ireland would be called *bulls*. A gentleman was complimenting Madame Denis, on her acting *Zara*: "To act that part," said she, "a person should be young and handsome."—"Ah, Madam!" replied the complimenter *naïvement*, "you are a complete proof of the contrary."

Irish Newspapers.—"In the Proclamation of an Irish Mayor, we are informed, that certain business is to be transacted every Monday, Easter Sunday only excepted." This, they remark, is copied from a precedent set in England, by a Baronet, formerly well known in Parliament, who, in the preamble to a bill, proposed that certain regulations should take place "on every Monday, Tuesday excepted." Some years ago the Mayor of an English City published an advertisement, previous to the races, "that no gentleman will be allowed to ride on the course, but the *horses* that are to run." A Mayor's blundering

dering proclamation is not, however, worth half so much in the eye of ridicule, as a Lord Lieutenant's—"By the Lord Lieutenant and Council of Ireland.—A proclamation. Whereas the greatest economy is necessary in the consumption of all species of *grain*, and especially in the consumption of *potatoes*," &c. An eye-witness assures us, that he saw the following notice stuck up on the wall of an English coffee-house—"This coffee-house removed up stairs." In the publication of corps and committees, this formula should be omitted, "Resolved *unanimously*, with only *one* dissentient voice." The government of Munich, who published a catalogue of forbidden books, afterwards, under heavy penalties, forbade the reading of the catalogue. An article of intelligence in a Dublin paper, states, that "General —, scoured the country yesterday, but had not the good fortune to meet with a single rebel."

In Chapter V. it is remarked, that bulls often arise from the multifarious signification of some of our words. A French gentleman, who dined with the author of the Rambler, drank Doctor Johnson's health, in these words—"Your health, Mr. Vagabond." The term, *cockney*, arose from a London citizen's son, who was so grossly ignorant of country life and animals, that the first time he heard a *cock* crow, he called it *neighing*. An uninformed Irishman, hearing the sphinx alluded to in company, whispered to a friend. "The sphinx! who is that now?"—"A monster, man"—Oh! a *Munster-man*; I thought he was from Connaught!" replied he, determined not to seem totally unacquainted with the family. Pope, the poet, mistakes *Deceade* the 8th and *Novel* the 5th of

Cinthio, for Dec. 8th, Nov. 5th; and Warburton, the learned critic, improves upon the blunder, by writing the words December and November at full length. Better still, because more comic, is the blunder of a Frenchman, who, puzzled by the title of Cibber's "Love's Last Shift," translates it "*La Dernière Chemise de l'Amour*." The Cork almanack-maker informs the world, that the principal republics in *Europe* are Venice, Holland, and *America*.

In Chapter VII. it is observed, that "with his utmost ingenuity, or his utmost absurdity, a man in modern days, cannot contrive to produce a system for which there is no prototype in antiquity, or to commit a blunder, for which there is no precedent. For example, during the late rebellion in Ireland, at the military execution of some wretched rebel, the cord broke, and the criminal, who was only half hanged, fell to the ground. The Major, superintending, exclaimed, "You rascal, if you do that again, I'll kill you as sure as you breathe." To this they oppose a quotation from an old French book.—What can at first view appear a grosser blunder, than that of the Irishman, who begged a friend to look over his library, to find for him the History of the World before the Creation? Yet this is not unparalleled; it is matched by an inscription on a British finger-post.

"Had you seen these roads before they
were made,
"You'd lift up your eyes, and bless Mar-
tial WADE."

There is, however, a Rabbi, mentioned by Bayle, who, far exceeds both the Irishman and the finger-post. He asserts, that Providence questioned Adam concerning the Creation; before he was

E e born;

born; and that Adam knew more of the matter than the angels who had laughed at him.

Chapter VIII. Contains some instances of poetical hyperboles that, in plain prose, would be good bulls. A lady lately received a petition thus worded: To the Right Hon. Lady E—— P——, humbly sheweth, that your poor petitioner is now lying dead in a ditch," &c. —A Princess in a Tragedy says, "Weep, eye! melt into tears, these cheeks to lave,
"Half myself lays here, the other in the grave."

But an Italian is not content with killing by halves. Here is one, who goes on fighting after he is dead;

"Nor yet perceived the vital spirit fled,
"But still fought on, nor knew that he was dead."

But more than this, a modern Commander has declared his opinion, that nothing is more feasible than for a garrison to fight, or at least to surrender, after they are dead, nay, after they are buried. Witness this public document.—
"Liberty and Equality! May 29, 30. Floreal, 6. Garrison of Ostend. Muscar, Commandant of Ostend, to the Commander in Chief of his British Majesty. General, the Council of War was sitting when I received the honour of your letters. We have unanimously resolved not to surrender the place, until we shall have been buried in its ruins," &c.

Poetical hyperboles;

"To live a life half dead, a living death,
"And buried; but, oh, yet more miserable!
"Myself, in my sepulchre, a moving grave!"

MILTON.

"Cowards die many times before their death;

"The brave can never taste of death but once;

SHAKESPEARE.

"To each, their sufferings, all are men,
"Condemn'd alike to groan;
"The feeling, for another's woes,
"Th' unfeeling, for their own."

GRAY.

"Who shall tempt with wandering feet
"The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss,
"And through the palpable obscure find out
"His uncouth way?"

MILTON.

In the Chapter on *Practical Bulls*, we have the definition of *Change-Alley Bears*: those who bargained for South Sea Stock, that was not actually forthcoming, were called *Bears*, in allusion to the practice of the hunters of bears in Canada, who were accustomed to bargain for the skin of the bear before it was caught: "but whence the correlative term *Bull* is derived, we are at a loss to determine."

"The lower Irish," says Pope, "often excel as much in compliment as in sarcasm."—"We were once present when an author gave one of his own books to an old Irish steward, asking at the same time, in what colour he would like to have the book bound. He turned to one of the company, and asked, "What is the colour that never fades?"—The same steward, upon another occasion, made yet a more sentimental answer. His master said to him, "You lived with me so long, and served me so faithfully, that now, if even you should do any thing to displease me, you shall not be the worse for my anger—I have provided for you handsomely in my will." Instead of replying with a servile bow, or mercenary thanks, he answered with a countenance that shewed he spoke from his heart, "I hope there's no danger I should do any thing to displease your honour."

The *Bath Coach Conversation*, in which the speakers are an Irish, a Scotch, and an English Gentleman, is perhaps the most entertaining and satisfactory of the whole. They are

are gentlemen of much liberality and information; and treat the subject with much precision and humour. The Irishman seldom produces a bull that one of the other does not match from some other quarter. In doing this, they have frequent recourse to the poets, and introduce hyperboles to substantiate their comparisons. Thus the Irish orator, who was silenced with "inextinguishable laughter," for saying, "I am sorry to hear my honourable friend stand mute," is justified by Homer,

"Silence that speaks, and eloquence of eyes."

And Voltaire makes Jocasta say—"Every thing speaks against us, even our silence." And Milton, "The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the doer." We do not however think these poetical flights are fair instances to bring on this occasion; for we must always recollect that to the *poetica licentia* we are indebted for some of the finest effusions of the Muse, and they are not to be reduced to prosaic rules for the sake of making them appear absurd.

"Well," said the Irishman, "I will now give you a bull that neither of you can match. An evidence, who wanted to prove an alibi, said to the Judge, 'My Lord, I could not be like a bird, in two places at once.'—The Englishman replied, 'That does seem an impossibility, I grant; but you know great orators trample on impossibilities, and great poets get the better of them. Thus Shakespear,

"Now bid me run,

"And I will strive with things impossible,
"Yea, get the better of them."

And Corneille makes one of his heroes receive this compliment—"Your hands alone have a right to conquer the unconquerable." The

Irishman remarked, that "this line of Corneille's out-hyperboles the hyperbole, considered in any but a prophetic light; as a prophecy, it exactly foretells the taking of Bonaparte's *Invincible Standard* by the glorious 42d regiment of the British."—I am glad to find that Irish blunderers may shelter themselves in such good company in the ancient sanctuary of the hyperbole. But I am afraid you must deny admittance to the poor mason, who said, "This house will stand as long as the world does, and longer" To match this the Scotchman quotes Pope—

"When first young MARO in his noble mind,

"A work t'outlast immortal Rome design'd."

And to give you a more modern case, I lately heard an English shopkeeper say to a lady, in recommendation of his goods—"Ma'am it will wear for ever, and make you a petticoat afterwards."

"Upon my word," said the Irishman, "I did not think you could have found a match for the mason; but what will you say to my countryman, who, on meeting an acquaintance, accosted him with this ambiguous compliment, 'When first I saw you I thought it was you, but now I see it is your brother.' The Scotchman replied, 'I should, if I were not afraid you would take me for a pedant, quote a sentence from Cicero, that is not far behind this blunder. It is one of his compliments to Cæsar—'*Qui, cum ipse imperator in toto imperio populi Romani unus esset, esse me alterum passus est.*'—"And when Cæsar was the only Emperor within the dominion of Rome, he suffered me to be another."

Sir Richard Steele's bull on his countrymen making bulls, that, "It is the effect of climate; and if an Englishman

Englishman were born in Ireland, he would make as many," is matched by a quotation from Dr. Johnson's Preface to Shakespeare, of whom he says, "he has not only shown human nature as it acts in real exigencies, but as it would be found in situations to which it cannot be exposed."

From these extracts the nature of the work will be perfectly understood; but to appreciate its merits, it is necessary to read the whole. The chapter intitled, "*The Irish Incognito*," containing the adventures of a fortune-hunter, includes a well-drawn sketch of a celebrated lady, late of Blackheath, and her companion.

HUMOROUS AND AUTHENTIC ANECDOTE

Of Colonel B—— A——.

THE Colonel, when between sixty and seventy years of age, had the command of a brigade of British troops in the city of Portalegre, in Portugal.—Being ordered into winter quarters in the above city, the weather being very rainy and disagreeable, and the troops inactive, the officers endeavoured to compensate themselves by making acquaintance among the ladies, and particularly with some of the religiouses of the convents, both of the city and its environs, in consequence of which many disorders were complained of. This was so often the case, that the old colonel began to be scandalized, and being tenacious for the honour of his own *battalion*, which was called after his name, he one day ordered the whole corps on the parade in the great square, where he harrangued them on their, to him seeming, misconduct. Pray, gentlemen, (said he) is this the example I have set

before you? when have you seen me running after men's wives and daughters? what debaucheries have you ever seen me commit? Part of your conduct, gentlemen, let me tell you, is not soldier-like; have more regard to your own consequence, which you have lowered greatly, and to the honour of the regiment, which I have the pride of saying was, by my example, under very good regulation while we were encamped, but in this city you have much degenerated, even from discipline: your heads are all turned: even under arms, your looks, instead of being fixed on the right, in an uniform and soldier like manner, are in every direction at once; my *battalion* is surrounded with females of all ranks, ages, and classes; when did you ever see me give them any encouragement? Then there's such nodding, winking, and leering, that a stranger might imagine many, or most of you, had got the palsy in your heads. Some of you have descended to the meanness of pulling off your hats. For shame, gentlemen! A soldier who takes off his hat when under arms, and in *battalion*, betrays an ignorance of military discipline; and I can assure you, gentlemen, that the French are such strict observers in that point, that even in the cathedral of Notre Dame, at Paris, the military do not uncover their heads, but they present their arms, which shews more respect, and they believe the divinity to be present; while you, for example, the other day, when practising for the review, instead of saluting the general as you passed, you saluted the contrary way, and at a wrong point of time. I could not conceive what the devil possessed you all, till my adjutant told me afterwards, it was that tall countess of Castello Bianco, and the fat abbess of Sainte Julia, that had sent all your heads

to the left, and caused the disorder. *Apropos* of abbesses; there's the Chevalier Don Josse Robello has brought a complaint from his sister, Donna Teresa Maria, the abbess of Santa Clara, that you, captain O'Rourke, got into the convent in the disguise of a water-carrier, and forced your way into the cell of Donna Paulina Rovero, at whose father's house you was quartered at Abrantes; the Touriere has confessed to the abbess that you bribed her to shew you the way; the abbess insists you must go to her and make your apology in person, which, if you had done at first, probably she might have passed it over; she says you have committed a breach of monastic discipline in her house, and as I am myself an admirer of discipline, I recommend to you, Sir, to heal the breach as soon as possible, and at the same time, Sir, that you would be on your guard; for, should you force your way into the cell of the abbess, you may get the whole corps into the inquisition."

SPORTING WITH PRUDENCE, AND THE BOTTLE.

MR. EDITOR,

HORACE, of convivial and classical memory, tells us of the danger he risked of being talked to death by an impertinent babbler, of whom he could by no means divest himself. Dr. Donne the satirist, and the celebrated Mr. Pope, have very pleasantly expatiated upon such a character more modernized. But with respect to the pestering of a *sober man* by *drunkards*, perhaps the gentleman attendants at the bishop's castle at Wurtzbourg in Germany, have

never been surpassed. Baron Polnitz, in his memoirs, tells the following story of his adventures there, which I have no doubt will afford your readers some degree of amusement.

"Having," says he, "told the Bishop that I wanted to see the castle, this prince was so complaisant, as to order one of his gentlemen to go with me. My honest companion, however, fearing that a conversation *tête à tête* would be too melancholy, chose two toppers to bear us company, whom Silenus would not have disowned for his children. Being a stranger to the virtues for which these gentlemen were eminent, I put myself entirely under their protection.—Having viewed the whole fortifications, the arsenal, &c. they carried me at last into the wine cellar, which I found illuminated like a chapel, wherein I was to lie in state; and, indeed, my funeral obsequies were performed in pomp; for the glasses served instead of bells, and torrents of wine gushed out instead of tears.—At length, after this service was over, two of the prince's heydukes carried me to a couch, and from thence to bed. That was my tomb; but next day I rose again.—But though I scarce knew whether I had really come to myself or not, I confess it did not really give me much concern; for, ever since I have been at Wurtzbourg, I have followed the laudable custom of getting drunk twice every day.

I rise at ten o'clock, my lungs very much inflamed with the wine I drank the night before. I take a large dose of tea, dress myself, and then go to make my compliments to the Bishop; I am invited to dine with him; he promises, nay sometimes swears too, I shall not drink; at noon we sit down to table; the Bishop does me the honour to drink
two

two or three healths to me; the Baron De Zobel, Master of the Horse, and another gentleman of rank, toast the same number; and I now find myself under the unavoidable necessity of drinking to no less than fourteen persons at this princely table; so I am drowned in liquor before I have dined. When the company rises, I wait on the Prince to the chamber door; when he retires, I think to do the same; but, in the anti-chamber of the Master of the Horse, I find an embargo put upon me. All the Marshalls of the court, with great bumpers in their hands, again drink to me, with the Prince's health, and prosperity for ever to the most laudable Chapter of Wurtzbourg. I protest to them that I am the Bishop's most humble servant, and have also a great veneration for the most laudable Chapter; but, that to drink their healths would destroy mine; and therefore I beg they would excuse my pledging them. I may, however, as well talk to the winds; these two healths must be drank, or I shall be esteemed no friend to the Prince and his Chapter. If this were all, I should be well off; but then comes M. De Zobel, one of the most intrepid carousers of the age, who squeezes me by the hand, and with an air and tone of perfect cordiality, says to me, "you love our Prince so well, that you cannot refuse drinking to the prosperity of the illustrious family of Houtten."

"Having made this moving speech, he takes off a great glass to witness his zeal for the life of his master. After this, an officious heyduke brings me a glass, assuring me this wine, the Prince drinking it himself, cannot possibly do me any harm; thus I venture on another glass; I reel, and presume I can drink no more; yet to finish

me completely, M. De Fechtelsheim, one of the hohestest gentlemen living, and at the same time one of the staunchest wine bibbers upon earth, accosts me with a smile, and says, "Come dear Baron, one glass more to better acquaintance." I conjure him to give me quarter; but he embraces me, kisses me, calls me Herr Bruder, his dear brother. How can a man withstand such tender compliments? At last, I put myself in a posture to run away; I sneak off; steal down the steps as well as I can; squeeze into a sedan chair, and being carried home, my people get me out as well as they can; and, like a dead corpse, fling me on a bed, as if the next thing was to lay me out; I sleep three or four hours; awake in a perfect maze; put myself to rights again; prepare to make visits; but whatsoever I do, I find myself in such a pickle again, as to be unable to walk alone. And as there is no such thing here as conversation between one friend and another, without a bottle, I am tempted to think the inhabitants of this city are descended from Silenus; and that this old Pagan sot, left them the faculty of hard drinking for a legacy, as St. Hubert bequeathed to his family, the power of curing a phrenzy.

THE HORSE.

BY DR. PERCIVAL.

IN the summer, Lucy, Emilia, and Jacobus, were carried by Hortensia to view the crowds of company, as they passed to the races which are annually held upon Kersal Moor, near Manchester. The variety of countenances which they saw, the mirth of some, the eagerness

ness of others, and the dissipation of all, furnished a delightful entertainment to their young minds, unalloyed by any reflections on the extravagance, gaming, and intemperance which such diversions produce.

Whilst they were enjoying this scene of pleasure, they observed two men advancing on a full gallop, spurring and lashing their horses to increase their speed. The day was extremely hot, and one of the horses fell, gasping, almost at the feet of Jacobus. The rider by his agility, instantly freed himself from the stirrups; and rising with fury from the ground, he beat his horse in the most savage and relentless manner. The poor animal was unable to move, and at every stroke of the whip, expressed his agony in the most piercing groans. In vain the surrounding crowd interceded in his behalf. The tyrant to whom he belonged, inflamed with anger and revenge, continued inexorable, and Hortensia withdrew with her young charge from a spectacle so painful and distressing.—When Euphronius returned to Hart-Hill in the evening, his children flocked around him, impatient to relate this tale of woe. I know, and pity the unhappy horse, said he; and if you will listen to me, I will give you the particulars of his history.

The sire of this animal was a native of Arabia Felix, where he ranged without controul, in the most fertile and extensive plains, enjoying all the luxuries of nature. He was the leader of a herd, which consisted of more than five hundred of his species; and thus supported by the united force of numbers, no beast of the forest durst attack him. When his followers slept, he stood as centinel, to give notice of approaching danger; and if an Arab

happened to advance, he sometimes walked up boldly towards him, as if to examine his strength, or to intimidate him; then instantly he gave the signal to his fellows, by a loud snorting, and the whole herd fled with the swiftness of the wind. In one of these flights, he was taken by a trap concealed upon the ground; which, entangling his feet, made him an easy prey to the hunter. He was carried to Constantinople; sold to the British envoy there, and brought by him into England, to improve our breed of horses. His first colt was the poor animal whose sufferings you now lament, and whom I remember to have seen gay, frolicsome, and happy. He was fed in a large pasture, where he used to gallop round and round, trying every active movement of his limbs, and increasing his strength and agility by those gambols and exercises, which jocund nature in early youth inspires. Thus passed the first period of his life; but now his state of servitude and misery commenced. To render him more tame and pensive, a painful operation was performed upon him, by which the size and firmness of his muscles were impaired, his spirits were depressed, and he lost, with the distinction of his sex, one essential power of usefulness and enjoyment.

Nature had furnished him with a flowing tail, which was at once an ornament, a covering for what should be concealed, and a weapon of defence against the flies of summer. But false taste decreed the extirpation of it, and several joints were taken off by a coarse instrument, and blundering farrier. The blood gushed from the wound; and, to stop the discharge, the tender part was seared with a red-hot iron. At this instant of time I happened to pass by, and whilst I was pierced

pierced to the heart with the sufferings of the horse, I saw the savage who inflicted them, suspend his operation to curse and beat him for the groans he uttered. When the tail was thus reduced to a ridiculous shortness, it was thought, that a turn upwards would give additional grace to it : and to produce this effect, several deep cuts were made on the under side of it ; and the tail was drawn by a cord and pulley into a most painful position, till the granulation of the flesh was completed. He was now trained, or broken, as it is usually termed, for riding ; and, during this season of discipline, he underwent all the severities of the lash and spur. Many a time were his sides covered with blood, before his aversion to the ass could be fully subdued.— The dread of this animal he derived from his sire ; for, in the state of nature, the ass and the horse bear the utmost antipathy to each other : and if a horse happen to stray into the pastures where the wild asses graze, they attack him with fury, and surrounding him to prevent his flight, they bite and kick him till he dies. When rendered perfectly tractable, he was sold to the present proprietor, whom he has faithfully and affectionately served during ten years. He has been a companion to him in various journeys ; he has borne him with ease and security many thousand miles ; has contributed to restore him from sickness to health, by the gentle exercises which he afforded : and by the swiftness of his feet, he has twice rescued him from robbers and assassins. But he is now growing old, his joints become stiff, his wind fails him ; and, urged beyond his speed, on so sultry a day, he fell breathless at your feet. In a few hours he recovered himself ; and the owner has since disposed of him

at a low price, to a master of post-horses in Manchester. He is now to be ridden as a common hackney, or to be driven in a chaise, and he will be at the mercy of every coxcomb traveller, who gallops night and day, through different countries, to acquire a knowledge of mankind, by the observation of their manners, customs, laws, arts, police, and government. It is obvious, that the horse will soon be disqualified for this violent and cruel service ; and, if he survive, he will probably be sold to grind in a mill, and in this situation his exercise will be less severe, and almost without intermission ; the movement in a circle will produce a dizziness of the head, and in a month or two he will become blind ; yet, however, his labours are to continue, and he may drag on years of toil and sorrow ere death close the period of his sufferings. The children were much affected by this narrative ; and Jacobus cried out with emotion, “ I love my little horse, and will never abuse him, and when he grows old he shall rest from his work, and I will feed him, and take care of him till he dies.”

SPANIELS.

(*An Etching from Morland, by Bell.*)

IN this place we give the Etching named above ; those acquainted with the merit of Mr. Morland, and the value of his works, will always be delighted with even the slightest of his sketches. The present is faithfully traced by Mr. BELL, and which preserves fully the genius and spirit of the original.

FEAST



Spencer.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

A COUNTRY gentleman asked a friend of his a few days ago, "What kind of member was that in the House of Lords, called *Nemine dissensiente*?" "Why, said the other, "he is one of the *oldest Members* in the House—never was known to be in *Opposition*—and heartily votes for the *present war*!"

There has been some talk of raising a regiment of *Poets* for the defence of the country. These gentlemen ought to be *warlike*, for they deal in *flames* and *darts*, and if they are of the true breed, can never want *fire*.

LUSUS NATURÆ.—That great overgrown baby, the French fleet, is so helpless, that Bonaparte finds himself still obliged to keep her at *Brest*.

BONAPARTE wears a plain jacket upon his tour along the coast, well knowing that it will be *well trimmed* when he ventures to cross the channel.

FOOTE describes a *flaw* to be a *legal loop-hole* left by lawyers to preserve the game, and a certain gentleman has been sufficiently fortunate to find *A—slit* to get out at.

A PUNNING pickpocket, lately sent on board the tender, solicited a pecuniary supply from his friends, observing, that he would not trouble them unless he were cruelly *pressed*.

AN attorney, the other day, speaking of the disgraceful capitulation made by the Hanoverians with the French, observed, that the latter having obtained a *verdict* without the trouble of adducing any evidence in support of their claim, compelled the former, who *pleaded* only a *sham plea*, and let *judgment go by default*, by setting up *no defence* to the *action*, to pay full *costs of suit*, without submitting their *bills* to the formality of *taxation*.

LEGAL REFINEMENT.—The coroner's jury having sat a few weeks ago on the body of a young lady in Baltimore, America, who had hung herself in a fit of *love frenzy*, brought in their verdict—"*Died by the visitation of Cupid.*"

AN American Printer has advertised an edition of the Common Prayer Book, with this N. B. "The *matrimonial* article in *large type*, for the use of *ladies advanced in years*, who may be tempted to enter into that holy state."

It has been observed as somewhat paradoxical in the present state of affairs, that several gentlemen have joined the *volunteer corps*, to avoid being made *soldiers*!

It was not surprising, names and other circumstances considered, that a certain noble new-married couple went off with unusual expedition to *Bed-fordshire*.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN
SANS PRENDRE AND VOLE.

MR. EDITOR,

THIS, you may observe to your readers, may be known by putting two fish on the table, and eight in the pool; then taking up and being paid for a *sans prendre*. Still this rule, like other things, is made much easier in the practice than the theory. The following case, I also presume, will be new to 99 players out of 100.

If by asking leave, you prevent a vole, provided you get three tricks, and your partner two, you save three fish: For example, suppose two on the board, eight in the pool, and one in your pond. But being beasted, you put that one on the board, then divide the board and pool, and you will have three in your pond. If the others had won a vole, they would have taken two off the board, four out of the pool, and your share of the remainder would have been one, which you must have given with that in your pond, to one of the players, so that instead of three fish; you would not have one.

As a hint for the probable promotion of amusement, we will suppose four very good players at whist set at one table, and four bad ones at another, and that barely to see what the success might be, after the cards are dealt at one table, to make each of them do for the other. This experiment might be applied to other games.

FOOT-RACE.—The long expected foot-race between Abraham Wood the Lancashire man, and Atkinson the Yorkshire, which was to be determined at Scarborough, on Thursday the 14th instant, attracted an immense crowd of spectators. The sands and cliffs were covered with thousands.—A few hours before starting, it was declared, that Atkinson the Yorkshire man, had sprained his toes in running a trial a few days before, and could not start, to the unspeakable disappointment of the sporting world, who expected to have seen one of the best foot-races ever attempted. The Lancashire man, therefore, who appeared in very high condition, went over the ground alone; and ran, apparently without any difficulty, the eight miles in about 42 minutes: and when he had finished, to show how little it affected him, he took a volunteer circuit of nearly a mile, and ran amongst the waves, up to his knees in the sea. He had on a white flannel waistcoat, and short flannel drawers, without either shoes or stockings. If the Yorkshire man expect to recover his credit, he must, as soon as possible, make another match, and have it fairly decided. By many sportsmen it was thought he could have won, as he had run four miles a few days before, in 20 minutes and 16 seconds.

Mr. MITCHELL, well known as a quick walker, lately undertook to walk, for the gratification of a few friends interested in the issue, four miles

miles in thirty-five minutes; which distance he performed in the short space of thirty minutes and a half.

LATELY a curious foot-race took place in Hound-Dean-Bottom, near Lewes, between a military gentleman, who undertook to run, with another gentleman on his back, fifty yards, while his adversary, a young gentleman of that neighbourhood, carrying a feather, ran twice that distance. The race produced a great deal of amusement, but the unincumbered gentleman won tolerably easy.

A Jew, who lives at Cambridge, has opened a raffling booth at Pot Fair; as an apology for which illegal act, he pleads the necessities of a large family, having a wife and 13 children. On a sign over the entrance of his booth is painted at the top, a figure of a lion and lioness, and underneath, 13 young lions, with a quotation in Hebrew and Latin, from Psalm 104, v. 21. *The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God.*

JULY 13.—A very fine royal sturgeon was brought to the Mansion House, and presented to the Lord Mayor, by Mr. Rough, one of the Water Bailiff's deputies, having been caught within his Lordship's jurisdiction in Barnabas Reach, near Fulham, by John Hobbs a fisherman. The Lord Mayor, after viewing the fish, and ordering the usual compliment to the fisherman, desired Henry Shephard, Esq. to present it as a present to his Majesty, at St. James's. This sturgeon was alive, weighed sixty pounds, and measured five feet seven inches in length.

A CORRESPONDENT informs us, that the eldest son of a noble earl lately lost all his property in the course of three days, at a subscription-house at the west end of

the town, where it frequently happens, that the losers don't know to whom they have lost their money.

THE circumstances of Captain Barlow's trial by a court martial, took their rise from an altercation about a gaming debt, when some reflections were cast on his military character. These having been communicated to the regiment in which he served, he thought it his duty to request a court martial on his conduct, which was accordingly granted.

THE late race week at New-castle, was one of the duller ever known. Some misunderstanding is said to have arisen between Lord Darlington and other gentlemen, and the clerk of the course, in consequence of which very few horses were sent.

A DISAGREEABLE circumstance concluded the late races of New-castle. Early on Sunday morning, one of the public tents on the town moor was discovered in flames, which quickly communicated to two others, nor could the fire be extinguished till all the three were destroyed. Property to considerable amount was lost on this occasion, and some of the sufferers narrowly escaped with their lives.

THE meeting at Bibury was but thinly attended, owing, perhaps, to the unpromising appearance of the weather, though it proved remarkably favourable during the races, and the course was in fine order. Among the company were, the Prince of Wales, Lord Foley (Steward), Lord Sackville, Lord Sherborne, Sir W. Wynne, Mr. Cholmondeley, Mr. Vanneck, two Talbots, Cavendish, Bradshaw, Buttler, Danvers, Berkeley, Craven, and several other fashionables of distinction.

At Chelmsford races, Lord Stowell's bay filly, Elizabeth, beat Mr. T. W. Coventry's chesnut filly, Laura, for her Majesty's plate of one hundred guineas. The first heat was well contested, running neck and neck, and the second heat Laura ran off the course.

DIED lately at Newmarket, sincerely regretted by his master and all who knew him, John Osborne, many years training groom to the Hon. T. W. Coventry; inferior to none in his profession, and a rare example of fidelity and unsullied integrity.

BARTHOLOMEW, the well-known pugilist, died a few days ago in the Almonry, Westminster, after an illness of several months. He requested his wife on his death bed, to have his body buried as near as possible under St. Margaret's watch-house. At his own request, his body has been opened, and his liver was discovered to be remarkably enlarged, and quite scirrhus, which is supposed to have been the cause of his death, and that it was brought on by drinking spirits.

THE silver arrows, given by the town of Musselburgh, were shot for on Saturday the 26th ult. by the royal company of archers, and won by Sir George M'Kenzie, Bart.

THIRTY horses, lately belonging to Elector of Hanover's stables, arrived there on the 27th ult. A set of eight cream coloured, in a state coach, stopped at Hamburg, as well as a white horse named Diamond, the finest in the stables, richly caparisoned; another, named Matador, and two of less value, have been given to General Mortier. The other horses are not yet distributed. Amongst those destined for General Berthier, are Achmet and Mahomet, two of the finest saddle-horses.

ONE of Ld. Whitworth's grooms, and three of the *old grey* horses, it is said, have been taken by a French vessel, on their passage to England. The favourite *grey mare* came over in the same vessel with his Lordship.

OF Friday the 24th ult. Belcher, the noted pugilist, met with a melancholy and irreparable misfortune. In playing a game of fives at the Court in Little St. Martin's-lane, he received a blow of the ball, which was struck by the marker, with such force, that it literally knocked one of his eyes out of the socket.

As two gentlemen were returning to town, on Sunday July 17, about two o'clock, in a gig, drawn by a spirited and valuable mare, in coming down a hill beyond Epping, owing to the too common fault of such carriages, in the shafts being too short, the carriage touched the mare, and caused her to kick so violently, that the gig must have been dashed in pieces, had not the shafts both broke off; the carriage immediately fell back, by which the gentlemen fell out, without receiving any very material injury, although one of them was twice kicked on the knee. The two shafts continued to adhere to the mare, and she ran furiously down the hill, at the bottom of which, a man attempting to stop her, she flew aside, and leaped over the fence of posts and chains into Mr. Stacey's grass-platt, but immediately after leaped out again, and proceeded half a mile further along the road, at full speed, with the shafts swinging at her side; she was at length stopped at a public-house on the Forest, by the spirited exertions of a number of persons who ran out, where she was left, being so much injured that she could not be brought to town.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

ELEGY

ON

THE DEATH OF A SPORTSMAN.

PALE rose the misty spirits of the vale,
And, from the verdant haunts of
silver time,

Whose fairy-haunted stream
First heard the discord of my artless
song

Spread o'er the fading landscape wide;
Enthron'd are now the starry throng;
The queen of heav'n is clad in all her
pride;

The birds of night majestically sail
Amid the silent air:

While pensive meditation seeks the
plains,

Whose hallow'd earth Eugenio's dust
contains.

Ah! youth belov'd of Sport beyond
compare,

Fast fall my tears upon the sacred spot,
Alas! by all but meneglected and forgot.

Ah! what is manly youth, or jocund
health,

When death is near!

Ah! what avails the treasur'd hopes of
wealth,

When fate prepares the destin'd bier!

No more, Eugenio, shall joy's ardent
fire

Impell thee o'er the plain;

No more shall Sport, the mountain rocks
ascend,

Or on the syrtes of the marsh depend,
And bid thee danger and stern toil,
Gladain;

No more thy nerves confirm, thy gen'-
rous soul inspire.

Where is the vigorous stride, the manly
mien,

On which th' immortal maids,
Who rule the sylvan shades,
Gaz'd with delight; envious of Clara's
bliss;

While the rude pow'rs that guard the
glades,

Trembling, retir'd? Ah me! no more is
seen

The graceful form that glow'd amid the
breeze,

In the mild valley, or the lonely wood,
When thou, at Sport's command, her de-
vious steps pursued.

Farewell, the thund'ring tube! Eugenio,
now

No more invites me to the field;
No more at night's approach, the rap-
tur'd youth

Bidding his varied spoils assert his truth,
Narrates the toils and triumphs of the
day.

When morning is reveal'd
On the high heathy mountain's brow,
His early voice shall summon me away
No more. Farewell, O Sport!

And ev'ry gay resort,
Where, with Eugenio once I woo'd thy
charms,

Me, faithful grief disarms,
And friendship leads, when evening's
shades arise;

Or early morn, with purple, stains the
skies,

Where moul'd'ring in the grave, my lov'd
companion lies.

SIMON BRIAMILL.

ON

ON THE GAME OF CRICKET.

WHILE others, soaring on a lofty wing,
Of dire Bellona's cruel triumph sing,
Sound the shrill clarion, mount the rapid car,
And rush delighted thro' the ranks of war;
My tender muse, in humbler, milder strains,
Presents a bloodless contest on the plains;
Where vigorous youth in life's fresh bloom resort,
For pleasing exercise, and healthful sport;
Where emulation fires, where glory draws,
And active sportsmen struggle for applause;
Expert to *bowl*, to *run*, to *stop*, to *throw*,
Each nerve collected at each mighty blow.

Hail Cricket! glorious, manly, British game!
First of all sports! be first alike in fame!
To my fir'd soul thy busy transports bring,
That I may feel thy raptures while I sing!
And thou, kind patron of the mirthful fray,
Beauclerk, thy country's friend! accept the lay:
Tho' mean my verse, my subject yet approve,
And look propitious on the *game* you love.

When the returning sun begins to smile,
And shed its glories round this sea-girt isle;
When new-born nature, deck'd in vivid green,
Chases dull winter from the charming scene:
High panting with delight, the jovial swain,
Trips it exulting o'er the flow'r-strew'd plain;
Thy pleasures, Cricket! all his heart controul;
Thy eager transports dwell upon his soul:
He weighs the well-form'd *bat's* experienc'd force,
And guides the rapid *ball's* impetuous course.

His supple limbs with nimble labour plies,
Nor bends the grass beneath him as he flies.
The joyous conquests of the late-flown year,
In fancy's paint, with all their charms appear;
And now again he views the long-wish'd season near.

O thou, sublime inspirer of my song!
What matchless trophies to thy worth belong!
Look round the globe, inclin'd to mirth, and see
What daring sport can claim the prize from thee!

Not puny Billiards, where, with sluggish pace,
The dull *ball* trails before the feeble mace.
Where no triumphant shouts, no clamours dare
Pierce through the vaulted roof, and rend the air;
But stiff spectators quite inactive stand,
Speechless, attending to the striker's hand:
Where nothing can your languid spirits move,
Save when the marker bellows out, *six-love!*
Or, when the ball, *close* cushion'd slides askew,
And to the op'ning pocket runs, a *cou!*

Nor yet that happier game, where the smooth bowl,
In circling mazes, wanders to the goal;
Where much divided, or in fear or glee,
The youth cries—rub;—O *flee, you ling'rer flee!*

Not Tennis self, thy sister sport, can charm,
Or with thy fierce delights our bosoms warm.
Tho' full of life, at ease alone dismay'd,
She calls each swelling sinew to her aid;
Her echoing courts confess the sprightly sound,
While from the racket the brisk balls rebound;
Yet to small space confin'd, ev'n she must yield
To nobler Cricket, the disputed field.

O parent

O parent Britain! minion of renown!
 Whose far extended fame all nations
 own,
 Of sloth-promoting sports, forewarn'd
 beware!
 Nor think thy pleasure's are thy meanest
 care;
 Shun with disdain the squeaking mas-
 querade,
 Where fainting vice calls folly to her
 aid.
 Leave the dissolving song, the baby
 dance,
 To soothe the slaves of Italy and France.
 While the firm limb, and strong brac'd
 nerve are thine,
 Scorn eunuch sports; to manlier games
 incline.
 Feed on the joys that health and vigour
 give;
 Where freedom reigns, 'tis worth the
 while to live.
 Nurs'd on thy plains first, Cricket learn'd
 to please;
 And taught thy sons to slight inglorious
 ease.
 And see where busy counties strive for
 fame,
 Each greatly potent at this mighty game.
 Fierce Kent, ambitious of the first ap-
 plause,
 Against England combin'd, asserts her
 cause.
 And now fam'd Hampshire's sons, im-
 mortal grown,
 By a long series, oft acquire renown;
 Gay Surry, sometimes triumphs o'er the
 field,
 And fruitful Sussex cannot brook to
 yield.
 While London, queen of cities! proudly
 vies,
 And often grasps the well disputed prize.
 July 4th. J. J. B.

TO AN OLD FAVOURITE SPANIEL.

OLD Prince! I love to view thee as
 thou liest
 Basking thyself before the winter fire;
 I love to see thee lick thy silken coat,
 And bleach each blemish, till thy heavy
 lids
 Sink down in sleep, thro' very laziness.

Then fancy roams unbridled thro' thy
 brain,
 Trembles each muscle, while the mast-
 er'd bark
 Too well betrays thy bullying cowardice.
 But should the tea cups ring, or biscuit
 crack,
 Shaking off sleep, and dreams, and fleas,
 at once,
 Thou sit'st erect upon thy shaggy hams,
 The whilst thine eye doth ev'ry thing but
 speak.

My hairy friend! thy large, oldfash-
 ion'd face
 And ample chest, clad, like the Lap-
 lander,
 In fur, as fair as are his native snows;
 Thy flapping ears, that sage Pythagoras
 Would swear, from looking in thy so-
 lemn face,
 Were once the caxon of some pious judge;
 Claim my respect and homage—O my
 friend!
 My true adherent! little dost thou know
 The cares and troubles of this anxious
 world:
 Thou may'st again go lay thee down to
 sleep,
 Sure, when thou wak'st, to be caress'd
 and fed.
 O! how I envy thee thy Monkish life!
 THANSO.

SONG.

*Sung by Mr. Johnstone, of Covent Garden,
 on his first appearance this year at
 Dublin Theatre; and in his first Per-
 formance of Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan,
 in Love A-la-mode.*

SAFE I'm here, and with joy almost
 wild,
 For in Ireland I first saw the Sun,
 Bless the nation, man, woman, and child,
 You're my countrymen every one!
 By the packet I sent pretty fast
 Both letters and parcels to greet ye,
 'Till my own self I pack'd up at last,
 And my heart jumps with transport to
 meet ye.

Thirteen years, or the Almanack lies,
 Now are past since I left Dublin Bay;
 Tho'

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

Who I rode in a ship, my poor eyes
Were swimming the whole of the way;
And while absent, to say it I'm proud,
Of dear Ireland I lack'd no reminders;
Nature's voice in my breast spoke so
loud,
That it burst in a brogue thro' my
my guiders.

Dear Ireland's my mother, again,
Old England, her sister I grant—
Then it seems since this land's my mamma,
That I've staid a long while with my
aunt.
London boasts of the Thames for its size,
Its angels no seal can call frightful,
Patrick owns all these charms, still he
cries,
"Oh! the Liffey and Sheelah's de-
lightful!"

If you'd know what I've done while
away,

I'll tell you before you can ask it,
I have work'd for John Bull, and must
say,

He has put a few eggs in my basket;
But if eggs are applause, I fear
Dublin critics may soon have dis-
patch'd 'em.

Faith my eggs may be all musty here;
So I won't count my chicks till I've
batch'd 'em.

"How long life to you jewels, say I,
You have judgment, wit, all that is odd,
By the Powers I'll most certainly die,
If I'm damn'd by the sons of the sod;
But you won't vex your countryman so,
Thanks to Ireland for birth I'm a
debtor,

And, believe me, wherever I go,
Nought but death shall make me for-
get her.

EPITAPH.

IN the course of this Work, we have
given numerous inscriptions, &c. upon
Dogs; but the following, made for an
Italian Cardinal, who was fond of the
canine race, we presume, outdoes them
all. It runs thus,

"THIS tomb for thee, dear Bitch, I
builded have,
Who was more worthy Heaven, than a
grave."

MR. EDITOR,
I fell in love with Nelly Nicholls; and
my acquaintances, because they could
not find fault with her, fell foul of her
name, and insisted, among other things,
that Nell was not a poetical name; and
indeed, that it was so unpoetical, it
was not possible to make a ballad
upon it. I, who am no poet, as you
will see, was so roused at this, that
I set my brains to work; and I now
send you my effusion in praise of Nell.
If you think I have made any thing
of it, be so good as to give it a place.
Your's, HARRY HOMESPUN.

SWEET is the smell of new-made hay.
How sweet the bean-flow'rs smell;
But sweeter, ev'ry swain will say,
Is lively laughing Nell.

Sweet is the early breath of cows,
In the morning by the dell;
Yet, tho' the sweetest herbs they browse,
They're not so sweet as Nell.

And then, for shape, and step, and air,
Can any shepherd tell;
What is the creature to compare
With lovely, buxom, Nell?

The red and white, that ladies seek,
And some pretend to sell,
Is ready mix'd, found in the cheek,
Of pretty blushing Nell,

Then, as to voice, why, tho' the lark
His little throat will swell;
And, mounting, sing from light to dark,
He cannot equal Nell.

Whate'er I do, where'er I go,
I'm bound as by a spell;
And when I talk to brother Joe,
I'm sure to call him Nell!

But what of that? next Whitsuntide—
The time I mark full well,
Will be my own, my blooming bride,
Sweet, lively, laughing Nell!

With us, our union to cement,
Shall humble virtue dwell;
And gay good humour and content
Secure my bliss with Nell!

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR AUGUST, 1803.

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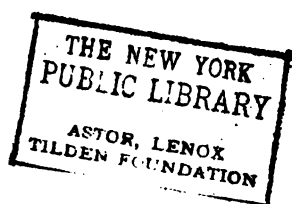
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The request of S. B——ll at Birmingham, shall be complied with.

A variety of Communications have been received, all of which shall be duly attended to in our next.





The Chase.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR AUGUST, 1803.

THE CHACE.

*A finished Engraving by Mr. Scott, from
the Design of the Younger Sartorius.*

THIS being one of the New Set of Plates already mentioned, we shall not trouble our readers with any repetitions on the subject.

TRIAL OF JOHN HATFIELD.

IN our Magazine for November last, we gave some account of this man; since which, and after being removed to Carlisle goal, he was on Monday the 15th instant, put on his trial at the Carlisle assizes, before Sir Alexander Thompson, Knt. one of the Barons of the Exchequer.—Three several indictments were preferred against him, charging him in effect with assuming the name and title of the Hon. Alex. Aug. Hope, and with having, under that name and character,

VOL. XXII. No. 131.

drawn a draft on John Crump, Esq. for the sum of twenty pounds; 2dly, with having uttered the same, knowing it to be forged; and 3dly, with having forged franks in the same name, to defraud the revenue of the postage.—The prisoner pleaded Not Guilty.

The indictments having been read, Mr. Scarlet opened the case, and recapitulated the various enormous crimes of the prisoner, with the circumstance of his complete detection at Keswick, by the arrival of Mr. Hardinge, and his absconding in consequence; but these facts have been so often stated, that it would be tedious to repeat them.

He then called witnesses to the facts, the principal of whom was the Rev. Mr. Nicholson, who deposed, that he became acquainted with the prisoner on Sunday Sept. 2, 1802, at the chapel of Loweswater, where he is chaplain.—Soon after he understood him to be the Hon. Col. Hope, brother to Lord Hopetoun.—When asked his name by deponent, he said it was a comfortable one—Hope.—He said at the same time, that he was no way averse to telling his name, but did not like it to be inquired after by

G g 2 inquisitive

inquisitive people. About a week previous to the 2d day of October, the deponent accompanied the prisoner to Whitehaven, to procure a licence for his marriage to Mary Robinson of Buttermere, who was spoken of by the prisoner as a lovely girl.—Did not see any signs of intimacy previous to the marriage; the prisoner lived partly at Keswick, and partly at Buttermere; he had a handsome carriage, but no servant; after the marriage, the parties set off for Scotland, and stayed some time at Longtown, during which time the prisoner wrote several letters to deponent, all franked by the name "A. A. Hope." In some of these he appears aware of the construction that had been put upon his mode of life, and he tells the chaplain of Lowes-water that he would, on his return from Scotland, chastise all those who had circulated reports to his prejudice. On his return to Keswick, Mr. G. Hardinge, being then on a tour to the Lakes, desired to have an interview with the prisoner, asked him several questions about his family, &c. &c. of his adventures in Egypt, where he said he had been wounded; asked him why he signed his name A. A. Hope, when Colonel Hope's name was only Alexander? Prisoner did not seem disconcerted; but after the interview was over, Mr. Hardinge sent for a Magistrate, and desired to have the prisoner secured. Hatfield, when informed of this, said he had done nothing to offend the laws of his country—if he was conscious of guilt, "a hair would hold him." Mr. Hardinge then desired Mr. Wood, the innkeeper, to secure the prisoner's horses; when the prisoner complained to the deponent, saying, that they would not let him have his horses, he of course must go by a boat across the lake, and so over the mountains to Buttermere—Ac-

companyed the prisoner to the water side.—Remembers the transaction taking place for which the prisoner stands charged—Saw him take a stamp out of his pocket, and draw a bill for L 30, on John Crump, for which he received cash from Mr. G. Wood, innkeeper in Keswick.—Deponent was the person who married the prisoner to Mary Robinson, commonly called Mary of Buttermere, on the 2d of October, 1802: after his marriage he was on terms of intimacy with the prisoner, who made him his confidential friend, and told him of various concerns that happened to his family; he met the prisoner on a certain day between Lowes-water and Buttermere, when the prisoner told the deponent he had been much hurt with a conversation that had happened with the curate of Buttermere, wherein the curate had made free with his name—came with him after that from Buttermere to Keswick—dined with the prisoner—was a witness to the conversation that passed between the prisoner and Mr. Hardinge. After this conversation, the prisoner thought proper to withdraw from the neighbourhood, under pretence of fishing upon the Lakes. The deponent accompanied the prisoner to the water side; and saw him no more till at Carlisle. He made his escape over the hills of Borrowdale.

Mr. Crump and other witnesses corroborated this testimony.

The prisoner being called on for his defence, he addressed himself to the Jury. He said he felt some degree of satisfaction in being able to have his sufferings terminated, as they of course must be by their verdict. For the space of nine months he had been dragged from prison to prison, and torn from place to place, subject to all the misrepresentations of calumny. "Whatever will be my fate," said he, "I am content;

it is the award of justice, impartially and virtuously administered ; but I will solemnly declare, that in all my transactions, I never intended to defraud or injure the persons whose names have appeared in the prosecution. This I will maintain to the last of my life."

After the evidence was gone through, his lordship, Sir A. Thompson, with a great deal of perspicuity and force, summed up the whole of the evidence, and commented upon such parts as peculiarly affected the fate of the prisoner. "Nothing," his lordship said, "could be more clearly proved, than that the prisoner did make the bill or bills in question, under the assumed name of Alex. Aug. Hope, with an intention to defraud. That the prisoner used the additional name of Augustus, was of no consequence in this question. The evidence proved clearly that the prisoner meant to represent himself to be another character ; and under that assumed character, he drew the bills in question. If any thing should appear in mitigation of the offences with which the prisoner was charged, they must give them a full consideration ; and though his character had been long shaded with obloquy, yet they must not let this in the least influence the verdict they were sworn to give."

The jury consulted about ten minutes, and then returned a verdict—*GUILTY of Forgery.*

Upon the first and second indictments, he was ordered to be brought up next day, to receive judgment. He appeared perfectly calm and unmoved when the jury brought in their verdict, and left the court in a post-chaise, which conveyed him to the goal.

The trial lasted from eleven o'clock in the forenoon, till seven o'clock in the evening, during the whole of which time the court was

crowded to suffocation. Never, perhaps, did a cause come before a court and jury that excited so much interest. Ladies and gentlemen, within a distance of twenty miles round Carlisle, crowded to the town, to gratify the curiosity which the story of poor Mary of Buttermere, and other circumstances connected with the history of the prisoner, had excited. The pressure was so great, and the heat so intolerable, as to render it almost impossible to take a note of the proceedings, or even to remain in court during the whole of the trial.

The prisoner was dressed in black, and during the trial, employed himself with writing notes upon the evidence, and instructing his counsel.

As a proof of the talents, hypocrisy, and villany of this man, we subjoin two letters written by him to the Rev. Mr. Nicholson, who gave evidence on the trial. Mr. Nicholson appears to be one of Hatfield's most credulous friends.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. Hatfield, under the name of Col. Hope, to the Rev. Mr. Nicholson.

"VERY DEAR AND REV. SIR,
"We arrived here on Saturday evening about eight, went to the church on Sunday, and Mr. Graham, the brother of Sir James, gave one of the finest lectures I ever heard. We attended his evening discourse, at the end of which he addressed me, begging I would not return to my quarters without a light, and his footman stood ready with one. All this flurried my dear Mary a little, but nothing can be more pleasing than the manner she at all times possesses. To-morrow evening we may perhaps proceed farther ; but Mrs. Hope likes the quietude

quietude of this place much, and her wishes are my laws. In the church yard we found the following inscription, which I copied on purpose to send you, thinking it may amuse some of our friends; pray read it to Dr. Head, and present him my best respects:

"Our life is but a winter's day;

"Some only breakfast and away.

"Others, to dinner stay, and are full fed;

"The oldest man but sups, and goes to bed.

"Large is his debt, who lingers out the day;

"Who goes the soonest, has the least to pay.

"Be pleased to say for us both, whatever you think will be acceptable to those, who, from kind motives, may inquire after us; and at Buttermere, Mary desires you will tender to father and mother the most affectionate duty, and the most lively assurances of our mutual happiness. I find happiness is not very loquacious, so this will be a short letter; let us have a long one as soon as possible, addressed for Col. Hope, M. P. post office, Longtown, Cumberland, and you will greatly oblige,

"Very dear and Rev. Sir,

"Your's most truly,

"A. HOPE."

"Longtown, Oct. 4. 1802.

"Rev. Mr. Nicholson, Lowes-water near Cocker-mouth. Free. A. Hope."

Another Letter from the same to the same.—dated Sunday Night, Oct. 10. 1802.

"VERY DEAR AND REV. SIR,

"Anxious that my dear Mary might hear from her parents as soon as possible, we returned from Scotland to this town on Friday evening, and shall most probably proceed for Carlisle to-morrow; indeed your letter received this afternoon makes me very desirous of return-

ing to Buttermere, that I may properly answer all such persons as assume the privilege of censuring my conduct, and are mean enough to disturb the peace of our parents.

"We are, thank God! very well, and happy as our friends can wish us. The Colonel has given himself much unnecessary trouble, and I am sorry for it, because in this he will be sorry too. I wrote to him on Wednesday last, and this day find his hand-writing on the superscription of a letter, forwarded to me from Keswick. If I had ever expressed to him any affection for Miss D. except such as you have witnessed; if I had ever, ever dropped a word on the subject to him, he might have had some plea for complaint. But God knows, and he knows, I never did. He has my free liberty to write to all the world; if he finds any pleasure in such proceedings; but no person who really knows me, will believe that Miss D. has been deceived by me.

"I wish I could be certain whether this will reach you, but fearing it may not be at Cocker-mouth soon enough for you to get it by the market people on the morrow; it is not in my power to say where or when we can meet previous to my arrival at Buttermere, which will very probably be before the middle of this week.

"Be pleased to present my best respects to Mrs. and Miss Wood. I will remember with permanent gratitude their goodness on this occasion, and amidst the strange vicissitudes of this very eventful life, perhaps I may be blessed with some opportunities of shewing how truly sensible I am of every kindness due to me on this occasion.

"With the truest respect, esteem, and gratitude to all my well-wishers, I am, very dear and Rev. Sir,

"Your's ever, "A. HOPE.

"Love

"Love and duty attend those to whom they are due ; and I beg you will tell them not to make any preparations for our return, for I shall have to move about almost as soon as I arrive, and my Mary will love quietness."

BOXING.

BRISTOL has, for several years past, produced more pugilistic heroes than all the rest of the kingdom. Belcher, the greatest pugilist of the present day, was from that city, but has, since his accident from the tennis ball, and in compliance with the wishes of his friends, resolved to engage in no more prize-battles. Several of the principal amateurs, to prevent the necessity of his doing so, about a fortnight ago made a liberal subscription, and placed him in a public house in Wardour-street, where the Bristol hero constantly has an eye to business. Bourke, now considering himself the best man of the day, laid claim to the title of champion of England, and was looking forward to the long enjoyment of the situation which he had struggled so hard to obtain, when a youth from Bristol arrived in London, known by the name of the *Game Chicken*, who crowed defiance to all the *fighting cocks* in the kingdom. Bourke being bound down by the law not to engage in a pitched battle, remained silent, till a proper opportunity offered, which happened on Thursday the 11th instant, being a grand *field-day* for a certain set of sportsmen called bull-baiters; a large assemblage of whom met in the afternoon, in the neighbourhood of Shooter's-Hill, where a well-drilled bull was fastened to a stake for their amusement. The animal played his part to the admiration of

the delighted spectators, who were charmed with the scenes of blood that were produced in the desperate conflict between the bull and dogs. As the *Chicken* was a stranger in town, it was natural to suppose he would be immediately introduced to all their favourite scenes of diversion; and therefore could not fail to be present at the scene already described. On the road home, Bourke and the young Bristol-man eyed each other with minute attention. The *Chicken* did not measure above 5 feet 8½ inches high, and weighed 11 stone and 11 lbs; and Bourke, being 6 feet high, weighed upwards of 13 stone. On their arrival in town, they met again in the evening, by which time stories had been carried backward and forward, respecting what each thought of the other, and a quarrel was the result. They therefore agreed to fight, but it was twelve o'clock at night before the noblemen and gentlemen, — for such were present, but we forbear mentioning their names — had all met. A private room was provided and lighted up with all possible brilliancy and dispatch. Some other necessary arrangements took place, and then the combatants set to. The first round was like the fourteen that followed; they consisted of straight forward hard fighting, without calling to aid either shifting or science. Bourke tried hard to stop and fall back from his adversary's blows, but they were directed so straight, quick, and hard, that they proved irresistible. On meeting face to face every round, the *Chicken* would not allow a moment for sparring, nor give an inch of ground, but rallied his opponent at every point, while Bourke manifested an inferiority through every round of the battle. He did not want spirit, but his deficiency appeared in the slow and round manner in which he directed his blows.

Bourke

Bourke was knocked down twice, apparently dead! such strong blows, the amateurs confessed, they never before saw given. When Bourke found he was not able to stand up against his desperate opponent, he tried to give him cross-buttocks, but in that he failed, and finding himself beat at all points, he gave in, after a contest of twenty minutes. The battle being ended, Bourke declared, that the beatings he had received on former occasions were *flea-bites* to the one he had then received; he was so distressed and bruised, that he could scarce utter the mortifying declaration. Very large bets were depending on the issue of the conflict.

LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS.

THIS new Comic Opera in two acts, was represented for the first time on Monday night, July 25, at the Little Theatre Haymarket. It is a translation from a popular French Drama, brought to this country by Mr. Kelly, and adapted to the English stage by Mr. Colman. The music in general was composed by Mr. Kelly, and the Overture by Mr. Condell, a gentleman well known in the musical world.

In consequence of several subsequent representations of this pleasing performance, which was hailed with the warmest plaudits on the first night, it now bids fair to be ranked among our favourite stock pieces, which will afford many a happy hour to the present and future generations.—It is as pretty and attractive a two-act Opera as we have for many years witnessed. Besides the powerful auxiliary of music, it has a very lively, and in many places a witty dialogue.

Among the novelties of this opera, the song about the ghost of Miss

Bailey, is a very happy way of ridiculing the absurd notions of spectres and hobgoblins, frequently rendered terrific to children, by the foolish and culpable stories of nurses and old women. Early impressions are very strong, and sometimes very dangerous; and we have often seen very brave men, who would "court the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth," tremble, and look aghast, on hearing the imaginary adventures of a ghost. We therefore recommend our youth of both sexes, to read and sing the vagaries of Miss Bailey.

SONG.—(RICK.)

Tune,—"*Ally Croaker*."

A Captain bold, in Halifax, that dwelt
in country quarters,
Seduc'd a maid, who hang'd herself, one
Monday, in her garters;
His wicked conscience smited him; he
lost his stomach daily;
He took to drinking rattle, and thought
upon Miss Bailey.

Oh, Miss Bailey! unfortunate
Miss Bailey!

One night, betimes, he went to rest, for
he had caught a fever;
Says he, "I am a handsome man, but
I'm a gay deceiver."

His candle just at twelve o'clock, began
to burn quite palely;

A ghost stept up to his bed-side, and said,

"Behold Miss Bailey!"

Oh, Miss Bailey! &c.

"Avaunt, Miss Bailey!" then he cried,
"Your face looks white and mealy."

"Dear Captain Smith," the Ghost replied,
"you've us'd me ungentlely."

"The C'roner's quest goes hard with me,
because I've acted frailly;

"And Parson Biggs won't bury me,
though I am dead Miss Bailey."

Oh, Miss Bailey! &c.

"Dear Corpse," says he, "since you and I,
accounts must, once for all, close,

"I've got a one pound note, in my regimental small clothes;

"I'll bribe the sexton for your grave—"

The Ghost then vanish'd gaily,

Crying, "Bless you wicked Captain
Smith! remember poor Miss Bailey!"

Oh, Miss Bailey! &c.

HORSEMANSHIP.

HORSEMANSHIP.

As connected with the Order and Progress of Chivalry.

(Continued from p. 188.)

A GAIN, the martial games celebrated in ancient Greece, on great and solemn occasions, had the same origin and the same purpose as the tournaments of the Gothic warriors; and the passions for adventures being so natural in their situation, would be as naturally attended with the love of praise and glory. Hence the same encouragement, in the old Greek and Gothic times, to panegyrists and poets, which made it of mighty consequence who should obtain the favour of a rich heiress. And though, in the strict feudal times, she was supposed to be in the power and at the disposal of her superior lord; yet this rigid state of things did not last long. Hence we find some distressed damsel was the spring and mover of every knight's adventure. She was to be rescued by his arms, or won by the fame and admiration of his prowess. The plain meaning of all which was this: that as, in these turbulent times, a protector was necessary to the weakness of the sex, so the courteous and valorous knight was to approve himself fully qualified for that purpose.

It may be observed, that the two poems of Homer were intended to expose the mischiefs and inconveniences arising from the political state of Old Greece: the *Iliad*, the dissensions that naturally spring up among independent chiefs; and the *Odyssey*, the insolence of their greater subjects, more especially when unrestrained by the presence of their sovereign. And can any thing more exactly resemble the

condition of the feudal times, when, on occasion of any great enterprise, as that of the crusades, the designs of the confederate Christian states were perpetually frustrated, or interrupted at least, by the dissensions of their leaders; and their affairs at home, as perpetually distressed and disordered by the rebellious usurpations of their greater vassals? Jerusalem was to the European knights, what Troy had been to the Grecian heroes; for chivalry never flourished so much as during the time of the crusades. From these holy wars it followed, that new fraternities of knighthood were invented; hence the knights of the Holy Sepulchre, the Hospitallers, Templars, and an infinite number of religious orders. Various other orders were at length instituted by sovereign princes: the Garter, by Edward III. of England; the Golden Fleece, by Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy; and St. Michael, by Louis XI. of France. From this time ancient chivalry declined to an empty name; when sovereign princes established regular companies in their armies, knights-bannerets were no more, though it was still thought an honour to be dubbed by a great prince or victorious hero; and all who professed arms without knighthood assumed the title of Esquire.

There is scarce a prince in Europe that has not thought fit to institute an order of knighthood; and the title of knight-service, which the kings of Britain conferred on private subjects, is a derivation from ancient chivalry, although very remote from its source.

The knights produced by this tenure, however, differed most essentially from the knights above described, though the difference seems not to have been accurately attended to by authors.

The terms Knight and Chivalier, H h denoted

denoted both the knight of honour and knight of tenure; and chivalry was used to express both knight-hood and knight-service. Hence it has proceeded, that these persons and these states have been confounded. Yet the marks of their difference are so strong and pointed, that one must wonder that writers should mistake them. It is not, however, mean and common compilers only who have been deceived. Sir Edward Coke, notwithstanding his distinguishing head, is of this number. When estimating the value of the knight's fee at L.20 per annum, he appeals to the statute *De militibus*, an. 1 Ed. II. and, by the sense of his illustration, he conceives, that the knights alluded to there were the same with the possessors of knight's fees: and they, no doubt, had knight's fees; but a knight's fee might be enjoyed not only by the tenants in capite of the crown, but by the tenants of a vassal, or by the tenants of a sub-vassal. Now, to these the statute makes no allusion. It did not mean to annex knighthood to every landholder in the kingdom who had a knight's fee; but to encourage arms, by requiring the tenants in capite of the crown to take to them the dignity. He thus confounds knight-hood and knight's fee.—Coke upon Littleton, p. 69.

If I am not deceived, Sir William Blackstone has fallen into the same mistake, and has added to it. Speaking of the knights of honour, or the equites aurati, from the gilt spurs they wore, he thus expresses himself—"They are also called, in our law, milites, because they formed a part, or indeed the whole, of the royal army, in virtue of their feudal tenures; one condition of which was, that every one who held a knight's fee—which in Henry the II.'s time amounted to L.20 per annum—was obliged to be knighted,

and attend the king in his wars, or fined for his non-compliance. The exertion of this prerogative, as an expedient to raise money, in the reign of Charles I. gave great offence, though warranted by law, and the recent example of Queen Elizabeth: but it was, at the restoration, together with all other military branches of the feudal law, abolished; and this kind of knight-hood has since that time fallen into great disrepute."

After what has been said, I need hardly observe, that this learned and able writer has confounded the knight of honour and the knight of tenure; and that the requisition to take knighthood was not made to every possessor of a knight's fee, but to the tenants of knight's fees held in capite of the crown, who had merely a sufficiency to maintain the dignity, and were thence disposed not to take it. The idea that the whole force of the royal army consisted of knights of honour, or dubbed knights, is so extraordinary a circumstance, that it might have shewn of itself to this eminent writer the source of his error. Had every soldier in the feudal army received the investiture of arms? Could he wear a seal, surpass in silken dress, use ensigns-armorial, and enjoy all the other privileges of knighthood? But, while I hazard these remarks, my reader will observe, that it is with the greatest deference I dissent from Sir William Blackstone, whose abilities are the object of a most general and deserved admiration.

The one class of knights was of a high antiquity; the other was not heard of till the invention of a fee. The adorning with arms, and the blow of the sword, made the act of the creation of the ancient knight; the new knight was constituted by an investment in a piece of land. The former was the member of an order of dignity which had particular

lar privileges and distinctions; the latter was the receiver of a fiefal grant. Knighthood was an honour; knight-service a tenure. The first communicated splendour to an army; the last gave it strength and numbers. The knight of honour might serve in any station whatever; the knight of tenure was in the rank of a soldier. It is true at the same time, that every noble and baron were knights of tenure, as they held their lands by knight-service. But the number of fees they possessed, and their creation into rank, separated them widely from the simple individuals to whom they gave out grants of their lands, and who were merely the knights of tenure. It is no less true, that the sovereign, without conferring nobility, might give even a single fee to a tenant; and such vassals in capite of the crown, as well as the vassals of single fees from a subject, were the mere knights of tenure. But the former, in respect of their holding from the crown, were to be called to take upon themselves the knighthood of honour; a condition in which they might rise from the ranks, and be promoted to offices and command. And as to the vassals in capite of the crown, who had many fees, their wealth of itself sufficiently distinguished them beyond the state of the mere knights of tenure. In fact, they possessed an authority over men who were of this last description; for, in proportion to their lands were the fees they gave out and the knights they commanded.

By the tenure of knight-service, the greatest part of the lands in England were holden, and that principally of the king in capite, till the middle of the last century; and which was created, as Sir Edward Coke expressly testifies, for a military purpose, viz. for defence of the realm by the king's own principal

subjects, which was judged to be much better than to trust to hirelings or foreigners. The description here given is that of knight-service proper, which was to attend the king in his wars. There were also some other species of knight-service; so called, though improperly, because the service of render was of a free and honourable nature, and equally uncertain as to the time of rendering as that of knight-service proper, and because they were attended with similar fruits and consequences. Such was the tenure by grand serjeanty, *per magnum servitium*, whereby the tenant was bound, instead of serving the king generally in his wars, to do some special honorary service to the king in person; as to carry his banner, his sword, or the like; or be his butler, champion, or other officer, at his coronation. It was, in most other respects, like knight-service, only he was not bound to pay aid or escuage; and when tenant by knight-service paid five pounds for a relief on every knight's fee, tenant by grand-serjeanty paid one year's value of his land, were it much or little. Tenure by cornage, which was to wind a horn when the Scots or other enemies entered the land, in order to warn the king's subjects, was, like other services of the same nature, a species of grand-serjeanty.

These services, both of chivalry and grand-serjeanty, were all personal, and uncertain as to their quantity or duration. But the personal attendance in knight-service growing troublesome and inconvenient in many respects, the tenants found means of compounding for it, by first sending others in their stead, and in process of time making a pecuniary satisfaction to the lords in lieu of it. This pecuniary satisfaction at last came to be levied by assessments, at so much for every

knight's fee; and therefore this kind of tenure was called *scutagium* in Latin, or *servitium scuti*; *scutum* being then a well-known denomination of money: and in like manner it is called, in our Norman French, *escuage*; being indeed a pecuniary instead of a military service. The first time this appears to have been taken, was in the 5 Hen. II. on account of his expedition to Toulouse; but it soon came to be so universal, that personal attendance fell quite into disuse. Hence we find in our ancient histories, that, from this period, when our kings went to war, they levied *scutages* on their tenants, that is, on all the landholders of the kingdom, to defray their expences and to hire troops: and these assessments in the time of Henry II. seem to have been made quite arbitrarily, and at the king's pleasure. Which prerogative being greatly abused by his successors, it became matter of national clamour; and King John was obliged to consent, by his *magna charta*, that no *scutage* should be imposed without consent of parliament. But this clause was omitted in his son Henry III.'s charter; where we only find, that *scutages* or *escuage* should be taken as they were used to be taken in the time of Henry II. that is, in a reasonable and moderate manner. Yet afterwards, by statute 25 Edw. I. c. 5 & 6; and many subsequent statutes, it was enacted, that the king should take no aids or tasks but by the common assent of the realm. Hence it is held in our old books, that *escuage* or *scutage* could not be levied but by consent of parliament; such *scutages* being indeed the groundwork of all succeeding subsidies, and the land-tax of later times.

Since, therefore, *escuage* differed from knight-service in nothing but as a compensation differs from actual service, knight-service is so

frequently confounded with it. And thus Littleton must be understood, when he tells us, that tenant by homage, fealty, and *escuage*, was tenant by knight-service; that is, that this tenure, being subservient to the military policy of the nation, was respected as a tenure in chivalry. But as the actual service was uncertain, and depended upon emergencies, so it was necessary that this pecuniary compensation should be equally uncertain, and depend on the assessments of the legislature suited to those emergencies. For had the *escuage* been a settled invariable sum, payable at certain times, it had been neither more nor less than a mere pecuniary rent; and the tenure, instead of knight-service, would have then been of another kind, called *Soccage*.

By the degenerating of knight-service, or personal military duty, into *escuage* or pecuniary assessments, all the advantages, either promised or real, of the feudal constitutions, were destroyed, and nothing but the hardships remained. Instead of forming a national militia composed of barons, knights, and gentlemen, bound by their interest, their honour, and their oaths, to defend their king and country, the whole of this system of tenures now tended to nothing else but a wretched means of raising money to pay an army of occasional mercenaries.

In the mean time, the families of all our nobility and gentry groaned under the intolerable burdens which, in consequence of the fiction adopted after the conquest, were introduced and laid upon them by the subtlety and finesse of the Norman lawyers. For, besides the *scutages* to which they were liable in defect of personal attendance, which, however, were assessed by themselves in parliament, they might be called upon by the king or lord paramount

paramount for aids, whenever his eldest son was to be knighted, or his eldest daughter married; not to forget the ransom of his own person. The heir, on the death of his ancestor, if of full age, was plundered of the first emoluments arising from his inheritance, by way of relief and primer seisin; and if under age, of the whole of his estate during infancy. And then, as Sir Thomas Smith very feelingly complains; "when he came to his own, after he was out of wardship, his woods decayed, houses fallen down, stock wasted and gone, lands let forth and ploughed to be barren," to make amends, he was yet to pay half a year's profits as a fine for suing out his livery; and also the price or value of his marriage, if he refused such wife as his lord and guardian had bartered for and imposed upon him; or twice that value, if he married another woman. Add to this, the untimely and expensive honour of knighthood, to make his poverty more completely splendid. And when, by these deductions, his fortune was so shattered and ruined, that perhaps he was obliged to sell his patrimony, he had not even that poor privilege allowed him, without paying an exorbitant fine for a licence of alienation.

A slavery so complicated and so extensive as this, called aloud for a remedy in a nation that boasted of her freedom. Palliatives were from time to time applied by successive acts of parliament, which assuaged some temporary grievances. Till at length the humanity of King James I. consented, for a proper equivalent, to abolish them all, though the plan then proceeded not to effect; in like manner as he had formed a scheme, and began to put it in execution, for removing the feudal grievance of heritable jurisdictions in Scotland, which has since

been pursued and effected by the statute 20 Geo. II. c. 43. King James's plan for exchanging our military tenures seems to have been nearly the same as that which has been since pursued; only with this difference, that by way of compensation for the loss which the crown and other lords would sustain, an annual fee-farm rent should be settled and inseparably annexed to the crown, and assured to the inferior lords, payable out of every knight's fee within their respective seignories. An expedient, seemingly much better than the hereditary excise which was afterwards made the principal equivalent for these concessions. For at length the military tenures, with all their heavy appendages, were destroyed at one blow, by the statute 12 Car. II. c. 24. which enacts, "that the court of ward or liveries, and all wardships, liveries, primer seisins, and ousterlemains, values and forfeitures of marriages, by reason of any tenure of the king or others, be totally taken away. And that all fines for alienations, tenures by homage, knight's-service and escuage, and also aids for marrying the daughter or knighting the son, and all tenures of the king in capite, be likewise taken away. And that all sorts of tenures, held of the king or others, be turned into free and common soccage; save only tenures in frank-almoign, copyholds, and the honorary services, without the slavish part, of grand-serjeanty." A statute which was a greater acquisition to the civil property of this kingdom, than even magna charta itself; since that only pruned the luxuries that had grown out of the military tenures, and thereby preserved them in vigour: but the statute of King Charles extirpated the whole, and demolished both the root and the branches.

AMUSEMENTS

AMUSEMENTS
OF THE
SPANISH THEATRE.

THE following is extracted from the Letters of Robert Southey, Esq.—But though the stage at Corunna, is that upon which the writer has employed his pen, it will be seen that the theatre at Madrid, differs but little from those of the provinces. In fact, we have been told that the pasting bills in the capital, have announced certain pieces, probably in Lent, as being performed “By the Permission of the Holy Virgin Mary.”

“I am just returned from the Spanish comedy. The theatre is painted with a muddy light blue, and a dirty yellow, without gilding, or any kind of ornament. The boxes are engaged by the season; and subscribers only, with their friends, admitted to them, paying a *pesta*—about 10½—each. In the pit are the men, each seated as in a great armed chair; the lower class stand behind these seats: above are the women; for the sexes are separated, and so strictly, that an officer was broke at Madrid, for intruding into the female places. The boxes, of course, hold family parties. The centre box, over the entrance of the pit, is appointed for the magistrates, covered in the front with red stuff, and surmounted with the royal arms. The motto is a curious one: “*Silencio y no fumar.*” “Silence, and no smoking.”

“The comedy, of course, was very dull to one who could not understand it. I was told that it contained some wit, and more obscenity; but the only comprehensible joke to me was, “Ah!” said in a loud voice by one man, and “Oh!” replied equally loud by another, to the great amusement of the audi-

ence. To this succeeded a comic opera; the characters were represented by the most ill-looking men and women I ever saw. One of the men’s dress was a thread-bare brown coat, lined with silk that had once been white, and dirty corduroy waistcoat and breeches; his beard was black, and his neckcloth and shoes dirty; but his face! *Jack Ketch* might sell the reversion of his fee for him, and be in no danger of defrauding the purchaser. A soldier was also one of the characters, in a pair of old black velvet breeches, with a pair of garters reaching above the knee, that appeared to have been made out of some blacksmith’s old leather apron.

“A farce followed, and the hemp-stretch man again made his appearance, having blacked one of his eyes to look blind. M. observed that he looked better with one eye than with two, and we agreed that the loss of his head would be an addition to his beauty. The prompter stands in the middle of the stage, about half way above it, before a little tin skreen, not unlike a man in a cheese-toaster. He read the whole play with the actors, in a tone of voice equally loud; and when one of the performers added a little of his own wit, he was so provoked as to abuse him aloud, and shake the book at him.

“Another prompter made his appearance to the opera, unshaved, and dirty beyond description: they both used as much action as the actors.

“The scene that falls between the acts, would disgrace a puppet-show at an English fair. On one side is a hill, in size and shape like a sugar-loaf, with a temple on the summit, exactly like a watch-box: on the other, Parnassus, with Pegasus striking the top in his flight, and so giving a source to the waters of Helicon; but such is the proportion

portion of the horse to the mountain, that you would imagine him to be only taking a flying leap over a large ant-hill, and think he would destroy the whole economy of the state by kicking it to pieces. Between the hills lay a city; and in the air sits a duck-legged Minerva, surrounded by flabby Cupids.

"I could see the hair-dressing behind the scenes; a child was suffered to play on the stage, and amuse himself by sitting on the scene, and swinging backward and forward, so as to endanger setting it on fire. Five chandeliers were lighted, by only twenty candles. To represent night, they turned up two rough planks, about eight inches broad, before the stage lamps; and the musicians, whenever they retired, blew out their tallow candles. But the most singular thing is, their mode of drawing up the curtain. A man climbs up to the roof, catches hold of a rope, and then jumps down; the weight of his body raising the curtain, and that of the curtain breaking his fall.

"I did not see one actor with a clean pair of shoes. The women wore in their hair a tortoise-shell comb, to part it, the back of which is concave, and so large as to resemble the front of a small bonnet. This would not have been inelegant, if their hair had been clean, and without powder, or even appeared decent with it."

* * * * *

"At the theatre in Madrid, there is a stationary table fixed, where the door is on the English stage, and what is a stranger peculiarity, no money is paid on going in, but a man comes round and collects it between the acts. Between every act is a kind of operatical farce, a piece of low and gross buffoonery, which constantly gives the lie to their motto—"Representing a variety of actions we recommend vir-

tue to the people." It is a large and inelegant theatre, presenting to the eye only a mass of tarnished gilding. So badly was it lighted, that to see the company was impossible. One of the actresses, whose hair was long and curling, wore it combed naturally, without any kind of bandage, and I have seldom seen any head-dress so becoming. The representation began at half past four, and was over at eight. I have heard a curious specimen of wit from a Spanish comedy—During the absence of a physician, his servants prescribe; a patient has been eating too much *hare*, and they order him to take *greyhound broth*."

THE DECLINE

OR

DIVERSIONS IN WALES.

MR. JONES, hard to the Prince of Wales, in his second volume of "The Musical, Poetical, and Historical Relics of the Welsh Bards and Druids," lately published in folio, speaking of the rapid decrease of performers on the harp in Wales, with the consequent decline of that elegant and expressive instrument, as well as of the national music and poetry, furnishes us with a piece of information which is not less well-founded than curious—"The sudden decline of the national minstrelsy, and customs of Wales," says he, "is in a great degree to be attributed to the fanatic impostors, or illiterate plebeian preachers, who have over-run the country, misleading the greater part of the common people from their lawful church, and dissuading them from their innocent amusements, such as singing, dancing, and other rural sports and games, which heretofore they had been accustomed to delight in, from the earliest time. In the

the course of my excursion through the principality," says Mr. Jones, "I have met with several harpers and songsters, who actually had been prevailed upon by those erratic strollers to relinquish their profession, from the idea that it was sinful. The consequence is, Wales, which was formerly one of the merriest and happiest countries in the world, is now become one of the dullest."

Being of opinion that religion has no necessary alliance with gloominess, and being a friend to innocent and refined pleasures, I cannot help regretting that they are extinct among our honest sequestered fellow-subjects; and that those rude teachers, who are so much in vogue in the principality, have declared implacable war against these harmless pastimes, which were so creditable to the taste of the simple inhabitants.

IMPOLICY
OF
DESTROYING SPARROWS,
Particularly in a Corn Country.

EVERY created being is a link in the grand chain that binds universal nature; and to remove one of these from the immense variety, is to destroy another, and perhaps derange the whole. In the feathered creation this position is hourly obvious, from the tiny wren of the brambled cover, to the mighty condor of the American mountains. Thus we are all dependant beings, one on the other: and to remove the land marks of the first Great Cause, is to correct him who gave us the powers of reason; a crime that springs from presumption or from folly.

In a corn country belonging to Prussia, a few years ago, the farm-

ers, one and all, came to a resolution, to exterminate the race of sparrows, as beings most inimical to agriculture. To effect this with speed, every peasant was subjected to an annual capitation tax, of twelve heads of that kind of bird. At the end of the second, or at farthest the third year, it was discovered by these wise men, that insects had devoured their crops. The loss or deprivation of their good friends the sparrows, was found to be the cause, and these Gothamites were now as solicitous in re-peopling their kingdom with sparrows, as they were before in their extermination.

The sparrows, it is true, eat some grains of corn, because the grain comes at the time the insects fail them; but, let the farmer remember, that when he submits to this, he does but pay the labourer for his toil; for the sparrow has devoured the weevil that assailed his stock, and but for whom his whole granary had been polluted. However, we should not attempt to destroy the whole mass of the insect world; for on these the sparrow depends for food to rear the nest, and a thousand other song birds, whose plumage delight in our rural walks, and whose songs are renovating to the spirits of the children of industry.

Thus must it appear, how dependant one creature is upon the existence of another, and the impolicy of destroying those things the wise Author of all intended for our particular benefit,

AN OLD IRISH HUNTER

IS particularly described among the engraved figures in the German Abraham Bruyns *Diversarium gentium Armaturis Equestres*, in 1575. The representation alluded to, is a portrait

portrait of a Wild Irish Hunter—
"Ein wilde Irländisch Rhyter," who
 sits on a horse without any sort of
 caparison going full speed; his right
 hand has hold of the horse's left
 ear; and, in his left hand he holds a
 small bow, like that in use among the
 Parthians. He has a close jacket,
 and over it a large cloak, fastened
 at the breast; a sword suspended
 at his left side, and, apparently, a
 belt hung from the left shoulder, as
 for a quiver, with a high cap, that
 fits the upper part of the head, and
 the shamrock in front: all forming
 an entertaining picture of the Irish
 costume, about the middle of the
 sixteenth century.

HUMOUROUS PROPOSALS

FOR RAISING

A CORPS OF AMAZONS.

AN answer to the plan, which
 appeared in the County He-
 rald, the 9th instant, for raising a
 corps of females, to be called the
 Queen's Amazons.

WERE the Queen with her maids to be-
 gin to recruit

Fair subjects of spirit, her purpose to
 suit,

An army of Amazons soon would appear,
 That would put Bonaparte and his heroes
 in fear.

But, to form our fair wives or our widows
 in van,

They would charm all the French, all
 the French to a man.

Get a regiment of old maids, the army to
 head,

They'll strike Bonaparte with a horrible
 dread.

As 'tis cruel to fix the old maids in the
 rear!

Let them range in the front, and there's
 nothing to fear.

Disappointments and crosses their hearts
 have so vex't,

That to conquer or die they've got a
 pretext;

✓ VOL. XXII. No. 131.

They will dart on their foes looks so sour
 and grim,

It shall cause them to tremble in every
 limb.

Then, they'll take a French leave, and
 be gone in a crack,

Nor force, nor persuasion, will e'er bring
 them back.

YE toiling, ye careful, industrious souls
 Ye far fetching merchants, who visit the
 poles,

Ye fearful, ye old, ye decrepit, and
 lame,

Pray think what is what, and the war
 never blame.

You may hear how the French do the
 English charge

As breakers of treaties, their views to
 enlarge.

Well, let them charge on, but know this
 for a fact,

That the cause and the source of the war
 is their act.

John Bull they provok'd, and they made
 him resent

Their ambitious proceedings, which soon
 they'll repent;

For since war is begun, John the same
 will pursue,

And cause his provokers their folly to
 rue.

France the cause and source of
 the war!—we don't understand
 that. Pray explain it a little. —
 I have neither time, nor much pa-
 tience for explanations. I will tell
 you a story, however, that may do
 as well, and then finish my song.

"You all know Jack Downright,
 and his chattering neighbour, Kate
 Frisky; and you all know or may
 remember, that Jack and Kate
 could never agree long together;
 that they often fell out; and their
 fallings out sometimes set the whole
 neighbourhood a jangling, and they
 were altogether by the ears

"Some friends, and well-dispos-
 ed people, advised that Jack and
 Kate should enter into a treaty of
 peace.

I i

peace.—“With all my heart,” said Jack, “I don’t care how soon, so it be just and honourable.”—“Nor I,” replied Kate, “for I am a mild, peaceable woman, and dote upon peace; and provided things are settled so and so, I am ready to sign the treaty to-morrow.”—Jack, like an honest, plain, well meaning man, would neither demur nor haggle about a few trifles, he let her have her way in most things; and the treaty of peace was signed by both parties, and it was Jack’s intention to have kept it.

“Not long after, as Jack entered the public house, to cheer his heart with a pint, after the fatigues of the day, he saw every mouth open upon him, every tongue vociferated, “behold the treaty-breaker.” Kate, said they, has been round the village, and made it to ring again with her complaints against you; and her every third word is, that you are a violator of the most solemn and sacred treaty.

“Ay! ay! like enough,” said Jack, “I know her of old; this is not the first time that Kate Frisky has spread her Canterbury Tales, and strove to make her own case good, by throwing the whole on my shoulders. But let her tattle as long as she likes. If so be, I have broke the treaty, how could I help it. You all know neighbours, what a trouble some woman Kate has been.—“Then her vanity and ambition were too great for plain Jack to brook. She wanted to be praised for beauty that she has lost, and to be extolled for virtue which she never possessed; she extended her arms, to shew what a compass she was able to take in; she spread her hands that I might observe the length of her nails; in short, neighbours, Kate gave herself so many ridiculous airs,

“held her head so high, and tossed up her nose so, that I could not bear it; and I will let her know, that she shall not toss up her nose, nor hold up her head over Jack Downright. I ben’t afraid of Kate, I hope; so let her tattle, let her spread her arms, and shew her nails. I have not yet forgot her cruel treatment of her good father—no, no, that was too bad to be forgotten in a day or two.”

Now I have told my story, give me leave to finish my song, which I shall do in another tune, for I have more tunes than one to sing in.

VALIANT British sons of thunder,
Array, and make the world to wonder;
Demand your due, defend your right,
You need not fear with France to fight,
Cruel the rebels, who contend,
Who wrong and robbery defend.

For England’s glory draw the sword,
To put down France’s usurping lord;
Lost liberty to Frenchmen bring;
To them restore their rightful king;
And call back peace and amity.
To kingdoms that have mourn’d with thee.

He comes, he comes, the upstart comes,
Prepare your cannons, swords, and drums,
Make the upstart bite the ground,
Then let trumpets, hautboys, sound,
And clarionet, and sprightly fife,
Proclaim the rebel’s ebbing life,

Usurpers never lord it long,
However rich, however strong,
Ambitious aims, or flighty scheme,
Oft lead them to the fatal stream,
Down which they roll to endless night,
And leave the world to take their right.

But gratitude is incense sweet,
A kind reception, always meet;
It mounts above the skies aloft,
From grateful hearts as incense soft;
And blessings warm will call it forth,
And give the heart its pleasing birth.

Thus, when usurping tyrants die,
Returning shouts will rend the sky;
’Tis sin and folly to be sad,
For ev’ry heart should then be glad;

Tis

'Tis Heav'n's choice mercy, favour great,
When lordly upstarts meet their fate.

To Louis raise the standard high,
Let every tongue a Louis cry;
Upstarts then shall tumble down,
And Louis mount his lawful throne:
Consuming war shall quickly cease,
And Europe flourish long in peace.

Stambourn, July 24. 1803.

A. B.

HUNTWORTHY-COURT-LODGE.*

*Once the Grand Sporting Seat of King
Henry VIII.*

*A Ramble to it, through North-Petherton,
Burton-Pynsent, Boroughbridge; and
a Return down the east Bank of the
Parret, to Bridgewater. With some ac-
count of an old Fisherman.*

RELEASED from the Society of market-day farmers, complained of in my last, I resolved to ramble a few miles into the country, and take refreshments, with silence, and simplicity: for this purpose, I left Bridgewater, and took through the meadows three miles to North-Petherton; where, I had been assured, I should find plenty of gratification for one of my peripatetic disposition. I entered a respectable inn, just as the landlady was spreading her plentiful board, with a plain but comfortable dinner. After the usual sacrifices, I turned my thoughts towards the rarities of the hamlet, and was directed to Huntworthy-Court-Lodge, once called the grand sporting retreat of our eighth Henry; and, if tradition be correct, the solitude of his Queen, Catherine, after her unnatural repudiation. And now quitting my inn, I entered a large quadrangular green, where stands the parish church*, a beauti-

ful structure within and without, with a lofty tower superbly adorned, forming a feature in the landscape, of peculiar grace and attraction; as indeed do most of the sacred buildings in this celebrated county.

The people of Somersetshire, it seems, were particularly attached to the interests of the House of Lancaster; and, in their wars with the Yorkists, had signalized themselves so well, that when Duke Henry had overcome the army of Richard, the new king, to shew his gratitude to the people of these western parts, repaired all their churches, and adorned them with lofty and magnificent towers, filled with the most musical bells.

Although some historians darken the character of the seventh Henry with meanness, the worst of vices in a sovereign prince, yet this policy was highly commendable; and if it may not be called liberality, it had at least its rise in wisdom: for these new objects were continually before the eyes of his subjects, and, so often as look'd upon, called to their recollection the princely munificence of the donor. From this place, I turned over a few fields to the eastward, and presently came in sight of the old Hunting Lodge, once so nobly frequented.

Huntworthy-Court-Lodge, is at present inhabited by Farmer Gatcomb; but, in 1642, it was the favourite retreat of one of the greatest sovereign princes in Europe. All that remains perfect of this royal seat, is the body of the building. The offices are in ruins, the fine gardens turned into laystalls, and the chapel into a pig-sty; the superb painted glass, from the designs of the favourite Holbein, is removed

* The pulpit is fixed on the brawny shoulders of a monk, well carved, and constantly painted; the inhabitants call it Popery, and say they retain the figure, to shew how they will for ever tread that doctrine under foot.

no one knows whither; and those windows, through which the unfortunate queen, was wont to send her sighs to her Creator, are now plastered up, to soften that unnatural tax upon the lights of heaven. Her Majesty's secret chamber, is a lodge for weary clowns to snore in; where stood the couch of her repose, on which, as Shakespear describes, "the queen was wont to be comforted in sleep by visions of bliss," lies a poke of sorry flocks—Yes! in the very place, where, waking, she could thus exclaim—

"Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone,
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?
Bid the music leave;
They are harsh and heavy to me.
Mine eyes grow dim—farewell.

When I am dead,
Let me be us'd with honour, strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife, to my grave.
Altho' unqueen'd, yet, like
A Queen, and daughter to a King, inter me."

The rich stucco ceilings are no more. Not a single shred of tapestry remains; the walls it once covered, are now the bearers of more humble adornments—the old ballads of "Margery's Ghost," the "Cruel Stepmother," the "Maiden Aunt," and the "Children in the Wood," usurp their former Arachnean magnificence. The ample court green before the palace, where the sound of the hunter's horn used to call up the sovereign, is now a cow-lair, too filthy for decency to penetrate. The royal armorial bearings are nearly vanished; the wyvern has lost his sting and his tail; and his former companion, the greyhound, is gone for ever. The shield of England is defaced; and,

the crown of York and Lancaster, now hangs upon a sorry peg, like the cover of an old water-pot out of use. The palace turrets are decayed, and all its beauties vanished like a dream. In those very stalls, where the high pampered hunter, and the gallant palfrey were wont to toss their heads, the poor laborious ox masticates his humble food: and, where the sweet sounds of minstrelsey raised the soul to Heaven, is only heard the cackling of geese, and the grunting of swine. If our sweet Willie of Avon, had been alive to notice these changes, surely he had sung to this effect—

"Ye Gods! how changeable is mortal consequence? Man eagerly grasps awhile the rods of power, and tips them with the ensigns of his proud authority; and sits and scowls on all beneath him. Now, high he builds some ample tower, some gorgeous palace, the temple of his divinity; and now, he stores it well, with all that art and nature, gives, or pride selects for garniture: when, like a silly bird by the skilful fowler's aim, he's shot by hunter—Death—and from his tree-top bough topples head-long down, unpitied, to the dust; and some, who flattered him to folly, make merry at the change. Now, with his fortune, all things wear another hue; e'en o'er the pillow of his loves, the spider ticks his nightly watch: and, where he fed on dainty's nicest dish, the hungry rats explore; and the night-owl mutes and hollows with impunity. Perhaps, his mansion changes with his fate, and down it comes: and that which once a rubble from the quarry came to rise to beauty, as a rubble falls again.—Such is pride's eventful history."

From these mutilated works of time, I crossed the river to Æthelingay, or the Isle of Nobles, where the great Alfred once secreted himself from the murderous Danes; and

and, here is still the place shewn, however incredible, that sheltered the royal fugitive. Quitting the confluence of the Thone and the Parret, I mounted Lady Chatham's park, to the seat called Burton-Pynsent, of most commanding beauty, and worthy the traveller's nicest attention. Burton-Pynsent, as I am here informed, was given by — Pynsent, Bart. to Colonel Pitt, before any appearance of his elevation took place, to serve a political purpose; and this to the prejudice of his own son, whom the baronet thought proper to discard, for a marriage with the girl of his heart.

As I sat on the high ground of Burton-Pynsent, at the foot of the obelisk, contemplating the site of the antient Æthelingay, a thousand pleasing visions of fancy passed before me; I saw the disguised monarch, shaping his bow, heedless of the taunts of the mercenary neatherd, and his intolérable shrew; I beheld him,—"in the mind's eye,"—rush from his hiding-place in order of battle, surrounded by his nobles; I saw the charge, and the discomfited Danes fly before him; I then beheld the conqueror haranguing his people; and, while he expatiated on their past miseries, shewed the propriety of defending their restored liberty; so impressive were the powers of imagination, that I drank in all their charms; and, rising from my reverie, wrote thus with my pencil on the base of the pillar, at Burton-Pynsent.

"O Liberty! thou art the great goddess of my adoration; I will sing songs of praise to thee while I have existence, and climb the highest of the dewy mountains, to embrace thee; even at the rising and the close of day will I kiss thy feet, for thy presence can give more rapture than all the treasures of the universe.

"Where thou art, Supreme

Good! more brilliant seetheth creation; and where thou art not, the sun has lost his lustre; and, sad reverse! the songs of the field-birds, remind mankind of the full magnitude of their misery; and, to behold them wing the air, is but to make men curse their own continuance.

"All-charming Liberty! even when my head is grey with many years, and the sinews of my arm relax to feebleness, if there be need, O let me make a last exertion, a willing effort in thy favour; and think it the proudest honour of my life, to die for thy protection.

"May the tyrant who would rend thy sacred vestments, perish like a Damien, and his name be erased from society; may his habitation be cast to the ground, and its foundation ploughed by asses; may the soil be cursed with everlasting sterility; and, if perchance, one stem should spring, may it prove the bramble, useful but to bind a grave.

"Such be my song, and such my love for thee, all-cheering Liberty! and O! may my country, however fallen, never prove unworthy an Alfred like the last for its salvator."

This part of Somersetshire is at all times competent to furnish the ingenious mind with a delectable feast. The shells and fossils found in the quarries are various, numerous, and, beyond description, wonderful; by digging near Ilchester, in this neighbourhood, I could in a little space set out a display of fish for a city alderman; I could give him as fine a turtle, to appearance, as ever graced the convivial board at La Forests, with other shell fish in abundance: above all, as perfect a lobster as ever sprawled upon a fishmonger's stall in London. How this jumble of aquatic forms came into the hills of Somerset is beyond my comprehension: an ingenious writer has attempted

attempted to describe the phenomenon, though, according to my conception, in a way rather hypothetical.

"From the furious motion," says he, "and prodigious power of stormy winds, the perpetual agitation and justling of the waters, and the centrifugal exertions of the globe, the bones, shells, and other excrementitious parts of fish, were thrown through the mass to the surface. From these originated all the infinitely various combinations of substances, which now appear on the earth, or near its surface. The calcarious matter was first held in solution by the aerial acid; this being more ponderous than air, descended from it, and, mingling with water, suspended its earth. If it met any other matter, to which it had a stronger affiance, it deserted the salited mass. Hence arose earth, marbles, stones, &c. From the mingled zoophites, fish, and petrefied vegetables in the sea, with the moving elements, arose all the various combined substances in nature."

The truth of this I am willing to leave to more learned investigators; but cannot quit the subject without still expressing my wonder how a turtle, the primitive inhabitant of the West Indies, should be found in the centre of an English quarry. I turned a little out of my way, the day being uncommonly pleasant, to look on the two Sedgemoors, where the Duke of Monmouth fought the troops of his uncle James, and was defeated. The large moor is now draining for cultivation, and comprehends 1600 acres; and the less, called the West Moor, 1700, making together a prodigious tract of waste, where scarce any living creature is seen, except innumerable flocks of geese. It is here itinerant dealers are supplied at a very cheap

rate; and those flocks you sometimes see driven about your streets are principally from the Sedgemoors.

The provincial wits here have a saying, when any one grows wealthy and saucy at the expence of another—

"He feeds his geese at Sedgemoor."

Alluding to the tenantry feeding their feathered flocks for nothing, to their great advantage. This vast common, it is here reported, is shortly to be converted to a more commendable purpose—a corn garden, to feed the industrious poor.

Receding from the Sedgemoors, my attention was impressively caught by a singular eminence called the Tump, a hill capped with a fine piece of ruins. Having obtained the summit, I found several workmen dismantling a venerable chapel, once of great beauty, and standing, as Dr. Trusler asserts, in the days of Alfred; the resemblance of which Mr. Bampfild, of Taunton, has preserved in a picture, painted by himself, from which I have an etching presented by that gentleman. From this lofty situation, as I looked down upon Boroughbridge, and its accumulating waters, I clearly perceived that, from local advantages, great benefits, with little labour, might accrue to the whole of the western counties; and it struck me with wonder that, in this canal-cutting age, a communication had not been effected between this place and the English Channel, a circumstance not difficult to attain, if the monied interest of the west would heartily enter into the scheme. Nature seems particularly favourable to such an undertaking. Let us suppose for a moment the canal begun at Boroughbridge, and winding between the hills to Lime in Dorsetshire, a distance of about twenty miles, through this the circuitous travel

travel by the Land's End would be done away, and the profits to the Welsh shores, both banks of the Severn, and several great cities, incalculable. Assisted by the rapid tide of the Bristol Channel, the deep current of the Parret, the freshes of the Thone, and other springs and rivers in its course, it is hardly probable the undertaking can fail of water even in the driest season; and the whole western trade find a speedy intercourse with the eastern markets.

To illustrate the advantages of such an inland navigation take the following fact—

"Two captains, one of a Jamaica ship, and the other of a Cardiff trader, left the port of London the same tide, went down Channel together, and parted at the Land's End; the West Indiaman soon got into the trade-winds, and the Cardiff ship to its destination; the wind changed to the west, and continued stationary for so many months, that the Cardiff ship was confined, and the Indiaman absolutely returned, and made good the port she set out from before the Welsh trader could weather the Land's End."

From this it must be seen, at one view, of what utility a new navigation would be to the east and to the west; it would, above all things, be the means of curbing that diabolical spirit of monopolization felt in London, by the consumers of sea-coal during an inclement season; that precious article of comfort being found on the Welsh shores of an excellent quality, and in as great abundance, as in any other part of the island.

"Farewell," I cried, "to the abode of the great Alfred!" and, quitting Boroughbridge, took down the right bank of the Parret. The beams of the declining sun, together with the fresh breezes playing on the waters, made the afternoon par-

ticularly agreeable; and, having time to renew my remarks, like a stout knight in romance, I took my way, looking out for new adventures.

On both sides the winding Parret is a tree of singular beauty, the natives call it the Napsey: its like I never beheld to the eastward, and am informed is seldom to be met with but in Somersetshire. In its full growth, the napsey is tall, light, and thin in the air: inside the leaves, the colour is a shining dark-green; the outside, as white as a garden lily; and, while the wind blows brisk, the leaves of the napsey turn up their silver bottoms, and gaily quiver before the sportive gales. The ivy exhibits a partial attachment to this tree, and most cordially embraces it from the root to the extremity of its branches; the leaf is not in shape unlike the ivy, except deeper in the base. The gaudy woodpecker loves to cling to its trunk, and the merry redstart to flutter round it with his waving crimson tail, to take the presuming insect that comes to wound its tender bark. It is to be pitied our landscape painters do not sometimes select the napsey, it would do well where variety is pleasing; and, in the fore ground of a picture, where there is a great breadth of shadow, and might be so managed as not to take off too much of the attention from whatever is made a principal; but our modern landscape painters, like some of our modern poets, overstep the modesty of nature to make up their compositions with creatures of their own fancy. Morland is an exception to this observation, he travels with a tablet to delineate the rural beauties that come in his way, and then transplants them in the soil of his own fertile imagination, which gives his pictures the true air of English scenery, and makes them the admiration of the real connoisseur.

I had

I had now proceeded about five miles down the bank, when, highly diverted with the singular adornments about a fisherman's hut, I sat me down to survey the premises. He had turned his boat the bottom upwards, and artfully converted it into a drinking room; his worn-out nets hung in festoons just under his humble thatch, with here and there a fractured oar tied cross-fashion with rope yarn; and over the door stood his blue painted rudder, with a broken tiller, &c. The sign of the Old Hoy was evidently manufactured by a better head than the owner's; for it was decently adorned, and beneath the following inscription—

THE OLD FISHERMAN.

My Hoy, gentle friends, I've laid up on the shore,
For my labour is past, and my strength is no more:

No longer my nets to the waters I cast,
Yet am willing to live by my trade to the last.

Then pray you walk in, take a cup of good ale,

And help an old Fisher retir'd from the gale;

His life, like the current that flows by his door,

Will soon be run out, and he'll trouble no more.

And on a rude board fastened to the side of the above, by way of addenda—

I've made my sign a little wider,
To let you know I sell good cyder.

The whimsicality of this aquatic philosopher it seems had answered his wishes to the full; for, it being but a little walk from Eastoverstreet, Bridgewater, to the Old Hoy, the sons of commiseration, recollecting the old proverb, that

"Many can help one, when one can't help many,"

Frequently emptied the old man's

cyder hogshead; and, as they filled his purse, lightened his cares.

The sun was now sinking to his watery bed; and having followed the windings of the muddy Parret for near nine miles, not a little satisfied with my ramble, I sought the inn at Bridgewater, from whence I set out to visit the Royal-Huntworthy.

Thus I have spent in toil another day,
Tho' tir'd my frame, my spirits still are gay;

I now retire to take a sweet repose,
And plead for you, my country, and its woes.

T. N.

SPORTING WITH OLD SAWS;

OR,

A Letter of Advice entirely consisting of English Proverbs. Addressed to a Person inclined to marry.

SIR,

ALTHOUGH I am none of those that love to have an oar in every ones boat, or such a busy body as deserves to be hit in the teeth, that I should keep my breath to cool my potage; yet, you and I having eaten a peck of salt together, and having a hint that you are upon a business that will either make you, or mar you—for a man's best fortune, or his worst, is a wife—I would wish you to look before you leap, and make more than two words to a bargain.

It is true, that marriages are made in Heaven, it is also true that marriage and hanging goeth by destiny. But, if you are disposed to marry, marry a shrew rather than a sheep, for a fool is fulsome; yet ye run a risk also in the other, for a shrew may so tie your nose to the grindstone, that the grey mare will prove the better horse; besides, there is another old saying, that every one knows how to tame a shrew but he

he who hath her. If it be your fortune to meet such a one, she may chance to put you to the charge of buying a long spoon, for he must have a long spoon who will eat with the devil.

Moreover, if you needs must marry, do not fetch your wife from Dunmow, for so you may bring home two sides of a sow; nor from Westminster, for he who goeth to Westminster for a wife, to Pauls for a man, and to Smithfield for a horse, may have a jade to his horse, a knave to his man, and a wag-tail to his wife.

But if you needs must marry, let her rather be little than big, for of two evils the least is to be chosen: yet there is another hazard in that also; for a little pot is soon hot, and so she will be little and loud; if you give her an inch, she will take an ell: she will always have a Rowland for your Oliver, and two words for one; such a wife, though she be as tender as Parsons Lemman, yet she may prove a wolf in a lamb's skin; instead of a rose, you will have a burr. If you meet with such a one, you may be put to answer as he was who having a damnable scold to his wife, and being asked by Sir Tho. Badger, who recommended her unto him? He said, "an old courtier." "What courtier?" said Sir Tho. "it was the devil, Sir."

Furthermore, take heed of too handsome a wife, for then she is likely not to be all your own, and so she may bring you to your horn book again, or rather make you horn mad; and then you have brought your hogs to a fair market.

But by all means be wary of too easy and lavishing a wife, for so you may quickly turn a noble to nine-pence, and come home by broken cross; she will in a short time make hunger to drop out at your nose, she will thwitten a mill-

post to a pudding-prick, the goose will drink as deep as the gander, and then, when all is gone and nothing left, what avails the dagger with the dudgeon-haft? The wolf will be then still at the door, and the black ox will tread on your toe; your neighbours will make mouths at you, and say, you are as wise as Waltham's calf, who went nine miles to suck a bull, and came home more thirsty than when he went.

You must also be wary how you marry one that hath cast her rider, least you fall into a quagmire, wherein another was lost, I mean a widow, for so you will be subject to have a death's head often put in your dish. Touching the complexion of your wife, the Spaniard holdeth black to be the wholesomest, for he hath a proverb, *Muger negra Trementina en Ella*, a black woman hath turpentine in her: the Frenchman is for the brown, when he saith, *Fille brunette gaye & nette*, a brown lass is gay and cleanly, but they both will tell you that, touching a red haired and bearded woman, salute them a hundred paces off. However, as a fool at forty is always a fool, therefore beware of imitating a leek, which, though it has a grey head, has also a green tail.

Take heed by all means of doting so far upon any one female, as to marry her for meer affection: it is true, that one hair of a woman will draw more than an hundred yoke of oxen, yet meer affection is but blind reason, and there are more maids than malkins: it is true, that in love there is no lack, yet it is as true, that nothing hath no savour; and there must be suet as well as oatmeal to make a pudding. In this case it is better to buy a quart of milk by the penny, than keep a cow, and to follow the Italian proverb, viz. commend the sea, but

K k

keep

keep thyself a shoar; commend the hills, but keep thyself on the plains; commend a wedded life, but keep thyself a batchelor. According to another wise proverb, he who marieth doth well, but he who marieth not, doth better; whereunto alludeth a third, that next to a single life the married is best: I will conclude with that of the Italian, honest men use to marry, but wise men not.

When you read this, I know you will be apt to say, a fool's bolt is soon shot; or cry out, wit whither wilt thou? Yet, though I am none of the seven sages, I can look as far into a millstone as another, and you know that the stander-by, seeth more than the gamester.

What I write is the language of a friend, and could I stead you herein, I would do it with as good a will as ever I came from school.

I am,

Usque ad Aras.

Yours to the Altars.

ORIGIN

OF

FEMALE CHAISE-DRIVING IN ENGLAND.

ABOUT forty years ago, it was remarked, that a lady in this metropolis expressed herself, that she thought every woman ought to know how to drive, for fear her servant should be drunk, a common thing then when visits were paid in the country at any distance. Soon after this, two Countesses were seen driving near Westminster Bridge, one in a four-wheel chaise, the other in a curricule. Many women of quality; afterwards took to driving a one horse chaise.

AN OLD SMACK.

JOE MILLER.

A Pilgrimage to the Tomb of that Old Sportsman.

Lie light upon him parent Earth! for he
Made light the heart; and set the spirits
free.

IF cheerfulness be the prolongator of human existence, what a brilliant fee has the gloomy man to pay his physician, when he has diverted the melancholy of his patient, and covered his face with the muscles of risibility?

Of this mirth-communicating faculty, was the once celebrated Mr. Joe Miller, comedian, whose prescriptions for the spleen are, even at this day, as well received, as the most admired remedies from the Medicabulum of Æsculapius.

In the early part of my life, I had frequently heard the name of our English Momus at the tables of jocularly. Not a witty thing could be said by one man, but another was ready to attribute the flash to Joe Miller.

If my grand-father told the frolics of his youth, and finished his narration with a good point—"Ha! ha!" cries a listener, "that's a good Joe Miller." Poor Peter Perry, of sporting memory, was only remarkable for telling a story about a mare and a milestone, as long as from London to Lincoln: his prolixity was insufferable, and one day a person in company exclaim'd in an angry tone, "Who is that man?" "His name is Perry," answered a neighbour. "By heaven," rejoind'd the inquirer, "I wish it had been Mum." "Ha! ha!" bellowed Peter, instead of apologising for his loquacity, "that's a good Joe Miller, by —."

An elderly lady of my acquaintance, once assured the company,
that

that when she was a girl, her mother placed her for the recovery of her health in the Isle of Wight, at the house of one farmer Fry-in-pan; where, one morning, a hawk was so eager in pursuit of one of the farmer's pigeons, that he drove it into a hot oven, just prepared to receive the family bread; and that both hawk and pigeon perished together. "Poor pigeon," replied a by-stander, "that was from the Fry-in-pan into the fire." "Ha! ha! Mr. Jimcrack," cried the lady, "you are always turning over a leaf in Joe Miller."

If a simple joke escaped any one in a pleasant moment, exclamations of a similar nature, attended the wag that let it slip. "A Joe Miller," cried some one, "page 45, turn'd down, and much thumb'd at the bottom."

So frequent was this extraordinary character brought forward in companies where I associated, that I resolved last winter, upon my return to the metropolis, to make myself better acquainted with the history of the author of so much popularity, and whose flashes of merriment, so frequently set the table in a roar. To obtain this end, I was recommended to wait on a Mr. Bulgen of Cary-street, a reputable tradesman, who has the felicity to be grave-digger to the parish of St. Clement Dane, but more of that gentleman anon. In the interim, gentle reader, permit me, with the great parliamentary orators of the present age, to deal a little in prolixity.

When we hear the exploits of eminent men, there is a laudable curiosity attached to the active mind, while it endeavours to trace their beginning, and follow them to their dissolution. It is praise-worthy to select their singularities, and detail them for the entertainment of others less sedulous; while none but a

churl digests them in gloom, to consign them to eternal silence. When a minister of state slips his wind, the venality of news-writers, attributes virtues to him he never possessed, and bestrewn his actions with commendations that serve to feed credulity, and make the philosopher wrinkle his visage to the out-lines of side-shaking laughter; the creatures of his bounty vote the great man a monument; and now the richest fancy of the artist directs the chisell, to divert those whose sons bled at his mandate; or to delight the fool, whose treasure dissolved like snow before the sun. to support projects began without wisdom, and concluded in disgrace; while the merry fellow, the contriver of our happiness, who mounts our spirits to the highest degree on the barometer of mirth and health, like a poor player just struts his hour upon the stage of life, and is heard of no more; not a stone covers his head, not a bramble dresses his sod; he moulders like a clown, and his merits are forgot.

I waited on Mr. Bulgen, just as that gentleman was repairing to make the great bed of human rest; and requested him to make me acquainted with all he knew respecting Mr. Joe Miller. "What," said he, "my brother comedian?" At this I started, and begg'd to know what part of the play he was destined to perform. "Finisher of the works of fate," he replied.—"And I build that house for man, that shall last him to doom's-day." "Sir," rejoind Mr. Bulgen, "to put joking on one side; I am the grave-digger; and if you think proper to make a pilgrimage to the tomb of Mr. Joe Miller, it is near at hand, and all I know of that witty gentleman, I am free to communicate." I thanked Mr. B. for his politeness; and away we went, cheek-by-jowl, to the burying-ground

in Portugal Street, Lincoln's-Inn Fields; and I was presently introduced to the tomb of the man, of whose history I was most solicitous to know.

"This" said Mr B. "is the tomb of honest Joe; it was sunk even to the dust of him it was raised to celebrate. I forced it from obscurity, renewed its face at my own expence, and from no other motive than a sincere affection for the memory of the man."

I ran over the inscription thus.

Here lie the remains of

Honest Joe Miller,

Who was

A tender husband,

A sincere friend,

A facetious companion,

And an excellent comedian.

He departed this life, the 15th day of August, 1736, aged 54 years.

EPITAPH.

"If humbur, wit, and honesty could
save

The humorous, witty, honest from the
grave;

This grave had not so soon its tenant
found,

With honesty and wit, and humour
crown'd.

Or, could esteem and love preserve our
health,

And guard us longer from the stroke of
death;

The stroke of death on him had later fell,
Whom all mankind esteem'd and lov'd
so well."

This stone, said I, contains his history—I wished to know no more—transcribed the modest tale upon my tablet, and departed.

Ye sportsmen disdain not to visit the tomb of facetious Joe, for he loved your sports, and followed the munny chase, and sang the "Sweet ten'd horn, that called the Hunters to the Field," the "Stilton Race," "Squire Frampton," and "New-market Sports."

And you, ye Children of Thalia, come, slip the comic sock, and bend

a moment at the shroud of playful Joe; for he, like you, could flash the blaze of wit, and make the wide theatre ring with a cure for melancholy, for care, and every imp of sorrow.

And you, ye Choice Spirits, before all, come, and shed libations on the head of mirthful Joe; for he was wont to charm the terrors of the wintry night; and, like you, full oft he ushered in the sunbeams with a countenance that bespoke hilarity, and man-becoming friendship.

Ye Bards, though last not least in love, bow at the grave of honest Joe; 'twas he personified the characters your learned tribe prepar'd; Johnson, Fletcher, Dryden, wrote for him; and Shakespear's wit put on by Joe, was wit sublime. All! all! disdain not to remember such a man, and think not your pride wounded by a pilgrimage to the tomb of one who still instructs you how to laugh.

Lie light upon him, Earth, for honest Joe
Taught what your gloomy churls disdain;

The ready way to make the pleasures
flow

With bliss that never leaves a palm.

T. N.

ECCENTRIC THOUGHTS

ON

MUSICAL DISORDERS.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

IT has been remarked, with the surprise which ignorance occasions, that our climate is principally injurious to first rate singers, while the fourth, or third, or perhaps even the second rates, are exempted from its influence. The reason of this, however, will be obvious; if we consider that it is in singing,

singing, as in our mode of life, in our diet, the more we depart from simplicity the more we become liable to disorder, put ourselves as it were out of the protection of nature, and become the prey of every trifling change of weather. In our singing, as well as at our tables, we have introduced so many foreign kick-shaws and fantastical ornaments to make our guests stare, and ask one another, *what is it?* that a good plain stomach cannot find any of its favourite indulgences.—What *made dishes* are to the stomach, I consider *bravuras* are to the lungs. Who ever heard that the weather had any effect on a Scotch melody? but if a singer will take the cadence note and hash it up into a thousand little fritters, so as to carry the subject quite out of sight, I have always found the consequence to be a certain degree of cold. The *warmth* of feeling evaporates, the pores are open to wonderment and applause, and the least touch of an easterly wind never fails to compel the manager to “change the play.” I have likewise observed that the due accompaniment of the orchestra is an excellent antidote against disorders, but when once a singer gets beyond them, and endeavours to excel the fiddle, all the consequences of extravagance may be expected. Indeed when I see the fatal words *senza stromenti* in an opera score, I can always predict what will follow, and I immediately advise an alteration in the next night’s bills, and tell the deputy managers to screw their faces into an apologetic form. On the other hand, when I see the airs frequently noted with *tempo giusto, piano, pianissimo, gracioso, or affectuoso*, I know that there is no occasion to consult the physician or the weather-glass, and that Kemble and Lewis need not study the melancholy language of sudden disappointment.

The Spectator says, that when he saw a luxurious table, he fancied that gout, and dropsies, and fevers, were lurking under the dishes. In like manner, Mr. Editor, when I hear *cantabile* and *bravuras*, I know that hoarseness and cough are not far off; I have sometimes even trembled at a *shake*; but, when I catch a performer climbing up to F in *alt*, I am certain I shall have a patient next day.

I state all this, Sir, to prove that there is nothing in our climate pernicious to singers who will be content to live within the diatonic scale, and study simplicity and nature. On the contrary, it has always been deemed very favourable to such, and it is but lately that we have heard any complaints, which, therefore, may be fairly suspected to have no real foundation. For my part, when called in to such cases, instead of feeling the pulse, I look at the patient’s music, and if I find much above the treble stave, or any symptoms like the additional keys of a harpsichord, I know that my patient has been playing tricks with her voice, and I order her to be taken down half an octave.

I am, Sir, your’s, &c. M. D.

CURIOUS STRATAGEM.

Private Letter from Paris.

IN the preliminary discussions on the *Concordat*, an ecclesiastic of high rank, who gave his assent to all the other clauses, opposed himself most sternly to that which sanctions the marriage of those priests who, during the revolution, had presented themselves before the altar of Hymen.—The First Consul remonstrated very strongly on this subject; but the repeated

repeated answer was, "that a priest should never forget his vow of *chastity*, and that nothing on earth could either excuse or absolve its violation!" The conversation on this head became rather warm. The inexorable advocate for celibacy even quitted the Thuilleries abruptly, leaving Bonaparte in some degree ruffled by his unexpected opposition.

Fouche, the minister of the police, entering at the moment, inquired as to what had happened, and on being informed, he immediately said, "Leave the matter to me, and I engage that M. De — shall sign the clause within three days."

Fouche, a man of consummate address, was perhaps spurred forward on this occasion by his personal feeling, being himself a married priest! Knowing, from experienced sagacity, the haunts and foibles of every man of note in Paris, his agents were immediately placed to observe M. De —, and at dusk on the evening of the same day, the stern churchman was seen to leave his hotel, wrapped up in a grey riding-coat, and to throw himself into a sorry *fiacre*. It drove about a league from Paris to the country house of Madame Visconti, a lady, the notoriety of whose character, spares all reserve. At one o'clock, in the morning, two of the *Mouchards*, having previously gained over a servant of the house, entered the lady's bed-chamber; and, as an apology for their rudeness, stated that they were in quest of a forger of *Billets de Caisse*, whom they knew to be there concealed. After a brief search, M. De —, was drawn from under the bed, and was immediately addressed by his title with a thousand excuses for the impoliteness offered to a man of his rank. "Whoever ye are," said he with the utmost perturbation, "you

are in possession of my secret, and I will give you 10,000 francs each, if you will promise not to divulge it." "Secrecy, Monsieur, is the duty of our profession. We cannot take your money, but we promise not to mention what has occurred to any one but the minister of the police, to whom we owe a faithful account."

"I will triple the sum if you will promise not to divulge it to any person."—"That is impossible, Monsieur; we must give an account of our mission to our employer;" and they instantly disappeared.

On their departure, M. De — immediately perceived the *tour politique* which Fouche had so adroitly played him. He saw, at once, that nothing was left to him but to comply with what was demanded. He repaired early the next morning to the Thuilleries, and signed, without discussion or observation, the clause which but the preceding day he had so strenuously opposed. Bonaparte, who knew nothing of the transactions of the intervening night, was completely astonished at this sudden change, and, though aware of the subtilty of Fouche, could not divine by what means he had thus instantaneously attained his end. It was necessary to let him into the secret, and the trick was *trop fin* to be buried in oblivion.

DUTCH DIVERTISEMENTS AND FESTIVITIES.

*From a Book on the Customs observed at
Festivals among the Dutch.*

AFTER several pages comes the Order of Fools. Among other *Jokmaalen*, or *Ludicra Convivia*, are those of the Order of Fools, and those

those of *Hoog Castelle*, a lordship situated near Dendermond. The Order of Fools, or *Gekken Gezelschap*, was instituted by Adolphus, Earl of Cleves, and consisted of thirty-five knights, chosen out of the nobility of the first rank, who were to assemble at Cleves the first Sunday after Michaelmas, and to begin by mutual reconciliation.— They established several laws, tending to enforce union and concord. But to mention those only which relate to the subject we are upon, one among the rest ordained, that on the day fixed for their meeting, they were to divest themselves at once of the gravity and ornaments becoming their birth and dignity, and, instead of their magnificent robes, they were to have a bonnet or cap of linen interwoven with silver, and garnished with golden bells, yellow stockings, black shoes, a surcoat with a fool embroidered in silver, and in their hand a golden dish filled with different fruits. In fine, they were not permitted to be distinguished, one from the other, but by acts or signs of folly the most extravagant they could devise, so as to outdo their companions.

The feast of *Hoog Castelle* yields in nothing to the preceding. It opens with the entry of a woman in a sumptuous dress. You behold that matron, seated with great gravity, in a tumbril, drawn by two old garrons, or cart horses, and led by two men, one on foot and the other on horseback. A crowd of all sorts of people follow, rending the air with shouts of joy. Around this place a great number of booths exhibit all sorts of provisions necessary to make good cheer. Here every one partakes of what best pleases the palate. It is there also, that in the midst of the roisting and noisy jollity to which they give themselves up, they assign to each other the employment or occupation

which indicates the follies that each have committed. A man, for example, who hath lavished away his fortune, or disbursed more in an undertaking than he has brought an account of to his partners, is made *rent-gatherer* of *Hoog Castelle*. To another, who has given ridiculous advice in an affair of the utmost importance, is granted the employ of privy counselor; he is moreover granted the exclusive privilege of *hunting grasshoppers*, and the *fishery of the mountain* of *Castelle*, and such other like emoluments, as a waggish and fertile imagination may form to itself, heated by the jollity and encouraged by the liberty exercised by all in this day of pleasure. This feast is celebrated the first Thursday after Whitsuntide. As to the rest, woe be to the person who sells any thing to the people assembled in this fair, for any thing but ready money; if he comes afterwards to seek for payment, he is condemned as a violator of the laws, to drink beer or wine till he can neither stand nor go! But as to money, he may even whistle for it, and they laugh at, gibe, and jeer him, till he is glad to take himself away.

ANOTHER INSTANCE

or

SAGACITY IN A DOG.

A GENTLEMAN who usually spent the winter months in the capital of North Britain, having gone with his family to pass the summer at his country seat, left the care of his town-residence, together with a favourite house dog, to some servants, who were placed at board-wages. The dog soon found board-wages very short allowance; and to make up the deficiency, he had recourse to the kitchen of a friend of his master's, which in better days he had occasionally

occasionally visited. By a hearty meal, which he received here daily, he was enabled to keep himself in good condition, till the return of his master's family to town on the approach of winter. Though now restored to the enjoyment of plenty at home, and standing in no need of foreign liberality, he did not forget that hospitable kitchen where he had found a resource in his adversity. A few days after, happening to saunter about the streets, he fell in with a duck, which, as he found it in no private pond, he probably concluded to be no private property. He snatched up the duck in his teeth, carried it to the kitchen where he had been so hospitably fed, laid it at the cook's feet, with many polite movements of his tail, and then scampered off with much seeming complacency at having given this testimony of his grateful sense of favours.

ACCIDENT

FROM

THE OVERTURNING OF A MAIL COACH.

Being the substance of a Trial at Law, in Guildhall, London, July 15, before Lord Ellenborough, and a Special Jury of Merchants.

JAYEAT M. FAIRBAIRN AND OTHERS.

MR. ERSKINE stated that he was counsel in this case for the plaintiff, who is a merchant at Glasgow, and who had to complain of nearly a fatal accident in consequence of the gross negligence of the servant of the defendants, who were proprietors of a coach which went from Carlisle to Glasgow.

The plaintiff having been engaged in some business in England, and returning to Glasgow, took a

place in this coach at Carlisle. Independent of the negligence of the coachman, he travelled a road to Moffat altogether unfit, which he was not authorized to do since a new turnpike road had been made through the level country, in order to avoid the dangers of the old road, which was extremely hilly, and was attended with many inconveniences to passengers. An act of parliament was procured to make a new road from Moffat to Elvenfoot, to pass through the level country, and to avoid all the hills. The new road had been travelled about a year and an half. It occurred to some people of high rank this might be an inconvenience to Moffat, to have the new road to pass at some little distance from it. They were afraid this place might suffer in its interests, having inns for the accommodation of travellers. The proprietors of this coach thought fit, at their own peril, without giving any notice to the public of the danger they were in, to travel this road, and by that means saved about a mile and an half. The plaintiff took a place in this coach, along with Mr. and Mrs. Grant, to convey them to Glasgow. One unfortunate circumstance was, that this part of the journey was always to be accomplished during the night, and this unfortunate gentleman returning from Liverpool, thinking he was going to the bosom of his family, had no conception of this *new cut*, as it was called, which saved a mile and an half, and which ended in a precipice: He had no idea of it whatever. If they were determined to go that way, they ought to have apprized the passengers that they might have judged for themselves, whether they would go or not. This coach was drawn by four horses, without any postillion on the leaders. He submitted that there ought to have been a man to have

have directed the leaders till they got over the very dangerous place where the accident happened. In coming out of Moffat you ascend a hill, and when you come down the other side of that hill, there is a precipice extremely steep and dangerous to travellers in the night. The coach went slowly up the hill. When they got to the top they went quicker, and then they began to go slower and slower, till at last they stopped. The plaintiff looked out at one of the windows of the coach, when he perceived the leaders with their heads turned back towards the coach. If the coachman had been attentive, even then the accident might have been avoided. If he had detained and stopped the horses, every thing would have been well. But, instead of that, he suffered them to plunge down the precipice. The learned counsel said he shrunk back from stating the rest, which his lordship and the gentlemen of the jury would hear from the witnesses. This was a cause of very great importance to the public. Men of large fortune might travel at their ease in their own carriages; but gentlemen of the commercial world, who were travelling through different parts of the country, upon their lawful business, could not afford to do that. It was a tax which commerce could not bear. Such coaches as that of the defendants' were intended for the convenience and accommodation of the public; and therefore it was of the utmost importance, that they should be driven with caution and attention, and that a proper degree of care should be paid to the safety of his Majesty's subjects.

Several witnesses were called, who proved the leading facts of this opening. The coach was completely overturned, and fell upon

the plaintiff, who was so dreadfully bruised and hurt, that he was speechless, and groaned most grievously. It was some time before he was found by Mr. Grant, who had gone forward a little, and did not know that the plaintiff had been so much hurt, but on returning back to the place where the accident happened, he found him in that deplorable state. At that moment another chaise was fortunately returning to Moffat, and carried this gentleman back to that place. The next day, he and Mr. and Mrs. Grant took a post-chaise, and set out for Glasgow; and Mr. Anderson, the surgeon, blamed the plaintiff very much for not remaining for some time at Moffat, and getting some medical advice there. He said, when he examined the plaintiff's body, he at first thought his leg was most injured, being perfectly black; but he afterwards found that his back had received the greatest injury. The plaintiff was confined to his bed for a fortnight, and it was two months before he could walk: he is lame now, and it was probable that lameness would continue for life.

Thomas Lothian was called, to prove who were the proprietors of the coach, and on the cross-examination of Mr. Garrow, it appeared that a young lady, a Miss Black, who was about eight years of age, was one of the proprietors. The other defendants had pleaded her infancy, which the plaintiffs admitted, and entered a *nolle prosequi* as to her.

Mr. Garrow contended, on the authority of a case that was decided at *Nisi Prius*, by Lord Kenyon, and reported by Mr. Espinasse, that instead of a *nolle prosequi*, they ought to have discontinued that action, and brought another.

Lord Ellenborough sanctioned the objection, and nonsuited the plaintiff.

plaintiff. His Lordship said, the defendants, he thought, ought to be put under some terms in case of another trial. If any of the witnesses who had been examined that day should die before the next trial, his notes should be read as evidence; and that the next trial should take place at Carlisle, where it ought to have been tried at first.—Plaintiff consulted.

~~MR. BOSANQUET, PLAINTIFF, IN JUDGMENT~~

Hone Circuit.—Hertford, July 26.

ACTION FOR SHOOTING A DOG.

ATKINSON v. KENT.

MR. GARROW stated, that the plaintiff in this case was a gentleman residing in London, and qualified for field sports. The dog which had been killed, was a very valuable animal, and worth 20 guineas. It had been sent to a farmer, of the name of Acres, living near Broxbourne, in this county, and one day, the 16th of April last, the animal having gone out with him to a place called White Stork Wood, while the man was loading his cart, the defendant, who was gamekeeper to Mr. Jacob Bosanquet, shot the animal while he was *questing* about the fields. In answer to this case it was pleaded, first, the general issue; next, that Mr. Bosanquet was possessed of a right of *free warren* in the manor of Broxbourne, and that the defendant, as his servant, shot the dog, who was chasing the game.—He denied that the dog was at all chasing the game, it would *quest* (i. e. hunt) after a blackbird; and it was a most ill-natur'd act. He did not mean to blame Mr. Bosanquet, who defended the action, but his servant, who had done the deed; for he was

sure Mr. Bosanquet only defended it because he thought his servant was entitled to protection, until his ill conduct was legally proved.

Acres, the farmer, said he had the care of the dog from Mr. Atkinson, and stated his being shot by Kent, in the manner Mr. Garrow had related.

Mr. Serjeant Shephard, for the defendant, observed, that by the pleadings it was admitted the dog was chasing the game; and therefore the only thing for them to do was, to prove the right of *free warren* in Mr. Bosanquet.

To prove this, they produced a charter of Henry VIII. by which the manor of Broxbourne, and right of *free warren*, was given to Sir Child, having been lately part of the possessions of the Knights Templars. The manor afterwards went to the Lords Mounsey, and the right of *free warren* was again confirmed by charter of Charles II. From the latter, Mr. Bosanquet derived his title by purchase.

Mr. Garrow desired the Learned Serjeant to consider for a moment whether he could support his case, and stated to him an objection to Mr. B's title of *free warren*. He did it because he did not wish Mr. B. to have a verdict against him, which would be a bar to his title hereafter, in a much more important matter. The objection was this—that Mr. Bosanquet could shew the deeds, conveying the manor of Broxbourne to him, yet the right of *free warren* would not pass under the word appurtenances, but must be granted specifically and by name, which he apprehended was not done.

Lord Ellenborough was of the same opinion, and said, although it should appear by the deeds that the Lords Mounsey had granted the manor, yet, as the *free warren* was a royal franchise, *non liquet* but they

they had reserved that to themselves.

After a little consideration, it was agreed that a juror should be withdrawn, the defendant undertaking to pay the costs, and five guineas for the dog.

RIGHT OF FREE WARREN

OF

THE MANOR OF BENHALL.

AT the Norfolk Assizes held at Bury, July 31, nothing very material occurred, except a cause between Charles Long, Esq. of Saxmundham, and Sir Hyde Parker, respecting a right of free warren and paramountship, claimed by the latter, as lord of the manor of Benhall, over the adjoining manor of Farnham, belonging to Mr. Long. This cause occupied the attention of the court several hours, and excited a great interest, from the nature of the question, and the great antiquity of the documents relating to the Benhall estate, produced in court by Sir Hyde Parker's agents, consisting of various grants from the crown, one by King Richard II. of the manor of Benhall, with the free warrens and all other rights and liberties theretofore belonging to it, to his brother, John de Holland, Earl of Huntingdon; others to Howard, Duke of Norfolk; and afterwards, on the attainder, to Thomas Earl of Suffolk, from whom they descended to the Rush family; of whom, it appeared, Sir Hyde Parker had but lately purchased the estate. Survey books of the manor of Benhall were produced, taken in the reigns of Edward IV. and James I. in which, among other rights and royalties, rights of free warren over Benhall and Farnham, as attached to the former manor, were

entered and recorded. The court rolls of the manor of Benhall, from the reign of Edward III. down to the present time, were also produced, from which various entries were read, to prove the jurisdiction of Benhall over Farnham; the tenants of which, as appeared by those entries, and as the steward also proved, were regularly summoned to the courts of the former, and were amerced when they made default; acknowledgments of free tenure as of the manor of Benhall by the present Mr. Long and his father, for lands in Farnham, were read, which the steward stated to be for their estate of Farnham Hall; various entries were also read, to prove the free warren over Farnham, by presentments of trespasses therein, by the Monks of Snape and their servants, and many other persons in later days, who were from time to time fined for taking hares, partridges, pheasants, &c. and that the lords of Benhall, in granting out their lands in Farnham, in which they had considerable property, regularly reserved to themselves the beasts of warren, and, as it appeared in some instances, actually granted leases of their free warren in Benhall and Farnham. When the counsel for Sir Hyde Parker was about to enter upon his parole evidence, by examining the late keepers and servants of the Rush family, and some of their friends, who, as he stated to the court, would prove the regular and uninterrupted exercise of sporting over every part of Farnham, and in the very plantations and preserves of Mr. Long, with his full knowledge, the leading counsel for Mr. Long took an objection to a point of law, viz. that Sir H. Parker having by his plea claimed the free warren *by prescription and immemorial usage*, and not *by grant*, it was incumbent upon him to go back to the time of Richard I.

being the time of legal memory, whereas his evidence only commenced with that of Richard II. and further, that the manor of Benhall having at that period, and by subsequent attainders of the Dukes of Norfolk, and other persons, who had been lords of the manor, from time to time, reverted to the crown, and been again granted out, the prescription was destroyed.

After some argument among the counsel, the Learned Judge who presided on the bench, Mr. Baron Hotham, stated his regret, that after gentlemen had, at a great expence, brought questions of this nature for decision by a special jury of the county, any legal objections should be taken to prevent that decision; and that, though Sir Hyde Parker had laid a very strong case before the court, yet sitting there to explain the law on the subject, it was his duty to allow the objection taken by the counsel for Mr. Long, in the present instance, to be fatal to Sir Hyde Parker's claim, made by the pleadings as they then were before the court.

In consequence of which, a verdict was given for Mr. Long, leaving the real merits of the case still undecided.

Consistory Court of London.

SEPARATION OF MR. AND MRS. MOORE.

MOORE V. MOORE.

THIS was a cause of divorce, or separation from board and mutual cohabitation, by reason of adultery, promoted by John Moore, Esq. of New Lodge, in the county of Herts, against Barbara Moore, his wife. From the proceedings in the cause, it appeared that the parties had been married upwards of

thirteen years, and had issue by such marriage four children, three of whom are living; that from the frequent visits of Anthony William Durnford, Esq. a captain in the Guards, at the house of Mr. Moore, a criminal intercourse took place between this lady and gentleman; that during the absence of the husband Mrs. Moore eloped, and took lodgings at Acton, by the desire of Captain Durnford, who, it was observed, frequently visited her there; that afterwards they removed to a cottage in Berkshire, which was previously taken by Captain Durnford, where they resided, and still continue to reside, in open habits of adultery.

On the part of the husband 12 witnesses were examined in support of these facts.

The Learned Counsel on behalf of the lady admitted that the adultery was proved, but contended that the conduct of the husband had been of so very negligent and indifferent a kind as to bar him from the remedy he prayed.

The Learned Judge, Sir William Scott, observed, that what had been suggested by the lady's counsel did not afford any solid ground of imputation on the part of Mr. Moore; it did not appear, that he had any suspicion in his own heart that his wife had given countenance to Captain Durnford; whether Mr. Moore took the direct way, or the most effectual method, to compel his wife to return to her duty, it was not for him to inquire, but it was clearly in proof before the court, that Mr. Moore was extremely agitated when he discovered his wife had quitted his house, and entreated her to return. He said, he was of opinion that the fact of adultery was proved in the most direct way, and therefore Mr. Moore was entitled to a sentence of separation.

ACTION

ACTION

TO

RECOVER TWO GREYHOUNDS.

Tried at the Chelmsford Assizes, 1803.

GARDNER V. HANSON.

THE plaintiff in this case was a farmer, residing at Great Bromley; and the defendant was his neighbour, and lord of the manor. The action was brought to recover the value of two greyhounds, which the defendant had seized, and converted to his own use. To this declaration the defendant had pleaded specially, that he had seized and detained them only until the plaintiff should prove himself qualified by law to use them. To justify this, the warrant was produced by virtue of which they were taken. This warrant was signed by two justices, and was granted on the oath of Killibach, the defendant's game-keeper, who swore that the plaintiff kept two greyhounds, and that he was not qualified by law to use them. The justices, therefore, ordered them to be seized. This warrant the justices granted without any summons to the party, or giving him any opportunity of proving his qualification. The plaintiff proved, that he was in possession of one hundred and fifty acres of land, of the value of a guinea an acre, besides cottages on it to the further value of twenty-five pounds a-year. This estimation was endeavoured to be reduced by the plaintiff, by shewing that it had been surveyed and valued at fifteen shillings an acre; but the surveyor who made a survey for the parish stated, that it was only done for equalizing the rate, and that Mr. Hanson's land was, at the

same time, rated at fifteen shillings an acre, although he must know that it was of greater intrinsic value; and the plaintiff's land was adjoining to the defendant's. It was next attempted to be shewn, that the land was mortgaged for five hundred pounds. The discharge of this incumbrance being also shewn—

Mr. Serjeant Best animadverted with severity on the conduct of Mr. Hanson, who had thus harassed his neighbour, although he must know that he was duly qualified to sport, and now attempted to cut down his qualification by an exposure of his domestic circumstances.

The Learned Judge said, the plaintiff was certainly entitled to a verdict; but, he added, the conduct of the two justices in granting the warrant was very extraordinary. It seemed, upon the oath of a common fellow of a gamekeeper, who took upon himself to swear, that by law a person was not qualified to keep sporting dogs, they, without any further inquiry, or without any summons calling upon the party to shew his qualification, issued a warrant to seize the dogs.

Verdict for plaintiff—Damages Forty Pounds.

ACTION FOR AN ASSAULT.

At the Assembly Rooms at Lincoln.—Tried at the last Assizes.

THE KING V. NOTTINGHAM.

THIS was an action for assault, relative to which we gather thus much from the evidence:—Mr. Alderman Parsons, a gentleman near 70 years of age, and who is virtually the plaintiff in this action,

tion, has for very many years presided at the assembly-rooms, below hill, in the city of Lincoln, as master of the ceremonies. On the 6th of January last, whilst superintending the preparations in the rooms, shortly previous to the company assembling, the defendant, who is a young attorney in Lincoln, entered, and demanded why his subscription-money had been returned; not receiving a satisfactory explanation, he proceeded most un courteously to an assault and battery of the venerable president; he pulled off his wig, buffeted him, and severely caned him, with an implement which he avowed he had brought for the whole and sole purpose; and after a short breathing interval, he renewed his chastisement with an equally unmanly fury. Prosecuting still further this system of degradation, on the 4th of June last the defendant sent a note inscribed to "John Parsons, Esq. one of his Majesty's justices of the peace, acting in and for the city and county of Lincoln," acquainting him, that as he had neglected his duty in not taking cognizance of the offence of himself the defendant, in calling him a d—d scoundrel, on the 6th of January last, he should cause a writ of latitat to be issued from his Majesty's court of King's Bench at Westminster, inflicting a fine of L.5 for this dereliction of his duty in not convicting him; and concluding the notable epistle thus—"N. B. You are indebted to me 20s. for preparing this notice, pursuant to act of parliament."—In extenuation of the offence it was pleaded that the defendant had sustained provocation. But the jury, which was special, found him guilty, and the season for hearing palliatives of his conduct will be when judgment comes to be pronounced in the court of King's Bench.

NAVAL COURT-MARTIAL AT JAMAICA.

AT a Court-Martial assembled on board his Majesty's ship *Ganges*, at Port Royal, Jamaica, on the 13th of April, for the trial of Lieut. Charles Clarke Dobson, of the *Goliath*, for ungentlemanlike behaviour to Capt. Oliver Fitzgerald, of the royal marines,

MEMBERS.

PRESIDENT, SOLOMON FERRIS, ESQ.

H. W. Baynton	George McKinley
John Bligh	R. D. Dun
A. F. Evans	W. Rathborne

The court was of opinion that the charge was proved; but, in consequence of Lieut. D's former good conduct, and his having been wounded in the service, he was only adjudged to be dismissed from the *Goliath*.

On the following day the same court assembled on board the *Ganges* for the trial of Capt. Oliver Fitzgerald, of the royal marines, on the following charges brought against him by Lieut. Bartholomew Kent, of the *Goliath*, viz. for sending him a challenge, for treating him with contempt and disrespect as his commanding officer, and for defrauding the wardroom mess of L.12:12:6. which he had in charge as their caterer, being a breach of the 22d, 23d, and 33d articles of war. The court sat by adjournment from the 14th to the 21st of April, when they pronounced their judgment as follows, viz. that the 1st and 2d charges were in part proved, the 3d charge not proved; and they sentenced Capt. F. to be dismissed from the *Goliath*, and rendered incapable of ever serving on full pay in the royal marine forces.

In consequence of the above courts-martial, the following general order was issued by the commander in chief.

Levitham

Leeds, Port Royal Harbour, April 23, 1868.

It is with the most serious concern I observe, in a journal of the minutes of the recent court-martial on Lieutenant Dobson, and Capt. Fitzgerald, of the Royal Marines, both serving on board the *Goliath*; that there has been, in the conduct of the officers of that ship, an entire dereliction of the established regulation of his Majesty's service, to the subordination of discipline and order, in which Lieut. Kent appears to have taken a very active part—I therefore feel called upon to express, in this public manner, my high disapprobation of the irregular conduct of Lieut. Kent, and the officers; and to make it known, for the good of the king's service, that I look to the first lieutenant of all ships under my command for the support of officer-like behaviour and good order within the wardrooms; and should any deviation therefrom arise, which he shall neglect to make his captain or commanding officer acquainted with, I shall call upon him to answer for his neglect at a court-martial.

(Signed) J. T. DUCKWORTH.
To the respective captains, &c.

A GENTLEMAN DEFINED.

AT the late assizes at York, a trial came on relative to a turf affair. A match was to be rode by gentlemen only; but the person who won was not admitted to be a gentleman, and the amount of the sweepstakes was therefore refused to him. On this the action was brought, and of course entirely turned on the question, whether he was a gentleman or not. He had a verdict in his favour.

This trial has occasioned as much conversation and "bad blood" in Yorkshire, as if the fate of the whole county had depended upon it.

The counsel was rather at a loss what question would draw forth the characteristics of a gentleman. The following may serve as a specimen.

Question. Do you regard him, the rider, as a gentleman?

Answer. Not in the general acceptance of the word.

Q. Does he generally enjoy the sports of the field like other gentlemen, and kill game?

A. I suppose so, he takes out a licence.

Q. Did you ever know him do a dirty action?

A. I never did.

Q. Do you reckon him a gentleman?

A. Aye, to be sure I do.

Q. You are a farmer, I understand; does he not attend the markets like other farmers; and, when there, dines with them at an ordinary, where the expences seldom exceed two shillings per head?

A. Yes he does.

One of the evidence, in accounting for this person riding the horse, said, that the rider did not pretend to be a gentleman; but that he had made a promise, when he was drunk, to ride the horse, and that he would sooner go home dead than break his word.

Here the plaintiff's counsel, in a half whisper, said, surely this is a little ~~systematic~~ of the gentleman, *symptomatic*, he seems to me to be the very pink of gentility.

Another question put to an evidence was,

Q. What is his character?

A. He is a very honest man; but is neither considered by others, as a gentleman, nor does he, I believe, consider himself so.

Q. Is it not very common in the country

country to call gentlemen by their Christian names?

A. We know of no such instances, except where there is a great familiarity between the parties.

Such were the principal questions used to prove the characteristics of a gentleman, in order to enable him to ride a match as a gentleman.

The plaintiff's counsel, who made a very ingenious speech in closing the trial, laid down that "the strong leading traits, the striking features in the character of a gentleman, were, a good education, liberal manners, moral good conduct, and independence of station;" and maintained, that the gentleman in question had not been proved to be deficient in any of these—and we heartily wish the same could be said of all gentlemen of the turf!

The court was crowded on this trial beyond any former precedent.

HUNTING THE PORCUPINE.

THIS ETCHING is from an old German master, HONDIOUS. We have no particulars relative to the Hunting of this Animal, but find, in a late publication intitled "Animal Biography," the following account of the Porcupines—

"The animals of this tribe have two front-teeth, cut obliquely, both in the upper and under jaw; and eight grinders: four toes on the fore, and five on the hind feet; and the body covered with spines, intermixed with hair.

"To a superficial observer, they would seem entitled to a place among the Hedgehogs; but they have no farther similitude than merely in the spiny covering of their

bodies. None of the species are supposed to be carnivorous.

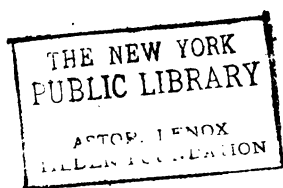
COMMON PORCUPINE.

"The general length of this Porcupine, is about two feet and a half from the head to the end of the tail. The upper parts of the animal are covered with hard and sharp spines, some of which measure from nine to fifteen inches in length: these are variegated with alternate black and white rings; and as some of them are attached to the skin only by a delicate pedicle, they easily fall off. They are complete quills, wanting only the vane to be real feathers. The animal has the power of elevating or depressing them at pleasure; and when he walks, they (but those in particular about the tail) make a rattling noise, by striking against each other. The head, belly, and legs, are covered with strong dusky bristles, intermixed with softer hairs: on the top of the head, these are very long, and curved backwards, somewhat like a ruff or crest.

"This animal is a native of Africa, India, and the Indian Islands; and is said sometimes to be found even in Italy and Sicily. It inhabits subterraneous retreats, which it is said to form into several compartments, leaving two holes, one for an entrance, and the other, in case of necessity, to retreat at. It sleeps during the day time, and makes its excursions for food, which consists principally of fruits, roots, and vegetables, in the night. Although able to support hunger for a long time, and apparently without inconvenience, it always eats with a very voracious appetite. In the gardens, near the Cape of Good Hope, these creatures do much damage. When they have once made a path through a fence, they always enter by it, so long as it continues open;



Hunting the Stronghairs.



open; and this gives the inhabitants an opportunity of destroying them. When a breach is discovered, they place a loaded gun, in such a manner, that the muzzle will be near the animal's breast, at the time he is devouring a carrot or turnip, that pulls the string of the trigger. The teeth are very sharp and strong. M. Bosman, when on the Coast of Guinea, put one of them into a strong tub, in order to secure him, but, in the course of one night, he eat his way through the staves, even in a place where they were considerably bent outwards, and escaped.

"In its manners, it is very harmless and inoffensive, never itself becoming the aggressor; and, when pursued, it climbs the first tree it can reach, where it remains, till the patience of its adversary is exhausted: when, however, he is roused to self-defence, it is not even the lion, that dare venture to attack him.

"The late Sir Ashton Lever, had a live Porcupine, which he frequently turned out on the grass behind his house, to play with a tame hunting leopard, and a large Newfoundland dog. As soon as they were let loose, the leopard and dog began to pursue the Porcupine, who always at first endeavoured to escape by flight; but, on finding that ineffectual, he would thrust his nose into some corner, making a snorting noise, and erecting his spines, with which his pursuers pricked their noses, till they quarrelled between themselves, and thus gave him an opportunity to escape.

"It has been asserted by many credulous travellers, that the Porcupines, when much provoked, dart their quills at the object by which they are enraged. This opinion, however, has been fully refuted by many accurate naturalists, who have taken the pains to inquire into the

matter. Their usual method of defence, is to recline themselves on one side, and, upon the enemies approach, to rise up quickly, and gore him with the erected prickles of the other. It is also said, that when this animal meets with serpents, against whom he carries on a perpetual war, he closes himself up like a ball, concealing his head and feet, and then rolls upon and kills them with his bristles, without running any risk of being wounded himself.—M. Le Vaillant says, that, owing to some pernicious quality in the quills, one of his Hottentots, who had received a wound in the leg from a Porcupine, was ill for more than six months. He also informs us, that a gentleman, at the Cape, in teasing one of these animals, received a wound in the leg, which nearly occasioned his loss of the limb; and notwithstanding every possible care, he suffered cruelly from it for above four months, during one of which he was confined to his bed.

"When the animal is moulting or casting its quills, a circumstance that may have given rise to the report of its darting them at its enemies, it sometimes shakes them off with so much force, that they will fly to the distance of a few yards, and even bend their points against any hard substance they may happen to strike.—Claudian is the most ancient writer that has been cited for the above strange opinion. The following is a translation of his lines:

Arm'd at all points, in Nature's guardian mail,
See the stout Porcupine his foes assail;
And, urg'd to fight, the ready weapons throw,
Himself at once the quiver, dart, and bow.

"The female goes with young about seven months, and produces
M m one

one or two at a birth, which she suckles about a month. These she defends with the utmost resolution against invaders, and will rather be killed than suffer herself to be deprived of them.—If taken early, it is said, that Porcupines may be easily tamed.

"In their stomachs bezoar stones are frequently found. These are composed of a very fine hair, which has concreted with the juices of the stomach, and have one layer over another, so that they consist of several rings of different colours. Professor Thunberg says, he has seen them as large as a hen's egg, and that they are generally blunt at one end: but one that he saw was as big as a goose's egg, of a brown colour, and perfectly globular.

"The quills are used by the Indians, to adorn many curious articles that they make; the neatness and elegance of which would not disgrace more enlightened artists. They die them of various beautiful colours, cut them into slips, and embroider with them their baskets, belts, &c. in a great variety of ornamental figures.

"The flesh is said to be excellent eating, and is frequently introduced at the politest tables at the Cape. According to Kolben, it is the better for hanging a day or two in the chimney."

EAGLES TAKEN IN IRELAND.

NO doubt many of our readers will be gratified with the following account of two young eagles, which were some time ago taken from their nest, on a mountainous precipice, or craggy cliff, called Slieve Donald, in the county of Down, Ireland:—"Two men covered with sack-cloth, and armed, were lowered by ropes to the area

which, with considerable difficulty, they robbed of two young, leaving only one addled egg behind. The old eagles being so furious as to create serious alarm, neither the nest nor colour of the egg were noticed. Some fragments of flesh were in the nest. The eaglets were covered with a glossy, dark, murky-coloured down, as it was termed. A basket was attached to the rope that conveyed the men down; into this the young birds were put; but from the incessant violence and amazing strength of the parent birds, were with difficulty carried off.

"These birds were not twelve months old when received. On their first moulting, they became much darker, particularly about the breast and thighs, the latter almost wholly of a dusky black; at two years old the base of the bill became yellow; in the third year there was not any material change. At this time one of them killed the other, and devoured it, probably neglected to be fed, for they before lived together in perfect harmony. The food of this bird is said to be principally fish; but it is probable every animal of inferior strength suffers from its rapacity. It is not uncommon in Scotland and Ireland, and breeds generally in the neighbourhood of large lakes, or on the sea-coast, amongst the most stupendous cliffs. Between the upper and lower lakes of Killarney, is a rock called the Eagle's Nest, originating from the circumstance of its breeding there annually. This bird is said to watch the osprey catching fish, when it pursues that bird till he quits his prey, which it seizes most dexterously in the air. From the astonishing height these and some other birds fly, we are led to believe they are capable of living in much lighter air than other animals."

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

A GERMAN writer says, that Bonaparte is so ambitious, that he would have the Black Sea for a *wash hand basin*—The Mediterranean for a *watering-place*—The Baltic for a *fish-pond*—The Atlantic for a *pleasure yacht*—and the Pacific Ocean for a *mirror* when he's in a *passion*.

THE four sloops of war just taken up for service, all bear their commissions with them, which there is no doubt but they will ably execute. The *Martin* foretels it; the *Scourge* has a rod in pickle for Bonaparte; and the *Vulture*, having first made its meal, will then consign him to *Pheto*, who will doubtless enshroud him, in all the grandeur of chaotic majesty, in the infernal regions.

A BOOKSELLER in the city calls the present war an *appendix* to the *last*, with a table of *contents* in favour of the English, and many *errata* on the part of the French.

EPIGRAM.

T— taken by B—, his new mansion to view,

He observed, " 'Twas a big one, with windows too few,"

"As for that," replies B—, "I'm the builder's forgiver,

"For taxes 'twill save, and that's good for the liver."

"True," says T—, "As you live upon farthings and mites,

"For the liver 'tis good, but damn'd bad for the lights!"

Worthing.

X. O.

THE lawyers' corps is going on *con spirito*, no *demur* at present exists against coming to *action* on the remotest *circuit*; even the pioneers and all are eager for a *charge*!

WANTED, for the Great Nation, for which any price will be *promised*, a calm day, a foggy night, an everlasting *opiate* for British sailors, and a sleepy potion for the military force of Great Britain. Whoever can furnish them in this country for the use of the little great man in Paris, shall have for their trouble, Gallic chains, violated women, empty purses, hungry bellies, kicks and blows, and a great variety of professions, from *French perfidy*.

A COUNTRY paper remarks, that a Miss *Legge* gave her *hand* to a gentleman of the name of *Grasp*, in *Bed-fordshire*.

A YOUNG man, having applied, a few days ago, for a situation in a classical academy, was desired by the person appointed to examine him to conjugate *Lavo*. "I beg leave to *decline* that (said the candidate) and immediately withdrew."

A FRENCHMAN and his wife happened to come to *blows* a few days ago at Calais. A *Dame*, who was present, was asked, "why he did not interpose?"—"You know," said he, "that I belong to a *neutral* power."

M m 2

Roscoe

Rosso, the Italian poet, in the memoirs of his life, written by himself, says, that he was extremely happy in two marriages: for his first wife was *dumb*, and his second *blind*; but, adds the bard, "my *third* is neither one nor t'other!"

A WITNESS being lately called on in a *mock court of justice in France to declare the truth*, "Why, then," said he, looking the judge fully in the face, "you are all a *set of villains*!" The court was so confounded with such an unexpected but true declaration, that the man walked quietly away, singing an air similar to that of our own language—"Tantarara Rogues all! Rogues all!"

THE following advertisement is copied from the *New Jersey Journal*:—"To be sold on the 8th of July, 151 *suits in law*, the property of an eminent attorney, about to retire from business. Note, the clients are *rich and obstinate*!"

EPIGRAM.

Says *Bony* to *Johny*, I'll soon be at Dover!

Says *Johny* to *Bony*, That's doubted by some:

Says *Bony*, But what if I *really* come over?

Says *Johny*, Then *really* you'll be over-come.

THE vessels that are preparing with so much rapidity in France are to be *row-boats*. The French *watermen* who venture here upon so rash an enterprise, may have good oars, but they must have bad *sculls*.

WHEN our Edward the Third crossed the Channel, in 1340, the French attempted to intercept him with a fleet of 400 sail; but the English so fell upon the French, that they sunk and destroyed two hundred and thirty of their ships, with thirty thousand men, most of

whom were drowned; "for not being able," saith the historian, "to abide the numerous volleys of the English arrows, great multitudes of them jumped into the sea and perished. The news of which great loss, the French king's courtiers being perplexed how to communicate to him, his jester took upon him to do it; and, going into the presence, breaks out into the most violent exclamations of—"Oh the cowardly English!—Paltry English!—Faint-hearted English!"—whereupon the king inquiring why such cowards? what had they done? "why," replied the jester, "for not daring to jump into the sea, as your Majesty's brave Frenchmen have done."

The following is a very droll specimen of Yankee wit:

TO BE SOLD BY
NICHOLAS BRANCH,

At his *Refectory*, West End of the Bridge, Providence,
SOLID ARGUMENTS,

CONSISTING OF

Bread, Butter, Cheese, Hams, Eggs, Salmon, Neats Tongues, Oysters, &c. ready cooked.

AGITATIONS.

Cyder, Vinegar, Salt, Pickles, Sweet Oil, &c.

GRIEVANCES.

Pepper-Sauce, Mustard, Black Pepper, Cayenne, &c.

PUNISHMENTS.

Wine, Brandy, Gin, Spirits, Bitters, Porter, &c.

SUPERFLUITIES.

Snuff, Tobacco, and Sugar.

N. B. Any of the above articles to be exchanged for NECESSARIES, viz.

French Crowns, Spanish Dollars, Pistareens, Cents, Mills, or Bank Bills.

CREDIT GIVEN FOR
PAYMENTS,

30, 60, and 90 Seconds, or as long as a man can hold his breath.

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

AN old superannuated sportsman proposes a plan of defence which should include in the army all the *sporting* clergy, who are well known to be most excellent shots. Another intention of this laudable plan is to give the game, all over England, a jubilee year, which will afford in future excellent diversion to all the sporting heroes, who are duly qualified to kill and eat game, meaning after the French regicides and jacobin gentry have turned their wild frantic ideas from ever thinking of success, by vainly attempting to invade this happy, unanimous, patriotic, free country.

At one of the watering places deep and desperate play has been carrying on for some time. A baronet has lost L.20,000, and a lord L.7000.

Ass-riding has, it seems, become a favourite amusement with the ladies, at Tunbridge, Brighton, and some other of the watering-places; and, like every other novelty, however ridiculous, spinsters and dowagers adopt it with equal avidity.

One day during the present harvest, Mr. Devereux, a gentleman farmer, in the neighbourhood of Beccles, undertook for a considerable wager to cut three acres of barley, from sun rise to sun set, which he performed in twenty minutes under the time, to the great astonishment of all present, Mr. D. not having for some years been accustomed to hard work.

The late Mr. Chalie, of Bedford-square, was well known about town for being almost constantly upon horseback, and always being upon a quick trot. This practice, connected with his profession, as a wine-merchant, procured him the title of The Flying Bacchus. He was an intelligent good-humoured man.

During the present month, as Lord and Lady Mountmorris were sauntering in their grounds, at Ealing Grove, a beautiful favourite spaniel went mad, foaming at the mouth, with her tongue hanging out. Her ladyship and five of her children escaped into the house, whither his lordship also ran for a case of loaded pistols, with which he instantly dispatched the poor animal, who had attacked one of the footmen.

This month came on to be executed before the deputy sheriff of Middlesex, a writ of inquiry of damages in the cause of "Wenman against Ancram," when it appeared in evidence that the defendant, Ancram, had, with the assistance of another defendant, Lumb, a constable of the parish of Islington, wantonly confined the plaintiff in the watch-house of Islington for six hours, on a charge of shooting at a crow's nest in a tree at the bottom of Ancram's garden at Canonbury-place, although the plaintiff was a gentleman of independent property, and duly qualified to carry a gun. The jury, after retiring for a short time, gave him L.100 damages, with costs of suit.

A WORTHY Clergyman in Yorkshire, lately deceased, bequeathed in his will, a considerable property to his only daughter on the subsequent conditions:—First, that she did not enter into the state of matrimony without the consent of his two executors, or their representatives. Secondly, that she *dressed with greater decency* than she had hitherto been accustomed to do. The testator's words are—

“But as my daughter Anne —, hath not attended to my admonitions, respecting the filthy and lewd custom of dressing with *naked elbows*, my will is, that in case she persists in so gross a violation of female decency, the whole of the property devised by me as aforesaid, and intended as a provision for her future life, shall go to the eldest son of my sister Caroline —, and his heirs lawfully begotten. To those who may say this restriction is severe, I answer, that an indecent display of personal habiliments in women, is a certain indication of intellectual depravity.”

LATELY died, in Monmouthshire, a Curate, at such an advanced age, that he had christened, married, and buried the parish three times over.

POOR Lee Lewis, the actor, lately deceased, was reduced to such a melancholy and hopeless condition in health and fortune, that his death was the most desirable event that could happen to him. He was once a spirited and popular comedian, with little judgment, and hardly any education. He had the highest confidence in his own talents, and before he quitted Covent Garden Theatre, near twenty years ago, considered himself as the rightful heir to all the characters and all the reputation of Harry Woodward, an actor whose memory should not be disgraced

by any comparison with him. This absurd confidence in his own abilities induced Lee Lewis to behave in a *cavalier* style to the manager, who dismissed him, and very easily supplied his place. Lee Lewis then obtained a situation at Drury-Lane Theatre, but made no impression on the public. Since that period he has been occasionally employed in Provincial Theatres, and at last sunk into great distress, from which he obtained a temporary relief by a benefit in London last season. His fate should be a warning to actors in general, not to place too much confidence in their own powers, and to depend too much on the duration of public favour, which is soon transferred when new competitors appear. To his quarrel with the manager of Covent Garden Theatre, arising from his foolish vanity, and a persuasion of the continuance of popular regard, this unhappy man might impute all his misfortunes, which finally brought him indigent and broken-hearted to the grave!

IN a cause tried at the last assizes for Hertfordshire, *Strutt, versus Bovingdon*, to ascertain the right of the plaintiff to a mill-stream near Rickmersworth, a witness was called to prove the evidence given on a former trial by old Macklin, the actor and author—Mr. Serjeant Best for the defendant, assenting thereto:

Mr. John Bayley was then put to the bar, who stated to his Lordship and the Jury, that he had heard Mr. Macklin give his evidence, and that it was of so whimsical an import that he could repeat it *verbatim*. Mr. Macklin, at the trial of 1786, spoke as follows:—“About fifty years ago I was in the habit of visiting my friend, Mr. Fleetwood, who was the proprietor of one of the Theatres, and had a house in the

the neighbourhood of Mr. Strutt's mills, consequently I had an opportunity of knowing the waters alluded to. At that time there was no such thing as watering the meadows by a diversion of the stream. My friend Fleetwood felt the loss, as he wished to get a reservoir into his garden; but the miller, Mr. Strutt, would not consent to his drawing off the water; I undertook to bring the miller about, and said to my friend, "You must invite the miller to dinner, and we'll talk the matter over."—My friend did so, and the miller was regaled most handsomely. Having previously been informed that the miller was fond of smoking, when the cloth was removed, I proposed that we should adjourn to the smoking room, and taste Mr. Fleetwood's excellent tap of Staffordshire ale; the miller agreed, and we adjourned accordingly. For a time *I smoked the miller*; till at last the miller *smoked me*, and flatly said, he would not consent to have his water diverted. Determined not to give up the pursuit, the miller was invited to a second dinner of *turtle*, which agreed with his taste so well, that notwithstanding he was before so *tenacious of his water*, he was brought to consent that my friend should divert a *little* of the stream to water his garden, the miller observing at the time, that Mr. Fleetwood must not forget that he, the miller, was the *river god* in those waters, and could withhold it whenever he thought proper."

It is needless to add, that the miller obtained a verdict, and established his right.

A BRACK of Bailiff's followers had the temerity last week to make a seizure in a house at King'swood, near Bristol; when they themselves were seized by a number of the sable tribe of colliers, who conveyed them to a neighbouring coal-pit,

and let them down, where they were forced to remain till about two o'clock next morning, when they were had up, and each having a glass of gin and some gingerbread given them, were again committed to the dreary bowels of the earth, where they were confined twenty-four hours. On being released, they were made to pay a fine of 6s. 8d. each for their *lodgings*, and take an oath never to trouble or molest any of the *gentlemen of the pit* again.

We copy the following from a provincial paper:—"A few days since was discovered, by the falling down of a piece of the cliff on Walton shore, near Harwich, the skeleton of an enormous animal, near thirty feet long, supposed to be the Mammoth. Some of the bones were nearly as large as a man's body, and six or seven feet long; the cavities which contained the marrow were large enough to admit the introduction of a man's arm; the bones, on being handled, broke to pieces. One of the grinders of this wonderful creature was carried to Colchester by Mr. William Jackson, who took it from the spot, and in whose possession it now is; it weighs seven pounds, is of a square form, and the grinding surface studded with several zig-zag rows of lamina, and seems evidently to have belonged to an animal of the carnivorous kind. There were more teeth, which were unfortunately broken, one of which weighs twelve pounds."

A CURRIER residing in Matthew-street, Liverpool, being so much absorbed with the manual-exercise, which he is learning, that he could not help dreaming of it, rose from his bed the other night, took his gun, went through the different evolutions, marched and counter-marched down and up stairs, till a chair, unluckily in the way, occasioned a bruise on the leg,

leg, and his cries alarming his wife, she with difficulty helped him to bed again!

TWENTY-FOUR saddle and carriage horses are about to be sent from the famous stalls of Hanover, as a present to the First Consul. They will be conducted by Hanoverian grooms, who are to travel only three hours a day, and will be seven weeks on their journey to Paris.

A FARMER at Enfield, has experienced an astonishing increase this season from eight turkey fowls and one cock turkey, the affectionate and prolific mothers having reared eight several broods, to the number of *ninety-six*, which are no less the pride and boast of the parent fowls, than of the farmer himself, who never fails to invite his guests to a sight of this rare instance of fecundity in the feathered tribe.

A ROBBERY of an unusual kind was this month committed at Berwick-upon-Tweed. Early on Saturday morning, the shield belonging to the Carr Rock fishery, a little below the bridge, was broken into and plundered of all it contained. The fishery being at this time very productive, the number of salmon and gilts taken away, was uncommonly great.

As Mr. H. Hewetson, of Scalehill, Lowes-water, was lately angling with the minnow, in the river Cocker, near that place, two trouts took the bait, at the same time; both of which he killed. One of them measured thirteen inches in length, and eight inches in circumference. The other was twelve inches long, and six in circumference.

THE coachmasters, innkeepers, and stablekeepers of London, have come forward in the most patriotic manner, for the purpose of making

voluntary offers of horses and carriages, free of expence, in case of invasion. Several have offered upwards of 100 horses, and forty carriages.

WE have great pleasure in stating, that J. Palmer, Esq. M. P. for the city of Bath, in addition to the elegant and valuable silver cup, which he has given as a prize to be shot for by the Bath Volunteers, has subscribed L.50 towards the fund now raising in that city for the relief of such as may suffer in the noble contest with our insolent foe, and the reward of such of our brave defenders, as may distinguish themselves by acts of signal and distinguished bravery, &c. and that Walter Long, Esq. has followed this spirited example, by a subscription of L.50 for the above laudable purposes; and also twenty guineas, to be divided into the following prizes, for the most expert marksmen in the corps of Bath Volunteers, viz.—10 guineas for the best shot, 5 guineas for the second best, 3 guineas for the third, and 2 guineas for the fourth best shot, to be determined on the third Monday in October next. The candidates for these several prizes are to use none but the regimental muskets, and to shoot at a mark 100 yards distant.

IN a chronological work published in America, one of the most remarkable events of the last year, is stated to be "*two attorneys going to law with each other, to the great joy of their clients.*"

THE town of Yarmouth, and several other of the watering places, are absolutely deserted by the junior class of female visitants. There remain, however, a considerable number of elderly ladies, who seem firmly determined to wait the assault!

POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

EXTRACT

FROM

AN ODE TO SCANDAL.

By the Right Hon. George Tierney, M. P.

O THOU, whose all-consoling power
 Can sooth our cares to rest,
 Whose touch in spleen's most vap'rish
 hour
 Can calm each female breast;
 Thee I invoke! great genius hear!
 Pity a lady's sighs;
 Without thy kind relief be near,
 Poor Coquetina dies.

Haste thee, then, and with thee bring
 Many a little venom'd sting;
 Many a tale that no one knows,
 Of shall-be nameless belles and beaux;
 Just imported curtain lectures,
 Winks and nods and shrewd conjectures;
 Half a dozen strange suspicions
 Built on stranger suppositions;
 Unknown marriages some twenty,
 Private child-bed linen—plenty;
 And horns just fitted to some people's
 heads,
 And certain powder'd coats—and certain
 tumbled beds.

Teach me, powerful genius, teach
 Thine own mysterious art,
 Safe from retaliation's reach,
 To throw detraction's dart.
 So shall my hand an altar raise,
 Sacred to thy transcendent praise,
 Vol. XXII. No. 131.

And daily with assiduous care
 Some grateful sacrifice prepare,
 The first informations
 Of lost reputations
 As offerings to thee I'll resign;
 And the earliest news
 Of surpris'd billet-doux
 Shall constant be serv'd at thy shrine.

Intrigues by the score
 Never heard of before,
 Shall the sacrifice daily augment;
 And by each Morning Post
 Some favourite toast
 A victim to thee shall be sent.

Heavns! methinks I see thy train
 Softly tripping o'er the plain.
 All the alphabet I view,
 Stepping forward two by two.
 Hush! for as they coupled walk,
 Sure I hear the letters talk;
 Though lowly—fearful—whisp'ring—
 half they smother,
 The well-concerted tales they blab of one
 another.

"Lord, who'd have thought our cou-
 sin D.
 "Could dream of marrying Mrs. E!
 "True; I don't like such things to tell,
 "But faith I pity Mr. L;
 "And were I he, the bride to vex,
 "I wou'd intrigue with Mrs. X.
 "But they do say that Charlotte U,
 "With Fanny M, and you know who,
 "Occasion'd all—for you must know
 "They set their caps at Mr. O;

N n

And

"And as he courted Mrs. E,
 "They thought if she'd have cousin D,
 "That things might be by Colonel A
 "Just brought about in their own way."

O how the pleasing style regales my
 ear;
 But what new forms are those which now
 appear?
 See yonder in the thickest throng
 Designing Envy skulks along,
 Big with malicious laughter;
 Faction and Cunning swell her train,
 While stretching far behind in vain,
 Poor Truth comes—panting after.

Now, indeed I burn with sacred fires,
 'Tis Scandal's self that every thought in-
 spires;

I feel, all potent Genius, now I feel
 Thy working magic thro' each artery
 steal.

At thy command, my fancy warms,
 And sweetly paints the alter'd scene,
 Thy touch now every grace deforms,
 And blackens every mien.
 Each moment to my prying eyes
 Some fresh disfigur'd beauties rise;
 Each minute I perceive some flaw,
 That e'en ill-nature never saw.

"Hush!" some airy whisp'rer hints,
 In accents wisely faint,
 "Divine Cleora rather squints;
 "Maria uses paint.
 "That tho' some fops of Celia prate,
 "Yet be not her's the praise;
 "For if she *shou'd* be passing strait,
 "H——m! she may thank her *stays*.
 "Each fool of Delia's figure talks,
 "And celebrates her fame,
 "But for my part whene'er she walks
 "I vow I think she's lame.
 "And see Ma'am Harriet toss her head,
 "Lord, how the creature stares!
 "Well—I thank God it can't be said
 "I give myself those airs."

Such is the triumph Scandal claims!
 Triumph deriv'd from ruin'd names!
 Such as to gen'rous minds unknown,
 An honest soul would blush to own;
 Nor think, vain woman, while you sneer
 At other's faults, that you are clear.
 No;—turn your back—you undergo
 The self-same malice you to others shew;
 And soon by some malicious tale o'er-
 thrown,
 Like others fall, unpitied, and unknown.

FAMILIAR EPISTLE

*From Jonas Sowell, of Cardiff, South Wales,
 to his friend Mr. Arthur Lee, Sussex.*

MY dear Mr. Lee, I've to tell you
 brave news!
 Your friend Jonas Sowell, translator of
 shoes,
 Has chang'd, lucky hit, for good ale his
 small beer,
 And I'm dub'd, wou'd you think it? I'm
 dub'd overseer.
 With the best in the town I can now cut
 a dash,
 And the parish shall find I can tickle its
 cash.
 Of the overseer's secret I've got the long
 clue,
 "You shall scrub me six months, and six
 months I'll scrub you,"—
 My partner Tom Stitch is a taylor by trade,
 Can sing, roar a catch, quite a frolicsome
 blade;
 With his stories so droll sets the club in a
 roar,
 And can ne'er sing a song, but its call'd
 for encore.
 When the poor come to me and petition
 for shoes,
 I make it a point their request to refuse.
 Believe me, dear Lee, I'm not that kind
 of man,
 Who to serve his own interest makes it
 his plan.
 Your shoes, I reply, will last out the half
 year,
 But in tatters most sure is the rest of your
 gear:
 Then I send them to Stitch—and pray
 where's the great harm?
 He only runs up a bill as long as my arm;
 Then for shoes, the next six months, I
 run up another,
 "I scrub'd you before—now scrub me
 my dear brother?"
 Thus our secret to you, dearest Lee I
 impart;
 And pray where's the profession, *sans*
 myst'ry or art?
 The minister prime with *beaucoup de sou-
 plesse*,
 With smile on his cheek, and most win-
 ning address,
 Contrives still to tax you *a droit et a
 gauche*,
 And to dip his long hand quite *au fond de
 votre poche*.

And

And now, my good Sir, I with truth
will unfold
The troubles attending the office I hold.
From morning till evening my knocker's
employ'd,

The knell of my sleep and of meals un-
enjoyed.

A fellow accosts me, with pitiful face,
Twirls his hat, and with hums, and with
ha's tells his case:

The wheel of a carriage has crush'd his
pig's weason

And to buy another he surely will tease
—on.

Another displays the scald head of young
master,

And humbly requests I'll procure him a
plaister.

A lout next accosts me, and scratching
his head,

Cries—"Zir, I've come tell you my zister
be dead."

"To die friend's a consequent matter
on birth;

"Wipe the tear from your eye, and con-
sign her to earth.

"But prithee! to me, why this tale
fraught with woe?

"Neither sister nor you I've the honour
to know."

"Why I've only come tell ye she's
dead as a herring,

"And so, an you please, to provide for
the bur'ing."

"Good friend, I reply, what a hor-
rible bore!

"Some wag set you wrong, you've mis-
taken the door;

"If your sole peradventure, is out of re-
pair,

"Jonas Sowell can suit you, Sir, just to
a hair;

"But to traffic in bodies, no part of my
plan,

"Unless a good dog's skin to make Cor-
dovan."—

"I'll direct you to one who your wants
will supply—

"But first sip of my ale? they say sor-
row is dry.

"I know by experience good ale brings
relief,

"Hang sorrow's a saying"—"but I say,
drown grief."

The applicant then, with significant leer,
While munching my viands and quaffing
my beer,

Cries, "I hopes no offence, but be'nt you
overseer?"

"Why for once on the head you have
hit the right nail—"

"Oho! I have so! then thereby hangs
a tale.

"If as how I've have hit the right nail
on the head,

"Then you buries my sister, because
she's gone dead.

"She belong'd to your parish—died not
worth a taster,

"So now you be the jest zir, and I be the
jester,

"I value no longer your gibes and your
scoffing,

"Zaunds find me a shroud, sir! and find
me a coffin!

"An you dun't, to the justass of peace I'll
complain!"

"Dear Lee, what's to be done? to con-
tend were in vain—

"Softly, friend, I exclaim, and don't cla-
mour so loud,

"I'll furnish the coffin, I'll furnish the
shroud:

"I'll furnish—and trust me in this I'll
ne'er fault,

"When you come to be hang'd—why,
I'll furnish the halter."

Cardiff, South Wales, July 21, 1803.

THE FISHERMAN OF LAPLAND.

"DOST see by that rock, with its sum-
mit of snow,

Which the frost-ribbed billows are min-
ing below;

'Twas there that one night—to the tem-
pests that came,

The ice-winds of Greenland were pow'r-
less and tame:

"Where the high-swollen Dwina redou-
bled the roar

Of the horrors that ravag'd on Archang-
gel's shore.

'Twould have chill'd the best heart to
have seen on the main,

The fishers' small skiffs as they neared
in vain:

"When in cliffs of the rocks, as midnight
came on,

The torches were plac'd for a beacon that
shone,

When afar stream'd the red-light—and
nought did it show,

But the foam-cover'd ocean that gulphed
below.

"Mid

"Mid the boats which the ice-isles had
driv'n on the coast,
'Twas there that old Peter of Lapland
was lost;

For there it was seen, when the tempest
came on,
And they saw but that rock—when its
fury was done.

"And here hangs the tale!—if thy heart
be not cold,
It will sigh as the fate of poor Peter is told;
Since his boat disappeared at yon peri-
lous steep,
On the night of that storm on the terrible
deep.—

"'Twas at ev'n, in the dusk!—scarce a
sea-breeze would blow,
And the moans of the ocean were sullen
and low,
That a traveller stopt as he journey'd that
way
From Ildega's forests to Archangel's bay.

"All faint was this stranger,—the night
it fell fast,
And the plain, from the mountain, stretch'd
gloomy and vast:
Not a hut could he spy, for a shelter to
crave,
Nor a sound broke the calm, but the sobs
of the wave.

"One star, as it shone through the haze
of the night,
Threw its line on the waters, so chilly and
white;
In the wide path of sky, but that star,
there was none;
Like the way-worn traveller, it journey'd
alone.—

"It journey'd on high, until midnight or
more,
When the full-flowing tide reach'd the
rock on the shore,
'Twas then that the heart of that stranger
gave way,
And long were the hours till the dawning
of day.—

"On the top-cliff he stood—when, gaz-
ing around,
A shadow there fell on the snow-cover'd
ground;

Like the motionless form of a man it was
there,
But no form could he see between and the
air.

"The night-noon was deep—yet, at dis-
tance descried,
Were the smoke-frosts, that rose from
the rents of the tide.
The night-noon was deep,—but between
and the sky,
No figure could be unperceiv'd by his
eye:

"The star flitted on—till he saw it de-
part,
But that shadow was fix'd—as the blood
at his heart;
Around it, and round, he had ventur'd to
go,
But no form, that had life, through the
stamp on the snow.

"Unmoving and still, as that terrible form,
He stood on the ice-ridges, cleft by the
storm.
Thro' the night's lonely watches not once
had he turn'd,
But the figure he saw not—when feeling
return'd:—

"This stranger, I heard!—his eye had
you seen,
When he spoke of the place where the
shadow had been;
That form on the snow as he saw it imprest,
And the death-like, dull slumber, that fell
on his breast.

"His eye had you seen, when I told of
the night,
When the far-streaming torches were
wav'd from the height,
When the skiffs on the wild-heaving ocean
were tost.
And the rock, where old Peter of Lap-
land was lost;—

"Dost see where the thin mists are rising
between,
On that summit it was where the stranger
had been;
Where the shadow appear'd on the co-
lourless snow;
And poor Peter's cold bed—is the ocean
below!"

Tales of Superstition.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1803.

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A Vignette This Page for Dicto. And an Etching of an Old Gamekeeper.

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AND BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

ADDRESS TO OUR READERS.

ON THE COMPLETION OF THE PRESENT VOLUME.

AS the duty of acknowledgment to our numerous Friends and Subscribers returns upon us in proportion to the favours we have experienced, we can only assure them, of the best hopes and the most solid confidence, that our endeavours to meet their wishes, will at least never relax. If we cannot *advance*, even by straining our utmost abilities, we are determined never to *retreat*. In fact, the variety of taste and talent, both in engraving and writing, which our late volumes exhibit, are, we flatter ourselves, the most certain pledges, that, while we *prepare* just as though we ourselves were to *partake*, assisted by the candour of the public, we shall never lose that portion of patronage which is the most convincing proof of their approbation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Temporary matter constrains us to be still in arrear with several favours; but that on the Impropriety of Horses lying upon Boards, and a portion of A. B. of Stambourn, shall certainly appear in our next:

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1803.

SETTERS.

Frontispiece to the Twenty-second Volume.

THE Setters from which the engraving has been taken, are considered by all sportsmen, who have witnessed their speed, style of hunting, and steadiness, as the two first dogs in this kingdom.

Rake, the white dog, was broken by the keeper of Colonel Adeane in Essex, who hunted him with a weight of 15lb. round his neck, by way of allaying his impetuosity. He cut himself with a scythe, through the muscular part of the fore-leg, to the bone, and in a circular direction round one of the eyes; and even when cut, pointed. His resolution, in fact, is unmatched; and as to his steadiness, he has remained standing for some minutes with a spaniel coupled to him, and giving tongue. He is unrivalled either in wood or water, and brings his game.

Dash, the heath-coloured dog, is rather more temperate, but of high courage. He is the only remaining dog of a breed in particular estimation on the confines of Yorkshire; where, as well as in Lancashire, Devonshire, and most of the sporting counties, he is supposed one of the best specimens of the old English setter. He has been hunted, and never has been equalled. He is particularly famous for red and black game; but may be used even for snipes; and, indeed, has had as much game killed to him, as any dog of his age.

To sportsmen, these dogs are extremely well worth seeing; for, never did two hunt a field so independently, with such speed, or so great a certainty of finding birds. They are four years old, and have been regularly hunted two seasons.

The original painting, from which this engraving is taken, is deemed capital; and from the pencil of Mr. J. N. Sartorius, father of the young gentleman, the designer of several of the late subjects for our Magazine.

SPORTING SPECULATION.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

IT cannot be unknown to you, that in this great metropolis, there are adventurers of every description; and amongst such an infinity, there are many of the most versatile genius, and fertile invention. No inconsiderable number are complete adepts in duplicity; well qualified to assume any and every plausible pretext, shape, and appearance, that can be rendered conducive to the purposes of the most depraved and determined depredation. In the midst of the present display of military armour amongst the cavalry, and the no less fascinating sporting furor, amongst the devotees for superiority in the field, no speculative embarkation could promise a better prospect of success to dabbles of the above description, than an occasional horse-dealing adventurer—in the character of a gentleman—without the inconvenience and disgrace of contributing to the stamp office, for the privilege of becoming a licensed dealer of the fraternity. Divested of metaphorical allusion, it is well known, there are several of these gentlemen-dealers, who constantly attend the repositories, in expectation of picking up a horse for their own use, or to pick the pocket of a friend. This plan has been so long reduced to a system, that it is indispensably necessary such schemes should be rendered as public as possible, through the medium of the press, that such species of imposition may be rendered abortive. In aid of this intent, I am induced to trouble you with the particulars of a recent transaction;

the honour and probity of which will be sufficiently distinguished in the recital.

An advertisement appearing not long since in a daily paper, announcing for sale, a horse of superior qualifications as a hunter, was, after half an hour's trial in the park, purchased by one of the best known and most popular sportsmen in the kingdom, at a sum but five shillings less than one hundred pounds; for which a check was immediately given, and the money paid; but, upon the horse's arrival at the stables of the purchaser, it was suggested by one of the grooms, that he was lame, or defective, in one of the fetlock joints behind. This observation produced farther investigation, and judicious consultation; the result of which proved to be, one general confirmation of the opinion started by the disinterested individual, that the horse was evidently lame in the part already mentioned, and ought to be returned. The purchaser, fully convinced of, and acquiescing in the equity of this decision, instantly—that is, in less than two hours—returned him to the stables from whence he had been brought; but no admission could be obtained, nor would the horse be received in return, as an unsound horse. In this predicament, no alternative remained, but to take the horse to the stables of the mortified and disappointed purchaser, with no chance of recovering the money previously paid, but by due course of law; this of course was adopted, when the idea of arbitration was suggested by the friends of one party, and acceded to by the other. Such arbitration was proceeded upon, before two of the most eminent at the bar; and although much hypothetical matter was introduced by the most learned and most eminent of the

the veterinary legion, retained on each side, respecting its being a recent, or long standing injury, their opinions were rendered of no enlightening utility, proof having been produced, that the horse was absolutely purchased a few weeks before from the hammer of a fashionable repository, without a warranty, at the low price of 35 guineas; which had been now sold at the very moderate profit of 60 guineas, with a *bona fide* warranty of being perfectly sound into the bargain.

The award, as may naturally be concluded, was made against the seller; to receive the horse, return the money, and pay the livery of the horse during the time of litigation. Whether this is not a proper and applicable experimental lesson for juvenile adventurers in the equestrian world, I must submit to your superior judgment; begging to be remembered as your old correspondent,

VERITAS.

WOLVES IN FRANCE.

A HORDE of wolves has committed the most terrible ravages in the department of Gers. The communes of Algnau, Risle, St. Grisiere, Plaisance, and Ladeveze, have suffered in an extraordinary degree. Several attempts have been made to destroy them, and eight of them have been taken; but a general alarm prevails. It is very singular, that they seem to despise cattle, and direct their outrages only against the human race. A few days ago, M. Dareix, of Tasque, returning from Therunes, in the evening, accompanied by his eldest son, twenty-six years old,

and a domestic—they were all well mounted and armed, and when near their residence, they were attacked by a troop of wolves, who made a most hideous howling. One of them sprung upon young Dareix, who became seized with a deadly fear, and could only cry for help; the domestic intrepidly fired on the animal, and wounded it, by which the horse gained his liberty, and carried his rider home in safety. M. Dareix, senior, and the servant, succeeded in defeating the ferocious animals, and they retreated. Their attack made such an impression on the young Dareix, that he has lost his senses.

Agew, July 6.

SPORTSMAN'S DIARY.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,
I AM an old Sportsman, as well as subscriber to your useful and entertaining publication; and I may add, though unknown to you, a frequent contributor. What induces me to trouble you at this time, is to notice a little book I have just met with, intitled "The Sportsman's Diary," published by Harding, St. James's Street. It consists of several ruled pages, divided as on the other side. It certainly must be useful to the gamekeeper, and an agreeable companion to the sportsman, who may choose to keep an account from year to year of his successes, or for the decision of bets, &c. The plan is from a suggestion by Mr. T. Sheridan, and is approved wherever it has been seen. I am your humble servant,

T. S.
WRECK

[illegible]

TOTAL.....

OBSERVATIONS.

SHUTTING OF COLMAN'S,
AND
OPENING THE WINTER
THEATRES.

HAYMARKET. Mr. Colman has worked to a successful conclusion of the season at the Haymarket. The three last pieces at this theatre are, 1. The Maid of Bristol, written by Boaden, taken from the story of the Maid of the Hay-stack—2. Love Laughs at Locksmiths, a musical entertainment of much humour and drollery—and, 3. An historic grand ballet of action, called Red Roy. The house has been almost constantly filled during the season; the performers have done credit to their engagements; and the town has been gratified with novelty and excellence.

DRURY LANE opened on Saturday the 19th instant; from which house the Kembles have all fled, but to which Johnstone, and Mr. and Mrs. H. Johnston, have gone. The performance, Pizarro, for the benefit of Lloyd's fund. The characters were sustained as under.—

PERUVIANS—Rolla, Mr. Pope; Attaliba, Mr. Powell; Orozembo, Mr. Dowton; Cora, Mrs. Young.

SPANIARDS—Pizarro, Mr. Barrymore; Alonzo, Mr. Holland; Las Casas, Mr. Wroughton; Ververde, Mr. Palmer; Sentinel, Mr. We-witzer; Elvira, Mrs. Powell.

VOCAL PERFORMERS—Mr. Burrows (first appearance), Mr. Dignum, Mrs. Mountain, Miss De Camp, Miss Tyrer, Miss Hicks, Mrs. Harlowe, Miss Menage, &c.

COVENT GARDEN opened on the Monday evening following, with Speed the Plough and the Devil to Pay. The advertisement from the theatre has the following paragraph:—"The public are

respectfully informed that Mrs. Siddons is engaged at this theatre, and that due notice will be given of her first appearance."

Upon occasion of opening this theatre, an address, written by Mr. T. Dibdin, was delivered and chaunted by Mr. Fawcett, and which will be found among the poetry of the present number.

PROVIDENTIAL JUBILEE.

TO the great gratification of those sporting amateurs who have long implored it, the game, by the concurrence of the elements, and the blusterings of Bonaparte, are likely to enjoy that very jubilee which it has so often been asserted would afford an unprecedented plenty to every part of the kingdom. The present reported scarcity, so industriously circulated through the medium of the diurnal prints, is most egregiously erroneous, and fabricated only by those whose fertile avocation it is to propagate fictions for the day. The fact is, game was never known more plenty than at the present moment, in every part of the country. This may readily be believed, even by those who are the most incredulous, when it is recollected, that a better breeding season, both for *setting* and *hatching*, has never been remembered, nor could a more favourable summer have followed for the increasing growth and consequent strength of the game. The truth is, that by the late drought the ground has acquired such an uncommon degree of hardness, that the approach of either man or dog can be distinguished at a very considerable distance by the vibrative effect of the earth, enabling the birds not only to run perseveringly before the point of the dogs, but to

rise

rise almost invariably out of the reach of the gun. These disappointments, so truly deceptive to the best shots, will very much reduce the usual destruction, which, in addition to the strength and long flight of the birds, as well as the loyal and patriotic exertions of the thousands of sportsmen who are more energetically engaged in the service of their country, will nearly amount to the very jubilee so often suggested—even in the senate—and will probably produce a greater plenty of game in the year ensuing, than has ever been known in the memory of any man in existence.

DR. FRANKLIN'S ADVICE

TO

A YOUNG SPORTSMAN.

A GENTLEMAN of this description, from a too eager pursuit of the follies of high fashion, spent the last guinea of his patrimony. At length, after receiving insults from those he had protected; and being denied a meal by those whom he had once fed; fortune, in one of her vagaries, presented him with another estate, more valuable than the first. Upon the possession of it, and urged by reflections, young Nimrod waited upon the late celebrated Dr. Franklin, who had been the friend of his father, to beg his advice. "What were the causes of your late misfortunes?" inquired the doctor. "Lawyers, Quacks, Gamesters, and Footmen," replied the applicant. "The four greatest pests of your metropolis," rejoined Franklin. "But poisons," continued the Doctor, "in the political as well as medical world, may, when judiciously applied, become antidotes to each other. My advice is, therefore, that you remember the past conduct of the Law-

yers; the remembrance will teach you not to go to law, and by this you will preserve your new acquired property from their chicanery. The practice of the Quack should terrify you to live temperately; and by this you escape the miseries created by these mercenary monsters. The Gamester may shew you the necessity of forbearance, and remind you of the old proverb, "That only fools and knaves are adventurers;" and by this your vigilance will be excited to take care of your ready money. As to the idleness and insolence of Footmen, these will teach you the pleasures of waiting upon yourself; in which you will be sure to escape the mortification of paying for torments in your own houses. Go, son of my friend, ponder these antidotes, and be happy."

LORD INVERURY

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

*Philorth House, Aberdeenshire,
September 4, 1803.*

SIRS,

IF you think the following remarkable incident worthy of a place in your excellent entertaining Magazine, you may insert it.

Mr. Gordon, of Aberdour, a neighbour of mine, and a capital shot, being out with me on Thursday last, the 1st of September, partridge shooting, we perceived, in a hole filled with water, and adjoining to a large pond, a number of eels, at which Mr. G. fired, and killed eleven, besides wounding several more. The eels were afterwards dressed, and proved excellent eating.

I am,

Your obedient humble servant,
**INVERURY.
HORSE.**

HORSE-SHOES.

A Dissertation thereon, by Opa Mico, a King of the Creek Country, delivered by him on a visit to New York.

"WHEN I first arrived in this town, the residence of the beloved Chief, and the great council of the Thirteen Fires, my attention was very much attracted by those huge floating machines in which white men pass over the immense waters from country to country; and even, they tell me, those remote limits where the great star of the day rises over the regions of the East. My imagination was busied in contemplating the wisdom and sagacity, not only of those who have with so much art constructed these machines, but also of those men who are intrusted with the management and direction of them, on the face of such a dangerous and vastly extended element, as my understanding tells me the ocean must be. How, said I, is it possible for them, when once they have left the main shores, to direct the prow with so much art and precision to some small spot of earth, placed like a hill in the midst of unfathomable waters! Doubtless they must be possessed of sagacity superior to the rest of men; they are surely as wise as gods, and cannot do a foolish thing; they are without unnatural prejudice, and, like the sun in its diurnal course, they must be examples to those who have to learn system and propriety."

How prone to error is the human mind!
When most we think we see—at best
we're blind:

Smooth seems the surface, and we boldly
try;

Beneath 'tis hollow, and our comforts
fly.

Trust not too much, for this is truth supreme!

Not two in ten are truly what they seem.

VOL. XXII. No. 132.

After a little pause, and drawing a few whiffs of Virginia, Opa Mico gave the pipe to his friend, and thus went on.

"On a certain day, my curiosity led me, in company with my interpreter, to go on board one of these big canoes. I was surprised to find it furnished like a house, accommodated with every necessary for passing many moons with comfort on the great ocean which rolls over the immeasurable space between us and the East. My various inquiries were amply gratified by the commander, through the mouth of my interpreter. He seemed particularly complaisant to me, as being a stranger; and endeavoured to make me comprehend the use of every part of the furniture which was subservient to the navigation and manœuvring of his vessel.

"Indeed, my own simple reason and observation could, in some degree, account for the end and design of the greater part of the objects I beheld. At length, directing my observation to the lower extremity of the main mast, I could not help asking myself what could be the purpose of nailing a thin plate of iron there, of a form approaching to a circle, and pierced with several small holes. After forming a thousand conjectures, but not one that in the least cleared up my doubts, I directed my interpreter to inquire of the master, what could be the use of this semicircular metal? The master immediately replied, that the iron which so much attracted my attention was no more than a common horse-shoe, which he, himself, had nailed on that part of the mast, previous to his embarking on his first voyage. Truly, replied I, upon recollecting, it is indeed a horse-shoe, and such I have frequently seen heretofore in my country. But, of what possible use can the shoe of a horse be to the

P p great

great canoe which travels only on the face of the watery element? The commander seemed somewhat confused at my question; but, instantly recollecting himself, he desired me to retire with him, and sit down in his wigwan; and then, pouring out a bowl of red wine, which he desired me to drink off, he addressed me in the following manner—

“You must know that there is a sympathy and wonderful connection between the things above and the things below; the invisible parts of the animated creation, and those parts which on this earth are the objects of our sight and other senses. Among the invisible intelligences, there are not a few orders that take supreme delight in throwing injuries and misfortunes in the way of mankind. It is these that wing the hurricane, scatter the seeds of pestilence through the air, and blast the fruits of the earth, at a time when our hopes and desires are fixed upon their prosperity. Against these, therefore, it is our duty to be on our guard; and, by every method we can devise, repel the shafts of their vindictive malice.

“Time has been, when men wandered over the ocean, without the least knowledge of the virtues of the horse-shoe! These times, however, thank Heaven! are gone. With this inestimable jewel, the horse-shoe, for a companion, we can now traverse the seas in safety, and not be constantly in dread of the destructive influence of every vagabond atom of mischievous volition, which rambles through our atmosphere, and, by some unknown means, harasses us, even from the orbits of superior planets. But you will ask me, by what strange means does the horse-shoe insure safety to the ship, her crew, and cargo? I answer, that it is only in particular

circumstances and positions that it insures safety; for instance, the horse shoe, new from the smith's anvil, would be of no avail against the malevolent powers: the shoe must have travelled many hundred miles, attached to the foot of the animal, and even be worn to a certain degree of roundness in the outer edge, before it will answer our purpose. It is also our custom ever more to place the open part downward, as by this method the shoe represents an arch, which is a token of strength, as well as the rotundity of the heavens over our heads, which are fixed, durable, and to last for ever. It is by effects only, that we can hope to arrive at any knowledge of a cause. If, therefore, I can honestly assure you that I have sailed these five-and-forty years upon the deep seas, and never experienced any dangerous accident in such ships as had this particular piece of iron attached to them, but constantly the reverse in those vessels in which I neglected it; be assured there must be some reality in the matter, and that horse-shoes, when thus applied, have the undoubted power to keep mischief at a distance.”

“The mystery being in this way explained, I bade farewell to the captain of the great canoe, not without amazement, when I considered the almost universal influence of folly and superstition over the most intelligent mind.”

King Opa Mico took the pipe from his attendant, and, having drawn it a few times, while he seemed in deep thought, then returned it, and thus proceeded—

“This man has subjected the winds and tempests to his controul; he has so cunningly contrived things, that the rays of the sun, instead of only serving to afford him light and warmth, are, by the intervention

intervention of some curious instruments, compelled to be his guides and directors; and yet, for all this knowledge, and a great deal more, he is weak enough to make his secret dependence for safety upon certain imaginary effects, proceeding from a worthless scrap of crooked iron! What a number of barks and canoes have I since visited, and not one of them all but has its horse-shoe*!

"Such is the wisdom of the white men, they laugh at us for our credulity, in maintaining some scores of pawwas, to avert, by their howlings and lacerations, the vengeance of the great evil being; they despise us for believing in our good and bad monetas, and paying a superstitious reverence to certain animals in the forests; they call us rude, savage, and unenlightened, at the very instant when they themselves are putting their trust in horse-shoes!"

Opa Mico resumed his pipe, and again took his seat. The company acknowledged the truth of his observations, and

Flush'd with conviction, cry'd sans melancholy,
The wisest of men, are but children of folly.

X. Y. Z.

* There is hardly a village in England or Wales in which this absurdity is not practised. In some places the horse-shoe is nailed to the top of the door frame, but in most on the bottom; because, says one fool to another, the evil spirits cannot enter beneath the shoe, while the other maintains it may, but must not pass over it. Before this shoe is perfectly fit for the purpose, some old woman of good life, or reputation for holiness, must three times cross it with her finger wet with spittle, and three times mutter the following double distich in the crossing.

Iron! iron! witches dread;
Shield the foot, and shield the head:
Then from cramps move ev'ry joint,
And bid the fiends—Aroynt!—aroynt!

It is, and has also been for ages, a custom with navigators to nail an old horse-shoe to the mast to insure prosperity, &c.

P p 2

ward

CHANGES OF WEATHER

KNOWN BY

THE SENSATIONS OF ANIMALS.

PRESENTATION may be admitted under three heads:—

I. The presentation which animals have of dry fair weather. II. The presentation which animals have of rainy weather. III. The presentation which animals have of stormy weather.

First, then, respecting the presentation which animals have of dry weather.

Clear dry weather generally follows after wet weather, when the atmosphere has been freed from the vapours collected in it by their falling to the earth in rain. Clouds as well as rain are the means by which the air frees itself from the electric vapours that are continually arising; and if these again fall down, it appears very natural that animals, which live chiefly in the open air, should express, by various external movements, the ease with which they breathe, and perform all the vital functions. From this principle it seems not difficult to explain the following observations:

The fluttering of bats in the evening, beetles flying about on the highways, and the sporting of gnats to-

ward sunset, require no explanation. I shall only remark, what is already well known to every observer, that this presensation is highly useful to bats as well as to insects. Every shower of rain would render it impossible for them to fly, as their wings are not secured by any oily matter against moisture; they would, therefore, be rendered much heavier by rain, and unfit for flying, and they could not be so easily placed again in folds—which, considering the structure of these animals, is absolutely necessary—as when they have remained dry.

The same principle seems to be applicable to the high flight of larks and swallows, which perhaps hasten to the upper regions of the atmosphere, because they are freer from vapours, and more suited to them; and because the lower regions, being more loaded with vapours, afford them less pleasure than those above. The insects also which they pursue for food, take then, perhaps, a higher flight.

The croaking of the green water-frog in ponds I cannot sufficiently explain; but it seems to express the pleasure arising from the greater quantity of insects then flying about, and which they can catch with more ease and convenience. But clear dry weather is not so agreeable to frogs as the return of warm weather. If they make a noise in the time of cold rain, warm dry weather will follow. But if the dry weather proceeds from raw winds, and if warmth and rain succeed, their noise may foretel rain; and, therefore, Linnæus's rule *prædicat pluviam* will lose nothing of its truth. He seems so much the more to be right, as more raw than warm dry days take place in the climate of Sweden. I have, to my great inconvenience, experienced the truth of his assertion, on journeys

which I was under the necessity of continuing for several days.

- That the weather-fish (*cobitis fossilis*) leaves the water quite pure during dry weather, and the green frog sits at the top of the glass, may proceed from the lighter or heavier state of the atmosphere, particularly as the latter is remarkably fond of cleanliness and moderately pure air.

The assembling of ravens in the fields, and the singing of the wood-pigeon, may be easily accounted for from the above principles.

I have never seen birds in good weather dress their feathers with oil from the fat glands, in order to secure them from rain; but I have observed many do so when the atmosphere was overcast, and when there was an appearance of rain. I should therefore include this circumstance in the following class, did not experience admit also of another explanation, viz. that the birds, from the atmosphere becoming lighter, hope for the speedy arrival of dry weather, and therefore anoint themselves, and secure their feathers from moisture, that they may be able to fly higher than usual with the less impediment. If the last explanation ought not to be altogether rejected, as I do not think it can, we may admit of this observation; especially as all the experience of men worthy of belief allows of no reasoning to be brought against it.

The expression of animals, which show a presensation of rainy weather, may be explained partly from the increasing weight of the atmosphere, partly from their manner of living, and partly from the want of moisture which is necessary to their existence.

The restlessness of domestic cattle may proceed from many causes. It is known that the atmosphere in summer, before rain falls, is generally heavier, on account of the electric

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trio-vapour that arises. The insects which infest cattle, and which mark this heaviness, become then more numerous, and, getting into the stalls where the cattle are kept, torment them and make them restless. The ascending vapour has also perhaps some influence on the skins of these animals, which ceases when the earth does not suffer so much vapour to escape as before; or the air, too strongly charged with electricity, excites in them an unpleasant sensation. It indeed appears strange to explain the same phenomenon from two perfectly opposite causes, a want and an excess of electricity; but we know cases of the like kind in medicine, such, for example, as that where the cramp and sleep produces *atonia*. People who have wounds or old ulcers feel, on a change of weather, a contraction and burning in those parts; and why should not such affections take place in animals?

All these grounds taken together will be sufficient, in my opinion, to explain why horses and asses rub themselves, shake their heads, and snuff the air by turning up their noses; why asses bray much, and jump about; why cattle scrape up the earth, and stamp with their feet; and why swine, though not hungry, eat greedily, and dig up the earth a great deal with their snouts. The restlessness, running about, scraping with the feet, and eating grass, among dogs; and moles continually throwing up the earth, can all be deduced from the same; as well as the cats dressing themselves.

I have remarked that cocks crow on every change of weather, beside at the usual time. They, as well pigeons, hasten to their places of shelter, in order to be secured against the rain, the approach of which they must be sensible of, by

the continually increasing weight of the atmosphere.

The cause of fowls, pigeons, quails, and other birds, washing themselves, appears to me to be a certain heat or itching, which they wish by these means to remove.

Swallows, in all probability, take a low flight on the approach of rainy weather, because the electric atmosphere is too heavy for them, and because they have not sufficient strength to mount above it. But cranes, as being stronger birds, employ all their strength to rise above it, and therefore fly so high.

I have remarked in ravens, that their croaking, unless when they smell carrion, proceeds from fear. They observe, perhaps, by the atmosphere still becoming heavier, that a storm highly disagreeable to them will soon take place, and therefore they croak, and attach themselves to trees; and when they are startled by any thing uncommon, they take a high flight, making a loud cry. They easily discover their persecutors among men, and always cry with a loud noise as long as they think they are pursued by them.

Jackdaws, on the approach of rainy weather, flapping their wings, and picking their feathers with their bills, may be explained partly by an unpleasant sensation before rain, and partly from the state of the atmosphere.

To the before-mentioned itching or burning sensation, I refer also the bathing and plunging of water fowl. That the birds of the forest should hasten to their nests is very natural, as from the state of the atmosphere they must apprehend rain.

The crying of peacocks, except at pairing time, appears to be a phenomenon analogous to the crowing of cocks. I have often remarked

marked it on a change of weather, and often even on a change of wind.

That storks and cranes place their bills under their wings, is a phenomenon remarked also among domestic fowls when they fly to their roosts to secure themselves against rain. Their pecking their breasts seems to signify an itching sensation in that part of their bodies.

The croaking of the male green or tree frog seems to denote an unpleasant sensation, for in fine weather I never heard them send forth the smallest cry. But the appearance of loads implies a pleasant sensation, as these animals are so fond of living in dirt.

Ants labour with great diligence, and bees hasten home, and do not fly far from their hives; because they follow their instinct. The former endeavour to complete their habitations, and to secure themselves better against rain, and perhaps to lay up provision for the rainy season. The latter hasten home to their hives, and fly no more abroad, because the wet would impede them in their flight and labour.

Gnats (*conops*) come into houses to secure themselves from rain, which would impede their flight, and there they attach themselves to the legs, to procure that nourishment which is denied them without.

The increased biting of fleas I cannot explain, as the natural history of these insects is as yet too obscure.

Earth-worms creep from their holes through instinct, as they can move themselves forward only upon earth that is slippery.

A presensation of storms I have observed only among the perfect of the *mammalia*, and as yet but among two, viz. man and the dog. Both these seem to have a sense of the increased electricity of the at-

mosphere. It appears in general, that the more imperfect animals remark only the approach of dry weather; the more perfect, the approach of rain; and the most perfect, the approach of storms. All animals, perhaps, with their external senses, and all plants by their organs, are sensible of the variations of the weather: but plants are not here my object; as it is not necessary to prove the influence of the weather on them; which is sufficiently apparent to every observer. Here I allude only to the external expression of internal sensations, as may be seen by the adduced instances; else one might consider the shutting and expanding of many plants as foreboding variations of the weather.

The dog, on the approach of rainy weather, expresses signs of uneasiness; scratches himself, because the fleas then bite him with more violence; digs up the earth with his feet, runs round, and eats grass: he is accustomed, however, to do the latter when he is very hot, perhaps to cool himself, and in general a storm follows soon after. Before a storm he evaporates more strongly, so that his smell becomes intolerable; he creeps in a dejected manner to his master, and lies quiet. The cat also seems to have this in common with the dog, that she creeps to her master also on the approach of a storm. But all these phenomena requires a further explanation.

The most perfect of all animals, man, is, on the approach of storms, only subject to certain unpleasant sensations; but these must teach him, in the most striking manner, that his spiritual part, even though it disengages itself so much from oppressive cares, is irremediably connected here below with a sluggish body, which frequently exercises tyrannic sway over the soul.

Men

Men in a sound state of health are subjected, on the approach of stormy weather, to a heaviness of body and mind, a want of capacity to perform their usual occupations, a yawning and relaxation, which are highly disagreeable. These are often accompanied also with a sensation of heat. All these phenomena appear in some more and in others less, and in some do not take place at all: but the last case happens very rarely. Sick persons, or those whose juices are corrupted, experience, beside the above, an itching heat in those parts of their bodies which are covered; and many who have old wounds, ulcers, and the like, have, in these, uncommon sensations.—Many of these may be ascribed to perspiration checked by the great heat; though, as Weikard, a philosophic physician, asserts, the want of electric matter in the body may have some share in them also.

When stormy weather happens in winter, these sensations, as well as the before-mentioned presensation of animals, do not take place; at least no one has ever observed them. This, in all probability, arises from the influence of the season.

CORNISH SPORTS.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

THE custom of celebrating midsummer by fires and various sports, was, I apprehend, very general amongst the ancient Cornish; at present, it seems to be nearly confined to the towns and villages of Mounts-Bay; the inhabitants of which have never yet relaxed in their zeal for this usage

Being at Penzance the 23d of June last, I observed the young people all alert in the preparations

for their favourite festival. No sooner had the tardy sun withdrawn himself from the horizon, than the young men began to assemble in several parts of the town, drawing after them trees and turze; all which had been accumulating week after week, from the beginning of May. Tar barrels were presently erected on tall poles, some on the quay, others near the market, and one even on a rock in the midst of the sea; pretty female children tript up and down in their best frocks, decorated with garlands; and hailing the midsummer eve as the vigil of St. John.

The joyful moment arrives; the torches make their appearance; the heaped up wood is on fire; the tar barrels send up their intense flame; the ladies and gentlemen parade the streets, or walk in the fields, or on the terrace that commands the bay; thence they behold the fishing towns, farms and villas, vying with each other in the number and splendour of their bonfires. The torches quick moving along the shore, are reflected from the tide, and the spectacle, though of the cheerful kind, participates of the grand. In the mean time, rockets fly aloft, and crackers resound through every street; and the screams of the ladies on their return from the shew, and their precipitate flight into the first passage, shop, or house, that happens to be open, heighten the colouring and diversion of the night. Then comes the finale: no sooner are the torches burnt out, than the inhabitants of the quay-quarter, a great multitude, male and female, young and old, virtuous and vicious, sober and drunk, take hands, and, forming a long string, run violently through every street, lane, and alley, crying, "an eye! an eye! an eye!" At last they stop suddenly; and an eye to this enormous needle being opened by the last two in the string, whose

whose clasped hands are elevated and arched, the thread of populace run under, and through, and continue to repeat the same, till weariness dissolves their union, and sends them home to bed, which is never till near the hour of midnight.

Next day, midsummer day, the custom is for the country people to come to Penzance in their best clothes, about four or five o'clock in the afternoon, when they repair to the quay, and take a short trip on the water. On this occasion numbers of boats are employed, most of which have music on board; and till nine or ten o'clock, the bay exhibits a pleasant scene of sailing boats, rowing boats, sloops, sea-sickness, laughter, quarrelling, drum beating, horn blowing, &c. &c. &c. On the shore there is a kind of wake or fair, in which fruit and confectionary are sold, and the public houses are thronged with drinkers and dancers.

Such is midsummer in this part of Cornwall; and on the eve and feast of St Peter, which follows closely upon it, the same things are acted over again.

Yours, &c.

J. J. B.

TAPLIN'S SPORTING DICTIONARY,

AND

RURAL REPOSITORY.

(Continued from Page 211.)

HAVING formerly taken a cursory review of the first part of this work, we proceed now to such remarks upon the second volume, as will afford to our sporting readers, an adequate comprehension of the whole. Under the heads "Jockey," "Jockey Club," and "Jockeyship," great sporting information is conveyed; and from a

perusal of which, much instruction may be derived. His advice to travellers, in the management of horses upon a journey, are the judicious effects of experience, and are replete with inculcations founded upon the mildest principles of humanity. The "King's Hounds," and "King's Plates," are largely explained. "Law suits" upon the soundness and unsoundness of horses, are fully considered; and a plan proposed for their better prevention. "Poachers," their depredations and inducements, seem to have claimed particular attention; as well as the equitable construction of the "Game Laws," upon which, and their effect, the success of the Poachers has become so truly dependant.

Under the heads, "Newmarket," "Racing," and "Race Horses," is communicated a variety of matter truly useful and entertaining to sportsmen, who feel an interest in the pleasures of the turf. "Repositories" are explained, and their conveniences particularly pointed out. "Scent," that ground-work of the chase, has undergone a comparative and scientific disquisition. "Shoeing," with occasional remarks upon the speculative practice of different adventurers, has engrossed much attention; to improve which, to a degree of perfection, various useful information is introduced, with an explanatory copper-plate annexed. The drudgery of the ill-paid "Shoeing Smith," is brought into so concise, just, and applicable a point of view, that there is not a chance of its confutation. "Shooting" of every kind is fully explained, and admirably calculated to afford entertainment to devotees of that description. The chase of every description is largely treated on; but "Stag Hunting," he says, is one of the most rapturous and enchanting pursuits within the privilege

lege of power of the human frame and mind to enjoy. As hunting, in its general sense, is known to comprise an imaginary view of different kinds under that concise term, so various remarks will be found upon each, under the heads of "Chase" — "Fox Hunting" — "Harriers" — and "Hunting;" rendering unnecessary the introduction of new, or repetition of former matter, more than what may strictly appertain to the distinct sport now before us.

Opposite opinions, he observes, have always been entertained by the advocates for each particular kind of chase, as may have proved most applicable and convenient to their situation, occasions, residence, and time of life. That every description of hunting, has its proportional attraction to its distinct and different votaries, is well known: but, the constant struggle for superiority, in vindication of their respective sports, has ever been between those who hunt fox, and those who hunt stag; each being equally violent in defence of the cause his private or personal reasons prompt him to espouse. Mr. Daniel, in his "Rural Sports," when animadverting upon the stag, makes the following remarks: "At the present day, as an object of chase to the sportsman, the stag requires but cursory mention: those indeed who are fond of pomp and parade in hunting will not accede to this opinion; but, the only mode in which this chase can recommend itself to the real sportsman, is, when the deer is looked for and found, like other game which hounds pursue. At present, very few hounds, except those of the royal establishment, are kept exclusively for this amusement; and were the king once to see a fox well found, and killed handsomely, he would in all probability give a decided preference in favour of fox

hounds; for what a marked difference is there between conveying in a covered cart, an animal nearly as big as the horse who draws it, to a particular spot where he is liberated, and cheerily riding to the covert-side, with all the extacy of hope and expectation."

Without the most distant intent of endeavouring to depreciate the noble, exhilarating, delightful, and universally admitted excellence of fox hunting, of which, by the by, no adequate description can issue from the pen, such few remarks may be made, as will display the sport of stag hunting in a different point of view, to that in which the writer just mentioned has been pleased to place the picture; and, probably, rescue it from any little stigma of disgrace or inferiority, which his promulgated opinion may have stamped upon the canvas. There is positively no one instance, in which the philosophic decision of Sir Roger de Coverly — "much may be said on both sides" — could have been more strictly applicable, or more truly verified, than upon the present occasion. The candid, judicious, and experienced sportsman will readily admit, that each retains its attractions too powerful to resist, as well as some inconveniences impossible to remove: these, however, are reconcilable to the modification of those whose motives induce them to engage in either.

Previous to the recital of a chase with the stag hounds, a few preparatory and comparative remarks are due to the observations already quoted, from the justly popular work of Mr. Daniel. That there are but "few establishments" of the kind is certainly true, and for a most substantial reason; if they were numerous, the question would instantly present itself; from whence are they to be supplied with game? The idea of "the king's giving the

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preference to fox hunting, if he had once seen a fox well found, and killed handsomely," is an entire new thought; and affords immediate mental reference to the degradation of majestic dignity, should it ever be found making its dreary way through the bushy brambles of a beechen wood, two or three miles in length, following the chase by the reverberating sounds of distant holloas! but without the sight or sound of a single hound. This is a constantly occurring trait in fox hunting, constituting no small drawback on its boasted perfection.

Whichever kind of chase is pursued, the ultimatum of enjoyment is much the same; horses, hounds, air, exercise, health, society and exhilaration, constitute the aggregate: and time, which to the opulent and independent seems of trifling value, is to the scientific inquisitant, or professional practitioner, neither more nor less than a life-estate, no part of which should be wasted or squandered away. The former class in general, are industriously engaged in killing time: the latter, who know and feel its worth, are as constantly employed in its preservation. The loss of time in the enjoyment of the two chases, is nearly, or full half between the one and the other; this is a circumstance, however, not likely to attract the serious attention of the gentleman who has thus attacked "the pomp and parade of hunting the stag;" for as a clerical character, he had of course all the week upon his hands, being particularly engaged only on a Sunday. To one of this description, who has all his time to kill, and very little to employ, a long and dreary day, through the gloomy coverts of a dirty country, without a single challenge, or one consolatory chop of drag, must prove a scene of the most enchanting enjoyment; and in the

very zenith of exultation, it must be acknowledged by energetic fox hunters, that riding thirty or forty miles in wet and dirt, replete with alternate hope, suspense, and expectation, to enjoy the supreme happiness of repeated disappointments, terminating with a blank-day, is equal, if not superior, to a stag hunt of even the very first description.

Stag hounds are very rarely kept, and the sport but little known in many parts of the kingdom: those of the most celebrity are, the royal establishment upon Ascot Heath, in Windsor Forest; the Earl of Derby's near the Downs, in Surrey; and the subscription pack near Enfield Chase and Epping Forest. The greatest inducement to hunt with either of which is, the invariable certainty of sport—that first object of desirable attainment—not to be insured with hounds of a different description; the great gratification of going away with the pack and covering a scope of country, without perpetual interruption from frequent intervening coverts, where checks, faults, delays, and a repetition of wood-riding so often ensue. Stag hunting, indifferent as it is spoken of by some, is too severe and arduous for others to pursue; laborious as it is to the horse, it is in many cases not less so to the rider; difficulties occur, which require great exertion in one, and fortitude in the other, to surmount, and none but those can expect to lay at all by the side of the hounds.

Rapturously transporting as is the moment of meeting and throwing off with fox hounds, no less so is the awfully impressive prelude to turning out the deer. The scene is affectingly grand, far beyond the descriptive power of the pen, and can only be seen, to be perfectly understood. Unless an outlying deer is drawn for and found in the neighbouring

neighbouring woods, as is sometimes the case, a stag, hind, or heavier, is carted from the paddocks of his Majesty at Swinley Lodge—where they are previously and properly fed for the chase—and brought at a certain hour—ten o'clock in the morning—to the place appointed, of which the surrounding neighbourhood are always sufficiently informed. At the distance of a quarter, or half a mile from the covered convenience containing the deer, are the bounds, surrounded by the huntsman and his assistants, called yeomen prickers, in scarlet and gold; a part of these having French horns, upon which they must be good performers.

In a very short time after the hour agreed on, his Majesty is seen to approach, attended by the Master of the Horse, and the equeries in waiting; it being the official duty of the master of the stag hounds to be with them, ready to receive his Majesty upon his arrival. So soon as his Majesty resigns his hack, and is remounted for the chase, the huntsman receives an injunctive signal from the master of the hounds to liberate the deer. The moment which is obeyed, the usual law, amounting to ten minutes more or less, is allowed for his going away. During this interval, the sonorous strains of the horns, the musical melodious echo of the hounds, the mutual gratulations of so distinguished an assemblage, and the condescending kindness and affability of the sovereign, to the loyal subjects who love and surround him, is a repast too rich, a treat too luxurious, for the side of a fox hunting covert to be brought into the least successful similitude with.

The anxious crisis thus arrived, and every bosom glowing with emulative inspiration, a single aspiration of acquiescence, and a removal of the horse who heads the

leading hound, gives an instant loose to the body of the pack, and superlatively happy he who can lay nearest to them. Upon the deer's going off from the cart, two of the yeomen prickers start likewise, in such parallel directions to the right and left, as not to lose sight of the line he takes, so long as they can keep him in view; by which means, they get five or six miles forward, to assist in stopping the hounds at any particular point where they happen to run up to them: and if it was not for this prudent and necessary precaution, half, or two-thirds of the horsemen, would never see the hounds again in the course of the day.

The joyous burst, and determined velocity of every hound, followed by an immensity of horsemen all in action at a single view; the spot embellished, or rather variegated, with a display of carriages, filled with ladies who come to enjoy the ceremony of turning out; and the emulative enthusiasm of horses, hounds, and men, afford a blaze of sporting brilliancy, beyond the utmost mental fertility to describe. At this moment of rapturous exultation only, it is that the kind of horse, indispensibly necessary for this particular chase, can be ascertained; for, out of a hundred and twenty, thirty, forty, or a hundred and fifty horsemen, seven or eight only shall lay any where near, or within a hundred yards of the hounds; for, the longer the burst, the more the slow-going horses tail; so that, when the hounds are stopt upon the heath, or in any other open country, by the few who are up, lines of horsemen are seen behind more than a mile in length, getting forward in a variety of directions; bearing no inapplicable affinity to different teams of wild ducks, crossing from one part of the country to another. These horses, to whom

it is all labour, are so distressed even with the first burst, that if the hounds break away, and the deer crosses the country, they are seldom to be seen at the end of a second. This is a most palpable and incontrovertible demonstration, that any horse may follow, but none except thorough-bred horses, can go with the hounds.

During the time the chase is suspended, and the hounds are at bay—which is till the king gets up—the exhilarating sound of the horns before them, and the clamorous impatience of the hounds to proceed, constitute a scene so truly rich and extatic, that the tear of excessive joy and grateful sensibility may be frequently observed in almost every eye. After this relief of a few minutes to both hounds and horses, in which they collect their wind and become proportionally refreshed, the hounds are permitted to break away, which they do with a redoubled ardour, as if it had absolutely increased by their recent restraint. The same scene of racing and tailing continues during every burst, to the termination of the chase; the longer it is, the more the field of horsemen becoming reduced; while the blood horses only move in perfect unison, and, at their common rating stroke, lay with ease by the side of the hounds; and this is the reason why, in long runs, so many are completely thrown out, and left to explore their way through different parts of the country, through which the chase has passed.

One material difference is known to exist between this kind of sport and every other; the utmost fortitude and indefatigable exertions are here made to save; in all the rest, the summit of happiness, the sole gratification of local ambition, is to kill; so that, at any rate, stag hunting has the plea of humanity in its

favour; in proof of which, the hounds are never permitted to run from chase to view, but every individual is feelingly alive to the danger of the deer, who has so largely and laboriously contributed to the completion of the general happiness of the day. A secret inspiration operates upon every latent spring of human sensibility; and no difficulty at the moment seems too great to surmount, for the preservation of a life, in which every spectator feels himself most impressively concerned.

This final burst of a chase is most dreadfully severe, particularly if the last mile or two is run in view. When this is the case, the deer exerts all his utmost and remaining power to take the soil, if water is within his reach; and this he sometimes does with the hounds so close at his haunches, that it is impossible to prevent their plunging with him into the stream. In such predicament, if it is found impracticable to draw off the body of the hounds to insure his safety, the yeomen prickers and others, are frequently seen above their middles in water, uncertain of its depth, to preserve the life of the deer at the hazard of their own. This may be considered by the recluse and callous cynic, a degree of valour beyond discretion; but the debt of humanity, like the Hibernian major's word in the comedy, is "a debt of honour, and must be paid."

The most moderate chases with the stag, extend from an hour and a half to two hours; though from three to four hours is by no means uncommon in the course of the season. Horses too deficient in speed, too heavy in formation, too full in flesh, or foul in condition, frequently fall martyrs, to a want of judgment or prudence in their riders during the chase. Every man ought to know when his horse is danger-

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ously distressed, and should of course bow implicit obedience to the occasion. There are times, when self-denial would add lustre to the brow of a monarch; and it never can be displayed with a more humane effect, than when in the defence and preservation of so useful an animal; who being deprived the privilege of free agency, is not possessed of the power to protect himself; under the influence of which consideration, there is not a sportsman of experience and humanity existing, who would not much rather retire with patience from the field, to save the life of a faithful persevering companion, than to see him sink a victim to inadvertency, folly, or indiscretion. In a severe chase of more than four hours, recited in the former part of this work, one horse dropped dead in the field, another died before he could reach a stable, and seven more within the week. The concluding ceremony of the chase, is the preservation of the deer, the baying of the hounds, and the melodious concert of the hounds; after which the hounds are drawn off, and the stag, hind, or heavier, is deposited in a place of safety; from whence he is taken away on the following day, and returned to the paddocks at Swinley Lodge, in a convenient and well adapted vehicle constructed for the purpose.

The regular hunting days with the stag hounds of his Majesty, are Tuesdays and Saturdays, from Holyrood-day, Sept. 25, to the first Saturday in May; except in Christmas and Easter weeks, in each of which they hunt three times. The two grand, or most public days, are Holyrood-day, and Easter Monday, when the field is uncommonly numerous; particularly, if the weather favourably corresponds with the occasion.

(To be concluded in our next.)

DEATH OF THE FOX.

*Described by the late W. Cowper, Esq.
In a Letter to Lady Hesketh.*

HAVING an opportunity to see a ceremony, which I was pretty sure would never fall in my way again, I determined to stay, and to notice all that passed with the most minute attention. The huntsman having, by "the aid of a pitchfork, lodged Reynard on the arm of an elm, at the height of about nine feet from the ground, there left him for a considerable time." The gentlemen sat on their horses, contemplating the fox, for which they had toiled so hard; and the hounds, assembled at the foot of the tree, with faces not less expressive of the most rational delight, contemplated the same object. The huntsman remounted; "he cut off a foot," and threw it to the hounds—"one of them swallowed it whole" like a bolus. He then once more alighted, and "drawing down the fox by the hinder legs," desired the people, who were by this time rather numerous, "to open a lane for him to the right and left." He was instantly obeyed; when, throwing the fox to the distance of some yards, and screaming like a fiend, *Tear him to pieces*; at least six times repeatedly, he consigned him over absolutely to the pack, who in a few minutes devoured him completely. Thus, my dear, as Virgil says, what none of the gods would have ventured to promise me, time itself, pursuing its accustomed course, has, of its own accord, presented me with. I have been in at the death of a fox, and you know as much of the matter as I, who am as well informed as any sportsman in England.

ENMOR-CASTLE,

ENMOR-CASTLE, SOMERSET-SHIRE;

A HUNTING SEAT BELONGING TO THE
RT. HON. THE EARL OF EGMONT.

*A Ramble to it, from Bridgewater *—Reflections on the Harvest—A Trip to the Marble Rock in Cannington Park—Antiquities of the Village examined, and a Return to Enmor—The Harvest Home described—Remarks on a cruel Agricultural Custom in these Parts, and on the Propagation of Sable Roses—With a whimsical Account of assailing a Commonwealth of Wasps, and taking their Citadel.*

"Thus—————have I presum'd,
In my obscure sojourn, to sing at ease
Rural delights; the joy and sweet repast
Of every noble mind!"

SOMERVILLE.

THE harvest in Somersetshire has been uncommonly fine, and well got in; every sylvan countenance acknowledges the bounty, by the traits of satisfaction, and the songs of gratitude. I went yesterday morning, alone, up the west bank of the Parret, to behold the reapers busy in a piece of ten acres—alone, did I say, I am never alone with the muse, but frequently find that happiness in her company, not to be attained with the gay in the high circles of fashion, or at the tables of thoughtless dissipation. While I surveyed this scene of waving gold, my bosom was glowing with the most grateful sentiments; all nature seemed deeply interested in the general good; and every living creature was employing the remains of the short-lived season, the best way for its own advantage. The red-breast was leading his full-fledged younglings

to the berry-covered brambles, to teach them the songs of autumn; the parent lark, trembling on the wing, eagerly solicited his fearful progeny to mount with him to æther. Just where the rising streams of Parret reflected the smiles of the cloudless heavens, numerous flocks of chirping sparrows hovered round, to take a tythe of the bounty. Inexpressible! even the lusty salmon danced upon the flood of tide for joy. The merry gleaners were eagerly employed to snatch the scattered ears from the heels of the whistling binder; and where the sun-burnt peasants uniformly drove their sickles through the grain, the poppy, hid till now from wandering sight, put forth its crimson visage to be saluted by the sun, which, as it mounted to the apex of its azure arch, attached my reverence even to Persian idolatry; while the songs of the sons of industry, reminded me of all I had heard of peace, innocence, and the golden age.

—————Hail! all hail,
Thou wond'rous Author of this beautiful scene!
Thou infinite All-wise!—let every morn
Wake with our songs of gratitude; each
eve
Be sweet, and peaceful with the pious strain.
What, though rough labour's still incessant arm
The fat glebe turn, and o'er the furrows cast
The germinating seed, while Hope looks on
And counts on future increase; 'tis not his,
To promise, but depend—depend on Thee,
Who giv'st the soil fertility, who giv'st
The swift descending show'r, the gentle dew,
Or winter's fleecy snow—prolific all!

* Burgh-walter, that is, Walter's burgh; so called, of Walter de Duaco, who came in with the Normans, and had some lands given him in those parts, by the Conqueror.

All friendship! 'who, nor ceasing to be
kind,
Bid'st the bright eye of day with warmer
beams
Of love to sparkle, and prevail on Earth
To yield up all her treasures. Now the
land
Is joyous all around, nor noxious blights
Ravage the springing blade, nor furious
storms
Affright th' ingatherer, while with eager
hand
He grasps the sickle, binds the golden
sheaves,
Or piles the groaning carriage for the
barn,
Attended shouting. Happier! lovelier
scene,
And sweeter music far, than from the
mouth
Of deep-mix'd trump, that moves the vic-
tor's train,
Is heard: destruction *that*—but *this* pure
Peace!
And social good the echoing air pro-
claims.

On the previous evening, I had been invited to a corn revel, or harvest-home, and promised to be there. At this moment recollecting the engagement I had made, I turned reluctantly from a scene so brilliant, and took up the green-sward-path that conducted me to Enmor Castle.

Enmor Castle, a hunting seat belonging to the Earl of Egmont, is a rich sylvan beauty of vast magnitude, built about the middle of the seventeenth century, and so situated as to command a charming expansive country, the view terminating to the northward with the borough of Bridgewater, the lofty silver spire of whose church, has such a pretty effect from the castle windows, that visitors have named it "the lily of the vale." Here is a gallery containing a few pictures, but of no great eminence or antiquity, except one on pannel, the Lady Margaret Beauchamp, grand mother to Henry VII.; the rest are portraits, chiefly of the last earl

and his progenitors; the whole in very bad condition, from mildew, inattention, or other uncultivated propensities; but, this is not much to be wondered at, as the north-west corner of the long-room admits the rain and the wind, in so much, that it would not be thought a miracle, if, in some tempestuous night, the whole family of the Percivals, on pannel, copper, and canvass, were blown or washed into the Bristol channel.

About this castle is a neat dry moat, lined with flag stone, from which is a very uncommon contrivance for the accommodation of the family—as I suppose in wet weather—a subterranean way, opening in the burying-ground just before one of the church doors.

As the rural sports were not to commence till four in the afternoon, to fill up the space of time before me, I resolved on a ramble to Cannington Park, about four miles to the north-west of Enmor. A most romantic lofty figure in the distance drew my attention to that spot, and I set off to know the cause of an appearance so singular. It was not long before I ascended this promontory, a rock of marble, from whose head branched a thousand irregular germs of the same lapideous material: in the cavities of the rock, where the earth was sufficient for vegetation, grew many a beautiful plant. If ever I lamented the want of botanical knowledge, it was on this craggy eminence; for the shrubs, flowers, and berries, were such as I had never before seen, and such as I conceived might have made a feast for Linnæus. From this rock the prospect is enchanting. At one view, the traveller has King-road, the Bristol Channel, the Holmes, the wide mouth of the Severn, with the windings of that river to a great extent, bounded by a cluster of the Welsh mountains, rising

rising most romantically one above the other, exhibiting at the same time the sweetest variety the human imagination can encompass. I left Cannington Park, and entered the village of the same name. Here is a curious old church: the painted glass, which represents the four sacraments, is particularly brilliant, and many of the figures in tolerable drawing, considering their antiquity; and here are some brass inscriptions, so early as the fourth century, perfectly transcribable. This manor belongs to the very ancient and noble family of the Cliffords, of whom I learned the following detail, respecting the family "right of wreck," upon the neighbouring coasts. A valuable merchant ship being stranded, Earl Egmont claimed the vessel and cargo as his property, because on part of his lordship's lands; but, Earl Clifford denied the claim, by asserting a better right. The long robe went to work, and it was expected for a time Egmont would succeed; but Clifford produced a small piece of parchment from an aged coffer, which shewed the validity of his priority so incontestibly, that the Judge—Buller—declared, any one might as well take the crown from the head of the present sovereign, as deprive Lord Clifford of his right of wreck; at which, Egmont, like a true gentleman, declared, that had he known his lordship to possess such a document, he should not have questioned the right, or given the court the trouble to decide on the question.

A tradition prevails here, that the town was built by Kennewalchin, a west Saxon king, after whom, it was called Cannington, or King's-town; and that Kennewalchin died, and was buried here in a stone chest, which chest was sometime back discovered, with a cross deeply cut in in its cover.

This story is the more probable, as the standard of Kennewalchin was an azure cross-patee on a golden field. The clerk of the parish, to whom I am indebted for this information, appears to be no scurvy antiquary; he also shewed me an old Saxon missal-book, in which was a monkish legend to this purpose—

Good Kenny was a Saxon king,
And he built him a town in the west,
With a bridge for the waters,
For the priest good quarters,
And every thing of the best.

He lov'd to hunt most dearly,
He lov'd good drink as his life;
And we still sing a stave,
His soul may it save;
And two for the queen, his wife.

May every king like Kenny,
Love the chase, the church, and the poor,
And when he goes to rest,
His soul shall be blest,
And what would a king have more?

It was now time to return to the castle. Farewell! I exclaimed, to Cannington, and its very obliging inhabitants; and instantly took the nearest way to join the corn-revels at Enmor. I arrived as the rustics were driving their last load to the barn: the highways resounded with songs of joy, and every face proclaimed the golden holiday.

The farmers of the surrounding parishes had engaged to give a feast, and a dance on the green, or what you would call a fete-champetre; and by favour of Mr. Crookshank, steward of the manor, were permitted to make use of the lawn before the castle. And now, at the beat of an old crazy drum, whose articulation meant harvest-home, the corn revels began.

The lasses came tripping in great numbers, dressed out in all their Sunday garniture; over a green or red petticoat, was a nice clean cot-
ton

ton gown, uniformly tucked up, their arms were covered with mits, hand-back'd with all the colours of the rain-bow; smart bonnets, be-fibbioned with pretty devices, covered their heads, and leather pumps with ties, their nimble feet; while the lads, not to be out-done in finery, flock'd after to the green, bedizen'd in their church-going drapery. The lord of the manor had a booth for himself and family, and many brilliant ladies did him the honour to sit at his table. We had a small band of music to play during the repast, which was soon over, on account of giving time enough for the revels. We had back-sword playing—wrestling—running in sacks—a very capital donkey race—with cudgelling—casting the quoit—and many other rural games. The wrestling was for a smock-frock, stitched all over with flowers of silver thread, and this gew-gaw seemed to attract the attention of the swains more than any other prize of the whole stock. The two first combatants were very strong young men; they entered the lists as fearless as Ajax, for they were well acquainted with this kind of exercise; however, at the onset, one of them had his heels and his head levelled with the horizon, and fell like a log from a timber cart; the other soon fared a similar fate, and both of them repeatedly: and now, their eager looks for victory, their muscular strength, the kicks, the falls, and their agility, reminded me of the story of Hercules and Antæus of old, both seemed to gather fresh strength from their mother earth. At length, one proved himself of mortal lineage, nature being exhausted, he fell, and yielded with a sigh the gaudy prize to the victor, who, amidst the shouts of his own parish, Silvanii bore it off with incarnadine or bleeding glory. I know not which of the

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twain had the best pecuniary advantage, for the vanquished having performed most manfully, the lord, who it seems was fond of the sport, gave him half-a-guinea for his exemplary lessons of British bravery. Next we had the back-sword, and the cudgel-playing,—which to be sure were bloody enough for a tragedy—for a hat and feather; the donkey races, and the running in sacks, with faces half black half white, were whimsical in the extreme, and afforded a most excellent farce, after so many scenes of strength mingled with skill and cruelty. By favour, I obtained permission to look upon the soles of the first champion's wrestling shoes. He assured me they were made of a boar's shield, that he had taken a great deal of pains to bring them to perfection, that he had soaked them in bullock's blood, and then dried them in a slack-oven till they received the temper of a sabre, and that he could open any man's leg with them, from the ankle to the gammon. Good heaven! I exclaimed, what formidable weapons! and for what a cruel purpose! how strange, that this sanguiferous exercise should swell the catalogue of English sports, when it might better become the purpose of the assassin, or the pole-axe men of a slaughter-house.

The games being done, and all the prizes distributed, the milder pleasures began. Lord C——'s huntsman, and a black servant, blew a first and second horn in excellent stile; the dancing on the lawn continued for a considerable time; and happiness diffused her *ne plus ultra* throughout the whole group. Beneath a fine spreading oak tree, with the curate of the hamlet, sat a venerable old man, whom the company often saluted as father of the village; he was as merry and as hearty as the best, although he had nearly attained the

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last ternion of a century; and in my hearing, wished he might outlive another, to witness and partake of such festivity. And now the gentry withdrew, for the moon was up, a signal to give over the corn revels; the horns, and the whole band, played a finale; and the old drummer, as he began, finished his career, with harvest-home. The lads took their lasses, and returned merrily to their homes; not the least quarrel was heard, all was good humour and content, and your humble servant as happy as the lord of the feast, and not till a late hour, found his way to Bridgewater.

There is an agricultural custom in these parts, which appears to me to have something like cruelty in the application; the waggons and ploughs are all drawn by oxen abreast, sometimes a horse for their leader: over the neck of each ox, is a beam of wood horizontally placed, and a bow about the thickness of a broomstick of the same material is bent round the throat of the beast, with the ends inserted in the transom before described; on this alone the animal has to bear in the draft, be it ever so heavy, without the smallest auxiliary to soften the pressure: a custom I am persuaded, very injurious to the comforts of the poor labourer. I hinted my opinion to the farmers respecting this mode, and called it cruel; but, 'twas the custom of their fathers,—they said—and ridiculed my humanity; I replied, it was a pity they were not forced for ten hours to draw the same way, and experience the same inconvenience, they might then alter this wooden tyranny; if it be thought necessary to furnish the collar for the horse with a lining, why not do the same for the ox? nature has made the shoulders of both nearly of a similar texture.

I cannot conclude this narrative,

without acquainting you of a novelty I met with at Enmor; a novelty, that cannot fail of giving great pleasure to those who delight in the fair varieties of sublime nature, viz. *the Sable Rose*.

I have seen red, white, and yellow roses, but never till this day beheld the rose of a sable complexion. The singularity of the thing awakened inquiry; and luckily, I found the proprietor of the phenomenon as communicative as I was inquisitive. He assured me, that horticulture was his chief delight, and experiment his study; that, having an inclination to give a new complexion to the rose, he took several slips from a strong and healthy bush, and engrafted them with great care on the black currant tree. The first year, though the scions germinated to his utmost wish, he could not obtain a blossom; but, the next season, to his great delight, the summer favoured him with plenty, and so they had continued. He had been assured by several gardeners of ability, that the redundancy of black-currant sap, would soon be too powerful for the scions, and that they would dwindle away, and the flowers lose their delicious flavour; this, however, had not yet happened, but the contrary; for, instead of being overpowered by the vital liquid of the parent stock, they

“Grow with its growth, and strengthen with its strength.”

The great length of heat this summer, has made the commonwealth of wasps (for they have no queen like their neighbours the bees) very troublesome at this place; the little children about the villages have suffered much from their wanton cruelties; you may see half a dozen in a parish, with their eyes almost closed up, by the merciless conduct of these demi-lances. This has

has made the school-boys of Bridgewater declare war against them. In their march the other day to attack a town belonging to the enemy, my landlady's son, who is a kind of generalissimo, invited me to go a volunteer; when we arrived at the enemy's out-works, we very cautiously sat down before them; one of our artillery-men lighted a match, and threw a hand-granade over their lines of circumvallation, and put the whole garrison into the greatest consternation; another was ready with a quantity of damp straw, and a fine turf; with these he covered all the sally-ports, and a suffocation took place; we now set our pioneers to work, who, after filling the foss, and levelling the ramparts, approached the citadel. The enemy being all destroyed by our stink-pots, we took possession of the town; and the good news occasioned great rejoicing among all the Lilliputians of Bridgewater.

Description of the Wasps Nest.—The wasp's nest is a natural curiosity, most worthy the attention of the ingenious; a work to stagger the self sufficient, and to confound the skeptical; a work executed with so much mathematical precision, that were the abilities of Euclid or Archimedes put in competition with it, they must vanish like dew before the sun. It is in shape and size like a jack-bowl, used on a bowling-green, and its complexion a dirty white; to bring the figure nearer to the understanding, take a cake of bread, and cut it into seven horizontal divisions, or like a roll for buttering, propping each division, so as easily to admit a living wasp; conceive to yourself, the floors of this fabric full of cells, such as you see in the comb of bees; in every one of these cavities, suppose a yellow egg as big as the body of a wasp, and you

may imagine their amount to many hundreds. When you have fashioned this figure in your mind, you will see the nest of the wasp a most dangerous enemy to all feeders on sweet substances, particularly the little boys and girls of Bridgewater.

T. N.

ANECDOTES

OF THE

LATE LORD ORFORD.

WITH SOME

OBSERVATIONS ON COURSING.

[From the Sportsman's Cabinet.]

The following Article, we understand, was communicated by Capt. Topham.

TO found the æra of improved coursing, and for introducing greyhounds of a superior form, and higher blood—says our author—was reserved for the late princely owner of Houghton. If the agricultural meetings in the most distant counties feel themselves gratefully justified in drinking, as their first toast, “The Memory of Mr. Bakewell,” no true and consistent coursing meeting can ever omit to give, with equal enthusiasm, “The Memory of the Earl of Orford.”

It is the distinguishing trait of genius to be enthusiastically bold, and daringly courageous. Nothing in art or science; nothing in mental, or even in manual labour, was ever achieved of superior excellence, without that ardent zeal, that impetuous sense of eager avidity, which to the cold, inanimate, and unimpassioned, bears the appearance, and sometimes the unqualified accusation of insanity. When a monarch of this country once received the news of a most heroic action maintained against one

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of his fleets, and seemed considerably chagrined at the result; the then Lord of the Admiralty endeavoured to qualify and soften down the matter, by assuring the king that "the commander of the enemy's fleet was mad."—"Mad! would he were mad enough to bite one of my Admirals."

Lord Orford had absolutely a phrenetick furor of this kind, in any thing he found himself disposed to undertake; it was a predominant trait in his character never to do any thing by halves, and coursing was his most prevalent passion beyond every other pleasurable consideration. In consequence of his most extensive property, and his extra-influence as lord lieutenant of the county, he not only interested numbers of opulent neighbours in the diversion; but, from the extent of his connections could command such an immensity of private quarters for his young greyhounds, and of making such occasional selections from which, that few, if any, beside himself could possess.

There were times when he was known to have fifty brace of greyhounds; and, as it was a fixed rule never to part from a single whelp till he had a fair and substantial trial of his speed, he had evident chances, beyond almost any other individual, of having, amongst so great a number, a collection of very superior dogs: but, so intent was he upon this peculiar object of attainment, that he went still farther in every possible direction to obtain perfection, and introduced every experimental cross from the English lurcher to the Italian greyhound. He had strongly indulged an idea of a successful cross with the bull dog, which he could never be divested of, and after having persevered, in opposition to every opinion, most patiently for seven

removes, he found himself in possession of the best greyhounds ever yet known; giving the small ear, the rat-tail, and the skin almost without hair, together with that innate courage which the high-bred greyhound should possess, retaining which instinctively he would rather die than relinquish the chase.

One defect only this cross is admitted to have, which the poacher would rather know to be a truth, than the fair sportsman would come willingly forward to demonstrate. To the former it is a fact pretty well known, that no dog has the sense of smelling in a more exquisite degree than the bull dog; and, as they run mute, they, under certain crosses, best answer the midnight purposes of the poacher in driving hares to the wire or net. Greyhounds bred from this cross, have therefore some tendency to run by the nose, which, if not immediately checked by the master, they will continue for miles, and become very destructive to the game in the neighbourhood where they are kept, if not under confinement or restraint.

No man ever sacrificed so much time, or so much property to practical or speculative sporting, as the late Earl of Orford; whose eccentricities are too firmly indented upon "the tablet of memory" ever to be obliterated from the diversified rays of retrospection. Incessantly engaged in the pursuit of sport and new inventions, he introduced more whimsicalities, more experimental genius, and enthusiastic zeal, than any man ever did before him, or most probably any other man may ever attempt to do again.

Amongst his experiments of fancy was a determination to drive four red deer—stags—in a phaeton instead of horses, and these he had reduced to perfect discipline for his excursions and short journeys upon the

the road; but unfortunately, as he was one day driving to Newmarket, their ears were accidentally saluted with the cry of a pack of hounds, who soon after crossing the road in the rear, immediately caught scent of the "four in hand," and commenced a new kind of chase with "breast high" alacrity. The novelty of this scene was rich beyond description; in vain did his lordship exert all his charioteering skill—in vain did his well-trained grooms energetically endeavour to ride before them; reins, trammels, and the weight of the carriage were of no effect; off they went with the celerity of a whirlwind, and this modern Phaeton, in the midst of his electrical vibrations of fear, bid fair to experience the fate of his namesake. Luckily, however, his lordship had been accustomed to drive this Hudibrastic set of "fiery-eyed" steeds to the Ram Inn, at Newmarket, which was most happily at hand, and to this his lordship's fervent prayers and ejaculations had been ardently directed; into the yard they suddenly bounded to the dismay of ostlers and stable-boys, who seemed to have lost every faculty upon the occasion. Here they were luckily overpowered, and the stags, the phaeton, and his lordship, were all instantaneously huddled together in a large barn, just as the hounds appeared in full cry at the gate.

This singular circumstance, although most luckily attended with no accident, effectually cured his lordship's passion of deer-driving; but his invincible zeal for coursing, and his undiminished rage for its improvement, remained with him to the last. No day was too long, or any weather too severe for him; those who have ever seen him, can never forget the extreme, laughable, singularity of his appearance. Mounted on a stump of a pye-balled

poney—as uniformly broad as he was long—in a full suit of black, without either great-coat or gloves; his hands and face crimsoned with cold, and in a fierce cocked hat facing every wind that blew; and while his game-keepers were shrinking from the sand-gathering blasts of Norfolk, on he rode, like old Lear, regardless of the elements.

At a particular period of his life, when

"The springs of nature rose above the level,"

there was a necessity for some degree of medical coercion to bring them again within the bounds of prudent regulation. During this scene of unavoidable suspension from his favourite pursuits, the extreme attention shewn to him, by a person who regulated his domestic concerns, so much influenced his nicer sensations, that he dedicated to her the most tender and grateful affection during her life. The circumstance of her death—though by no means young or handsome—so much affected his lordship, that the nerves before unstrung, again gave way, and the former malady returned with increasing violence. He was at this time confined to his chamber, with an attendant necessary to the disordered state of his mind; but, with all that latent artifice for which objects of this description are so remarkable, he contrived, by some plausible pretext, to get his keeper out of the room, instantly jumped out of the window, ran to the stables, and saddled his pye-balled poney, at the very time he well knew the grooms and stable-attendants were all engaged.

On that day his favourite bitch, old Czarina, was to run a match of much magnitude; the game-keepers had already taken her to the field, where a large party were assembled equally lamenting the absence

sence of his lordship, and the cause by which his presence was prevented. When at the very moment of mutual regret and condolence, who should appear at full speed, on the pye-balled poney, but Lord Orford himself.

His presence all bosoms appeared to dismay,

His friends stood in silence and fear:

but none had power to restrain him; all attempts and entreaties were in vain: the match he was determined to see; and no persuasions whatever could influence him to the contrary. Finding no endeavours could divert him from the ecstatic expectation he had formed, the greyhounds were started, and Czarina won. During the course no human power, or exertion could prevent him from riding after the dogs, more particularly as his favourite bitch displayed her superiority in every stroke: when in the moment of the highest exultation and the eagerness of his triumph, unfortunately falling from his poney, and pitching upon his head—whether occasioned by apoplexy, or such contusion upon the skull as instantly affected the brain—he almost immediately expired, to the inexpressible grief of those who surrounded him at the last moment of his life.

A man of more simple manners, more liberal constructions, or of a more courteous nature, never was known to constitute a part of benevolent and philanthropic society.

All the urbanities of life were his, and he seemed by nature formed to attract the most grateful attention; generally acquainted as he was from his rank, as well as from his sporting pursuits, with every condition of persons from the prince to the peasant, his conversation was happily suited to each; and equally winning with them all.

The prince of Wales, when oc-

casionaly visiting his lordship on a shooting party, saw at no other place such a profusion of game of every description—such a display of attendant game-keepers—such a noble, though plain hospitality, as at Houghton; and a park so curiously and infinitely stocked with every original in beast and fowl of almost every country, from the African bull to the pelican of the wilderness. When an actor, a poet, or an hero dies, if his reputation be sufficient for posthumous exultation, we must look in Westminster Abbey; if a great sportsman retires from the busy fashionable scene of life, his intrinsic worth can only be ascertained by a walk to Tattersal's.

In a short space of time after Lord Orford's decease, his greyhounds, with various other sporting appurtenances, came under the hammer of the auctioneer. Colonel Thornton, of Yorkshire, who had passed much of his early life with Lord Orford, had been an active associate with him in his hawking establishments, was the purchaser of Czarina, Jupiter, and some of his best dogs, giving from thirty to fifty guineas each. It was by this circumstance the select blood of the Norfolk dogs was transferred to Yorkshire; and thence a fair trial was obtained how the fleetest greyhounds that had ever been seen on the sands of Norfolk could run over the Wolds of Yorkshire.

Old Jupiter, when produced by Colonel Thornton in that country, presented to the eye of either the sportsman or the painter, as gallant and true a picture of the perfect greyhound as ever was submitted to judicious inspection. He was a dog of great size, with a very long and taper head, deep in the chest, strong in the loins, with a skin exceedingly soft and pliable, ears small, and a tail as fine as whipcord.

cord. From this uniformity of make and shape, a cross was much sought after by members of the different coursing meetings in the northern districts, and it was universally admitted that the breed in Yorkshire was considerably improved by the Norfolk acquisition.

Notwithstanding these dogs were amongst the best Lord Orford had ever bred from all his experimental crosses, and were the boast of the greatest coursers the south of England ever knew; yet when they came to be started against the hares of the High Wolds, they did not altogether support the character they had previously obtained. This was more particularly demonstrated when the hares turned short on the hill sides, where the greyhounds, unable to stop themselves, frequently rolled like barrels from the top to the bottom, while the hare went away at her leisure, and heard no more of them; it was, however, unanimously agreed by all the sportsmen present, that they ran with a great deal of energetic exertion, and always at the hare; that though beaten, they did not give it in, or exhibit any symptoms of lurching, or waiting to kill.

In the low flat countries below the Wolds they were more successful; such gentlemen, therefore, as had been witnesses of the Norfolk, as well as the Berkshire coursing, and saw how the best dogs of the South were beaten by the Wold hares, were led to observe, and afterwards to acknowledge, the superiority of the Wold coursing, and the strength of the hares there. By those who have never seen it, this has been much doubted; the good sportsmen of the South, each partial to his own country—from a strong small inclosure to an open marsh pasture—deny this totally, and many invitations have passed from them to

the sporting gentlemen of Yorkshire, to have a midway meeting of greyhounds from the respective countries.

To have capital coursing, a good dog is only one part of the business: it is not only necessary to have a good hare also, but a country where nothing but speed and power to continue it can save her. Over the high Wolds of Stackston, Flixton, and Sherborne, in Yorkshire, where hares are frequently found three or four miles from any covert or inclosure whatever; the ground the finest that can possibly be conceived, consisting chiefly of sheep-walk, including every diversity of hill, plain, and valley, by which the speed and strength of a dog can be fairly brought to the test; it will not require many words to convince the real sportsman, that such courses have been seen there, as no other part of the kingdom in its present inclosed state can possibly offer, and these necessarily require a dog to be in that high training, for which in coursing of much less severity there cannot be equal occasion.

The man who in any way challenges the whole world, should recollect—the world is a wide place. Lord Orford once tried the experiment, and the challenge thus confidently made, was as confidently taken up by the present Duke of Queensbury—then Lord March—who had not a greyhound belonging to him in the world. Money will do much; with indefatigable exertion it will do more; and it is a circumstance well known to many of the sporting world, that upon particular occasions, some of the best pointers ever seen have emerged from a cellar in the metropolis, who it might be imagined had never seen a bird in the field. The duke in this instance applied to that well known character old Mr. Elwes, who recommended him to another elderly

elderly sportsman of Berkshire—Captain Hatt—a courser of no small celebrity, who produced a greyhound, that in a common country, beat Lord Orford's imaginary phenomenon.

This same kind of challenge was some few years since given by Snowball, the property of Major Topham, of the Wold Cottage, Yorkshire; and was the only challenge of similar import, that has not been accepted; but it is requisite, at the same time, to remark, that the match was restricted to be run only in such place where a fair and decisive trial could be obtained. Those who have seen great matches decided by short courses, and bad hares—where chance frequently intervenes—must know that such trials are uncertain and deceptive, and that the real superiority of either dog may still remain unknown when the match is over. Perhaps, even in the best country, should the contest be for a large sum, and between two greyhounds of equal celebrity, the most equitable mode of ascertaining the merit of each, would be to run three courses, and adjudge the prize to the winner of the main of the three; it being very unlikely, that in three courses ran in an open country, the superiority of one greyhound over the other should not be evidently perceived.

The excellence of Snowball, whose breed was Yorkshire on the side of the dam, and Norfolk on that of the sire, was acknowledged by the great number who had seen him run; and, perhaps, taken "for all in all," he was the best greyhound that ever ran in England. All countries were nearly alike to him, though bred where fences seldom occur; yet, when taken into the strongest inclosures, he topped hedges of any height, and in that respect equalled, if not surpassed, every dog in his own country. They

who did not seem to think his speed so superior, allowed, that for wind and for powers in running up long hills without being distressed, they had never seen his equal.

On a public coursing day given to the township of Flixton, the continuance of his speed was once reduced to a certainty by the known distance, as well as the difficulty of the ground. From the bottom of Flixton Brow, where the village stands, to the top of the hill where the wold begins is a measured mile, and very steep in ascent the whole of the way. A hare was found midway, and there was started with Snowball, a sister of his, given to the Rev. Mr. Minithorpe, and a young dog about twelve months old of another breed. The hare came immediately up the hill, and after repeated turns upon the Wold, took down the hill again; but finding that in the sandy bottom she was less a match for the dogs, she returned, and in the middle of the hill the whelp gave in, Snowball and his sister being left with the hare; reaching the Wold a second time, she was turned at least fifty times, where, forcibly feeling the certainty of approaching death, she again went down the hill, in descending which the bitch dropped, and by immediate bleeding was recovered; Snowball afterwards run the hare into the village, where he killed her.

The length of this course, by the ascertained distance, was full four miles, without advertent to the turns which must have much increased it; this, with a hill a mile high, twice ascended, are most indubitable proofs of continuance which few dogs could have given, and which few but Flixton hares could have required. The people of Flixton talk of it to this day; and, accustomed as they are to courses of the richest description in the annals of sporting

sporting, they reckon this amongst the most famous they have seen.

Snowball, Major, his brother, and Sylvia, were perhaps the three best and most perfect greyhounds ever produced at one litter. They never were beaten.

The shape, make, systematic uniformity, and all the characteristics of high blood were distinguishable in the three; the colour of Major and Sylvia were singularly brindled, that of Snowball a jet black, and when in good running condition was as fine as black satin. Snowball won ten large pieces of silver plate, and upwards of forty matches, having accepted every challenge, from whatever dogs of different countries were brought against him. His descendants have been equally successful: Venus, a brindled bitch; Blacksmith, who died from extreme exertion in running up a steep hill, and young Snowball, have beat every dog that was ever brought against them.

For the last three years Snowball has covered at three guineas, and the farmers in that, and the neighbouring districts, have sold crosses from his breed at ten and fifteen guineas each.

AEROSTATIC EXPERIMENTS.

DURING the rage for Ballooning, we gave the history of the various adventurers. In enterprise and curiosity, we think the present case surpasses all others.—About the middle of July, Mr. Robertson, ascended in a balloon from Hamburgh, accompanied by Mr. Lhoest. to the height of 2600 toises, when the cold became so intense as to compel them to descend, which they did near Winsen on the Luhe; but the inhabi-

tants, taking them for spectres, fled with the utmost consternation, carrying with them their cattle, &c. and the Aeronauts, fearful of being fired at, were obliged to re-ascend, and continued their voyage to Wichtenbeck, near Zell, having traversed over a space of 25 French leagues in five hours. Mr. Robertson's aerial excursion was undertaken for scientific purposes, and he has lately published the following account—being the second—of his journey and experiments. "When the balloon arose," says he, "the barometer was at 28 inches. At 11 o'clock, the machine, which had not been entirely filled, became so dilated, that the inflammable air issued with a loud noise from the lower tube. As this aperture was not sufficient, I was obliged to open the upper valve. It remained open nearly a quarter of an hour, during which the balloon ascended in a perpendicular direction: at intervals we threw out some ballast. The atmosphere below us was serene, but above us it was somewhat cloudy. Although we approached the sun, the heat decreased as we ascended, and we could look at that luminary without being dazzled. When the barometer was at 14 inches, it appeared to become stationary. The thermometer was at $4\frac{1}{2}$ degrees below Zero; the cold was not excessive, but the singing in my ears increased, and all our faculties seemed to be palsied by a general indisposition. Having taken some wine to recruit our strength, we threw out more ballast; the mercury in the barometer fell to 12 inches and a quarter. At that height, the cold out of the car was insupportable, although the thermometer was only one degree below the freezing point. We were obliged to respire faster, and our pulse beat with extreme rapidity. We could scarcely resist the

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strong inclination to sleep, with which we were seized. The blood rushed to our heads, and Mr. Lhoest remarked, that it had entered my eyes; my head was so swelled that I could not put on my hat. In this region, where the balloon was invisible from the earth, Mr. Robertson made the following experiments: 1. Having let a drop of æther fall on a piece of glass, it evapoured in four seconds. 2. He electrified, by friction, glass and sealing wax. These substances gave no signs of electricity which could be communicated to other bodies. The voltaic pile, which, when the balloon was set free from the earth, acted with its full force, gave only a tenth part of its electricity. 3. The dipping needle seemed to have lost its magnetic virtue, and could not be brought to that direction which it had at the surface of the earth. 4. He struck with a hammer oxygenated muriate of pot-ash. The explosion occasioned a sharp noise, which, though not very strong, was insufferable to the ear. It is also to be observed, that though the aeronauts spoke very loud, they could with great difficulty hear each other. 5. At that height, Mr. Robertson was not able to extract any electricity from the atmospheric electrometer and condenser. 6. In consequence of a suggestion from Professor Hermbstadt, of Berlin, Mr. Robertson carried with him two birds: the rarefaction of the air killed one of them; the other was not able to fly; it lay extended on its back, but fluttered with its wings. 7. Water began to boil by means of a moderate degree of heat maintained with quick-lime. 8. According to observations made, it appears that the clouds never rise above 2000 toises, and it was only in ascending and descending through clouds that Mr. Robertson was able to obtain positive electricity.

HINTS TO BREEDERS.

Of the necessity of Breeding Colts from sound Stallions.

IT is a pretty general rule, that beginning well is a likely means towards obtaining the desired end; but this maxim is too frequently unobserved with regard to the horse; I mean in the propagation of the species. It is true, a long pedigree of famous sires is much attended to; and frequently, the achievements of the creature from which we propagate, speak much in his praise, whether it be on the course, or in the field: these added to a well-proportioned make, with respect to strength and size, induce many to look no farther, but conclude a colt from such an illustrious family, cannot fail to answer every desired end; and so, without any further thought, bring the mare to be covered by such horse: and many such are dispersed about the country, in the hands of innkeepers or jockeys, who can talk much about racing and hunting, and by publishing a high premium for a stint, make the horse in their possession very famous; when, rather than lose any grist which may come to mill, they will take a very trifle for a leap or a stint; but then with this caution, " 'tis a favour to you as a friend; but I must insist on its being kept secret."

Now, it is well known, that rarely any famous horse can fall into such hands, except he be deemed unfit for any future service on the turf, or in the chase, by being blind, having splints, spavins, ring-bones, broken wind, foundered, or some such chronic disease, which in its nature is liable to be communicated to his off-spring; by which means he is become useless to his master, who frequently bestows the creature

ture thus disabled, as a gift to his groom or jockey. These, well knowing the keeping such horse will be of little advantage, therefore sell him to the first who may bid any tolerable sum for him; whereby this once so famous, but now useless creature, becomes the property of some of those men aforesaid; who, having many tolerable good mares brought to them by unthinking people, and by which, a considerable number of well-made colts are procured, and from whom the expectation of many are raised, but often greatly to their disappointment, or more often of those who have too eagerly purchased such colts while suckling; because those colts we frequently see, have, at two, three, four, or five years old, splints on their legs, spavins on their joints, ring-bones in their pasterns, or are foundered in their feet; at six years go blind with a cataract, and at seven become broken-winded, through the unproportioned make of the thorax and its contents; and are thereby rendered unfit for any service suitable to their make, but are put to mere drudgery, or condemned to die, unless it happens to be a mare; and then she is frequently turned out upon some common, or on some poor land, just barely to get a living, and breed a colt; which colt, it is an hundred to one, is begotten by a horse subject to some of the aforesaid maladies. Hence, in their offspring we may, and often do see these diseases complicated.

THE GREY MARE THE BETTER HORSE.

A TALE.

A GENTLEMAN of a certain county in England, having married a young lady of consider-

able fortune, and with many other charms; yet, finding in a very short time, that she was of a high domineering spirit, and always contending to be mistress of him and his family, he was resolved to part with her.

Accordingly, he went to her father, and told him, he found his daughter of such a temper, and was so heartily tired of her, that if he would take her home again, he would return every penny of her fortune.

The old gentleman having inquired into the cause of his complaint, asked him, "Why he should be more disquieted at it than any other married man, since it was the common case of them all, and consequently no more than he ought to have expected when he entered into the marriage state?" The young gentleman desired to be excused, if he said he was so far from giving his assent to this assertion, that he thought himself more unhappy than any other man, as his wife had a spirit no way to be quelled; and, most certainly, no man who had a sense of right and wrong, could ever submit to be governed by his wife. "Son," said the old man, "you are but little acquainted with the world, if you do not know that all women govern their husbands, though not all indeed by the same method: some rule with a high hand; others bear a gentler sway, and govern as it were by obedience; that is, by seeming complaisance and winning behaviour, put it out of their husband's power to refuse them any thing they desire; others govern by fondness, and some by fits: however, to end all disputes between us, I will put what I have said upon this proof, if you are willing to try it. I have five horses in my stable, you shall harness them to a cart, in which I will put a basket,

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containing

containing one hundred eggs; and, if in passing through the county, and making strict inquiry into the truth or falshood of my assertion, and leaving a horse at the house of every man who is master of his family himself, and an egg only where the wife governs, you should find your eggs gone before your horses, I hope, you will then think your case not uncommon, but will be contented to go home, and look upon your own wife as no worse than her neighbours. If, on the other hand, your horses are gone first, I will take my daughter home again, and you shall keep her fortune."

This proposal was too advantageous to be rejected; our young married man, therefore, set out with great eagerness to get rid—as he thought—of his horses and his wife.

At the first house he came to, he heard a woman with a shrill and angry voice, ordering her husband to go to the door; here he left an egg, you may be sure, without making farther inquiry; at the next, he met with something of the same kind; and at every house, in short, until his eggs were almost gone; when he arrived at the seat of a gentleman of family and figure in the county, he knocked at the door, and, inquiring for the master, was told by a servant that his master was not yet stirring; but, if he pleased to walk in, his lady was in the parlour. The lady with great complaisance, desired him to seat himself, and said, "if his business was very urgent, she would wake her spouse, to let him know it; but, had much rather not disturb him." "Why really Madam," said he, "my business is only to ask a question, which you can resolve as well as your husband, if you will be ingenuous with me: you will doubtless think it odd, and it may be

deemed impolite, for any one, much more a stranger, to ask such a question; but, as a very considerable wager depends upon it, and it may be some advantage to yourself to declare the truth to me, I hope these considerations will plead my excuse. It is, Madam, to desire to be informed, "Whether you govern your husband, or he rules over you." "Indeed Sir," replied the lady, "this question is somewhat odd; but, as I think no one ought to be ashamed of doing their duty, I shall make no scruple to say, that I have always been proud to obey my husband in all things; but, if a woman's own word is to be suspected in such a case, let him answer for me, for here he comes."

The gentleman at that moment entering the room, and, after some apologies, being made acquainted with the business, confirmed every word his obedient wife had reported in her own favour; upon which, he was invited to chuse which horse in the team at the door he liked best, and to accept of it as a present.

A black gelding struck the fancy of the gentleman most; but the lady desired he would chuse the grey mare, which she thought would be very fit for her side-saddle; her husband gave substantial reasons, why the black horse would be most useful to them; but Madam still persisted in her claim to the grey mare. "What," said she "and will you not take her then; but I say you shall, for I am sure the grey mare is much the better horse." "Well, my dear," replied the husband, "if it must be so—" "You must take an egg," said the gentleman carter, "and I must take all my horses back again, and endeavour to live as easy as I can with my wife."

FURTHER

FURTHER PARTICULARS

OF
HATFIELD.

IN our last we gave an account of the trial of this remarkable culprit. From the period of his trial to that of his execution, Hatfield is said to have spent most of his time in writing to his friends, and reading. A gentleman at Carlisle, on the 31st ult. wrote of him as follows.

"Hatfield applied this morning to Mr. Pattison, a clergyman that attends him, to recommend a tradesman to make his coffin. Mr. Joseph Bushby, of this town, took measure of him about half an hour ago. He did not appear to be at all agitated while Mr. Bushby was so employed. He told the latter, that he desired the coffin to be a strong oak one, plain and neat. "I request, Sir," he added, "that after I am taken down, I may be put into the coffin immediately, with the apparel I may have on, and afterwards closely screwed down, put into the hearse which will be in waiting, carried to the church yard of Burgh-upon Sands, and there be interred in the evening."

"I have heard, he declines having any clergyman to attend him to the place of execution.

"Saturday, September 3, being the day appointed for his execution, his irons were knocked off about 10 in the morning: he appeared as usual, and I did not observe any alteration or increased agitation whatever. Soon after ten o'clock he sent for the Carlisle Journal, and perused it for some time; a little after he had laid aside the paper, two clergymen attended, and prayed with him for about two hours, and drank coffee with him. After they left him—about twelve—he

wrote some letters, and in one inclosed his pen-knife; it was addressed to London. The sheriff, the bailiffs, and the Carlisle Volunteer Cavalry attended at the goal door about half past three, together with a post-chaise and a hearse. He was then ordered into the turnkey's lodge for the purpose of getting pinioned, where he inquired of the goaler, "Who were going in the chaise with him?" He was told the executioner and the goaler. He immediately said, "Pray where is the executioner, I should wish much to see him." The executioner was sent for; Hatfield asked him how he was.

"A reprieve was still expected; but the post coming in a little before three, and bringing neither pardon nor reprieve, the under sheriff and a detachment of the Cumberland Yeomanry, immediately repaired to the prison, near the English gate. A prodigious crowd had previously assembled. This was the market day, and people had come from the distance of many miles out of mere curiosity. A post chaise was brought for him from the Bush Inn. Having taken farewell of the Clergyman who attended him to the door, he mounted the steps with much steadiness and composure. The goaler and the executioner went in along with him. The latter had been brought from Dumfries upon a retaining fee of ten guineas.

"Half the Yeomanry went before the carriage, and the other behind. In about twelve minutes, upon arriving on the ground, they formed a ring round the scaffold. It is said, that Mr. H. wished to have the blinds drawn up; but such an indulgence was held inconsistent with the interests of public justice.

"Before he was put into the carriage, he was pinioned; during which he

he stood with resolution, and requested he might not be pinioned tight, as he wished to use his handkerchief when on the platform, which was complied with. He then left the prison, and wished his fellow prisoners might be happy. When he came in sight of the tree, he said to the goaler, he imagined that was the tree—pointing at it—that he was to die on. On being told, yes, "O! a happy sight, I see it with pleasure."

"He had calculated so well, that his money exactly carried him to the scaffold. As they were setting out, the hangman was going to search him. He threw him half a crown, saying "This is all that my pockets contain."

"As soon as the carriage door had been opened by the under sheriff, Mr. H. alighted with his two companions. A small dung-cart, boarded over, had been placed under the gibbet. A ladder was placed to this stage, which he instantly ascended. He was dressed in a black jacket, black silk waistcoat, fustian pantaloons, white cotton stockings, and ordinary shoes. He wore no powder in his hair. He seemed at least fifty; and there was something in his aspect, which for a moment made one forget all the crimes laid to his charge. He was perfectly cool and collected.

"There was little curiosity to get near the scaffold on the present occasion, as Mr. Hatfield had often declared since his conviction that he was resolved not to address the spectators. The manner in which he lately demeaned himself, would have commanded respect, had his cause been better. From the hour when the jury found him guilty, he behaved with the utmost serenity and cheerfulness. He received the visits of all who wished to see him, and talked upon the topics of the day with the greatest interest

or indifference. He could scarcely ever be brought to speak of his own case. He neither blamed the verdict, nor made any confession of his guilt. He said he had no intention to defraud those whose names he forged; but was never heard to say that he was to die unjustly.

"He immediately untied his neck handkerchief, and placed the bandage over his eyes. The executioner was extremely awkward, and Mr. H. found it necessary to give various directions as to the placing of the rope, and the proper method of driving away the cart. He several times put on a languid and piteous smile. He at last seemed rather exhausted and faint, and merely exclaimed, "May God Almighty bless you all." He was also heard to exclaim, "My spirit is strong, though my body is weak."

"Great apprehensions were entertained, that it would be necessary to tie him up a second time. The noose slipped twice, and he fell down above eighteen inches. His feet at last were nearly touching the ground. But his excessive weight, which occasioned this accident, speedily relieved him from pain. He expired in a moment, and without any struggle. The ceremony of his hands being tied behind his back was satisfied, by a piece of white tape loosely passed from the one to the other. But he never made the smallest effort to relieve himself.

"A hearse followed his coffin, which was very handsome, to the church-yard of St. Mary's, in one corner of which, he was interred without any ceremony, and with so little notice, that in an hour and a half after his burial, not a single spectator remained upon the spot."

"Hatfield, however, died in the belief, that he was to be buried at
Burgh-

Burgh-upon-Sands; but Lord Lowther refused his permission, thinking that the memory of Edward I. would be profaned, if the remains of a malefactor were placed near the spot where he expired, and where a monument has been raised to him."

"The day of Hatfield's execution, it was observed, brought to its close the life of one of the most extraordinary men that have appeared in this wonderful age. Mr. Hatfield has not convulsed nations, nor led armies to conquest; but in his line, he may be considered a Robespierre or a Bonaparte."

THE MAID OF BRISTOL.

Theatre, Hay-market, Aug. 25.

THIS new Play in three acts, was brought out here last night. The plot is evidently founded on the story of the "Mad Maid of the Hay-stack," whose appearance in the neighbourhood of Bristol, a few years back, excited much interest and curiosity. The scene is laid in Bristol, but the circumstances which produced the events on which the plot turns, took place in the north of Germany.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Baron Lindorf.....Mr. Palmer
Ben Block.....Mr. Elliston
Captain Oakum.....Mr. Chapman
Physician.....Mr. Matthews
Shark (a Landlord).....Mr. Taylor
A Hessian Soldier.....Mr. Archer
Stella (the Maid of Bristol) Mrs. Gibbs,
Mrs. Oakum.....Mrs. Ward
Baroness Lindorf.....Mrs. Kays
Sophia.....Mrs. Gawdry

Stella, a young lady living under the protection of a clergyman her uncle, at Cassel, is, with his approbation, betrothed to the young Baron Lindorf. His uncle, how-

ever, becomes a suitor to Stella, and makes a base, dishonourable attempt on her virtue, from which she is rescued by Lindorf, who, by the influence of his uncle, is, in revenge, ordered to America, with the Hessian troops, taken into the pay of this country. He obeys the call of honour, and behaves with great gallantry, for which he is promoted to the rank of major. Stella, in the mean time, continues under the protection of her uncle, and corresponds with her lover; but, after some time, the old Baron contrives to have Lindorf informed, in a manner free from suspicion, by letters to individuals in his regiment, that Stella had become the wife of another, and this induces him to drop further correspondence, and to marry an American, whose attention he had experienced, while wounded, and in distress. Stella at length hears that her lover is wounded, and on his way to England, and, actuated by the warmth of her passion, leaves her uncle to seek her Lindorf. She arrives at Bristol, and presents herself to the family of Captain Oakum, then absent with his vessel, and is kindly received. The Play opens here. The captain returns, and she informs him and his lady of her story. Lindorf arrives soon after, in a weak state of health, from his wound; and in an affecting interview with his Stella, discovers her constancy, and that he had been himself miserably deceived. Overwhelmed with affliction and disappointment, he sinks into a state of insensibility; and while Stella hangs over him, in agony and distress, his wife arrives, and makes known the bitter intelligence to the disconsolate sufferer, whose reason cannot support the shock. She discharges all the debts he had contracted previous to his going to America, and quits her asylum in distraction, trusting

trusting to accident for shelter or support. Mean time her uncle arrives in search of her, and succeeds in discovering her, by the benevolent assistance of Captain Oakum, and his ship-mate, a truly honest tar, Ben Block. The piece concludes with the union of Stella with Lindorf, who returns after the death of his former wife on her way to Germany, whither she was hurrying him after the scene with Stella.

Such is the story upon which the plot of this new piece is founded. The principal characters are well conceived, highly coloured and consistent. The plot is in itself extremely simple, but the variety of unexpected incidents give it a very complicated appearance. The first act is really interesting, and judiciously calculated to prepare the audience for the denouement. The meeting of Stella and Lindorf should be the fore-runner of their union, and all the antecedent obstructions to their happiness should be made, if possible, the matter of the piece previous to that event. As the play stands at present, the sudden recovery of Stella from her distraction, is not altogether consistent; the speedy return of Lindorf, after the death of his former wife, is not altogether reconcileable with probability; and the sanction of a venerable clergyman to their union, under such circumstances, is a departure from that propriety and decorum which should ever characterize transactions regulated by such an authority. The piece, however, abounds in affecting incidents, interesting situations, and chaste and patriotic sentiments. The language is in general pure, and the dialogue spirited. All the manly, humane, and generous sentiments of the real British tar were given with great effect by Mr. Elliston, in Ben Block, and received with unbounded ap-

plause. The professional forms of expression which that honest tar is made to use, are of the highest degree appropriate, and never failed to excite testimonies of enthusiastic approbation. The other performers exerted themselves with great success; and, from the manner in which the piece was received, we have no doubt but that it will become very popular. The numberless characteristic traits which it contains of our gallant seamen, and the generous feelings and sentiments which distinguish this piece, would entitle it, independently of much intrinsic merit, to a favourable reception. The Prologue was spoken by Mr. Palmer, and the Epilogue by Mr. Elliston, who gave additional weight to the patriotic sentiments it contained, by his judicious and impressive delivery. Never was Epilogue received with more general or enthusiastic applause. The sentiments were congenial to the feelings of every one present, and the house was made to resound with frequent and reiterated thunders of applause. The play was announced for a second representation, with marks of general approbation.—It is, we understand, the production of Mr. Boaden.—For the Epilogue, see our poetical department.

THE OLD GAME KEEPER.

(An Etching from Morland by Mr. Bell.)

THIS Etching speaks for itself, as does the merit of Mr. Morland, from whose sketch it was taken.

Subjects of this kind we leave to the fancy and selection of Mr. Bell, the Engraver, who, it must be confessed, has of late given great satisfaction in this department of our work.

To

The Old Gamekeeper



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

A GREEABLE to promise, I write to you from Tunbridge. The face of the country, a little sporting intelligence, with a few singularities I met with in my way, is all I am able to communicate; the will must therefore compensate for the anecdote, till I have an opportunity to be more exuberant.

Yesterday morning, quitting Maidstone, I passed the villages to the westward, and paid my visit to Coxheath-camp, where, I am forced to confess, my entertainment by no means kept pace with my expectations. The regiments of militia encamped here are the East and West Middlesex, the Derby, and the Westminster: the Westminster broke ground, and marched off while I was present, and the East Middlesex moved into their station.

At a small distance from the encampment, this little cluster of bell-tents appears like a bed of mushrooms in a meadow; and the miserable throng of mud-huts in the rear, like an Irish village on the borders of Bantry, constructed with less art and regularity than we find with the Hottentots of the Cape. On this wide and extended heath, is nothing to cheer the eye but the distant hills; not a flower, not a blade of grass to be seen. To be brief, the *coup d'œil* presents a picture as barren as the plain of the Pyramids, or the great desert of Africa.

Leaving Coxheath, at the Woodgate to the south-west, the country suddenly opens to the sight a more brilliant complexion. We now beheld the fields of Ceres, and the gardens of Pomona: all is delectable,

and the mind exults at the change with transport inconceivable.

The harvest is about half over, and the earth still burdened with such crops, as the oldest man you meet declares, with the smile of satisfaction, he never knew before to have been exceeded.

The drought, notwithstanding, is very great; every foot-path confesses it; for the chasms are so deep in many places, that I could scarcely fathom them with my walking-stick. In the town of Yalding, which is called the sink of Kent, from its collecting the waters in a wet season from all the hills that surround it, scarce a bucket of this element is to be obtained; most of the arches of its two great bridges are perfectly dry; and where there used to be nine feet water, the current is barely able to float a cockle-shell to the Medway. For all this, the hop-gardens are uncommonly beautiful; the polls I observed, for near ten miles together, are well covered, and the projecting branches from their tops so prolific of blossom, that every hop-hill is mantled with a delicious canopy. Alas! what is the amount of all the farmer's care in raising this wholesome, this delightful bitter—his expence, his anxious solicitude—when the general mass of public brewers reject it, in part, for a sorry substitute? For hops, they have their Quashia*, their ginseng, their wormwood bitters, and a long train of *et ceteras*. For potency, they use orange-berry, and other pernicious drugs; so that the real malt and hop juice, that could once strengthen the arm of the woodman, is exchanged for a kind of chymical-culsh, only fit to physic swine, and debilitate our peasantry, our tradesmen, and ourselves.

* A bitter drug of America, first used as a substitute for hops by a negro girl called Quashia, and from whom this drug takes its name.

The higher powers, Sir, should look this thing in the face—if not from motives of humanity, from principles of sound policy; for not only the lives of his majesty's subjects are shortened by this brewers-gruel, but one branch of the national revenue is robbed of half its expectancy. In North Kent, though the plenty be equal, industry receives a pitiable check, and the farmers bend towards despondency; for the press-gallies have swept away the youthful part of the peasantry, and no other hands are to be obtained to reap and get in the grain, than aged men, women, and children. The headboroughs, or boresholders, as they are called here from Saxon antiquity, cannot fill up the lists for the Lord Lieutenant of the county; for the very few that remain fit for service are in hiding places not to be discovered.

The case, in the opposite part of the country, is in all respects different. The young men are numerous, and seem impatient for the drill. In one little village, called Pembury in the Sand, I last night beheld one hundred and twenty-five loyal volunteers of that parish assembled, with a good band of music, waiting to be sworn in; and the whole of their conduct expressive of that spirit which has for ages characterised our country, and led her children to conquest.

The races at Tunbridge-Wells began to day about noon, the time I was leaving this resort of the fashionable to pursue my journey. Much sport is expected there, as many very fine horses are entered. Two fifty pound cups, and a handicap of the same value, are to be contended for, beside several ten pound purses, &c. &c. The Downs about this place are undoubtedly well calculated for a good race-course; the turf is excellent for the

purpose; the obstructions but few; and would the gentlemen who resort here for health and pleasure, but mingle their purses, the landholders, as I am assured, would have no objection to forward the completion of it for general amusement. The rugged acclivity from the Wells is soon to be softened, which, by the by, has given rise to a very whimsical custom. The master of the public-house next the Down, called the Kentish Volunteer, has provided a number of well grown asses, with proper saddles, for the purpose; and these he lets out to the female fashionables for one shilling the hour. The lady, having selected her beast, is presently mounted, and away she turns to the Downs, followed by her servant; and it is no uncommon thing, as the poor-devil climbs up the rugged ascent, and labours through the crooked path-way, to see Thomas goading the animal to provoke speed; or to hear, however ludicrous, the beautiful rider invoke assistance from her knight of the rainbow, by exclaiming—"Pray, Thomas, slap my ass on one side or the other, to make him go a little faster."

The whimsicality of this humble custom has given much employment to the idle, and to the minor wits; wherever the tablet spreads for the pencil, they exercise the poet's privilege, some in a manner too indelicate for notice, others in a way less criminal; and the following are by no means destitute of epigrammatic point.

PATTY POPE.

Methought as your ass climb'd the furze-
cover'd slope,
'Twas some market-maid bound to her
duty;
But ah! how my heart beat to meet Pat-
ty Pope,
The offspring of virtue and beauty.

T. BATE.
THE

THE CENTAUR NOT FABULOUS.

See! see! said my friend, there is Miss

H—— on her ass,

How bold she mounts up from the
stable!

I look'd, but exclaim'd, 'tis no fair one—
alas!

But the Centaur describ'd in the fable.

B. BURKE.

From these trifles, I turned to view the aquatic ceremony at the fountains, where, though folly sometimes shakes her bells for the toes of absurdity, we have much to respect and admire. Here is an excellent reading-room, where the London newspapers are in abundance: I noticed particularly the County Chronicle, with every new publication worth supplying. The toy-shops are prettily set out; and, among the visitors, some of the finest women in Europe. As these stoop to take the waters, two female waiters attend; the one presents the cup on a white napkin, and the other a sprig of sage, from which the visitor plucks a leaf, and instantly applies it to her lips, to prevent the chalybeate from sully- ing the delicate whiteness of her teeth.

The waters are gratis; but the purveyors reasonably expect a largess for their uniform attention; and this they take thankfully, however small, while the communicants mount to the promenade.

In my way to this town, I made Pensherst Park and Castle, birth-place of the immortal Sidney. The celebrated clump of beeches still contain the heronry, and are in a most flourishing condition. These were the trees that shaded that virtuous patron of rational liberty; but the castle presents very few remembrances of so good and so great a master. The young ones of the eyrie are full fledged, and as worthy the falconer as the parent birds.

If your London sportsmen can leave the metropolis, and venture something more than thirty miles

westward in this delectable county, they may be now entertained with the sight of these royal birds in abundance. Their plumage is most beautiful; and their economy the same as described by Somerville in his Field Sports—"Sweetest of his oaten reed!"

"Up springs the hern: redoubling every stroke,

Conscious of danger, stretches far away,
With busy pinions and projected beak,
Piercing th' opponent clouds."

But, alas! our falconers are but very few, and the sport that delighted so much our brave progenitors is almost forgotten. The defenceful hern is seen no more in æther to tempt the shepherd boy to leave his bleating care! No more the labouring hind lets fall his grain unsown, in transport lost, and robs the expecting furrow! Majestic bird, farewell! and let me, with our British Hobbinol, sing of thee as thou wert known to be in happier days—

—"——— Our fathers' prime delight!
Who fenc'd thine eyrie round with sacred laws:

Nor mighty princes now disdain'd to wear
Thy waving crest, the mark of high command,

With gold and pearl, and brilliant gems adorn'd."

The town of Tunbridge, where I am now writing, is much benefited by the improvements at Al-linford Castle. The new lock there is the happy means of keeping the River Medway always full at this place, which adds considerably to the comforts of the people, and the beauty of the old town of Ten-bridges, for so it was originally denominated.

I am, dear Wheble,

Your's sincerely,

AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

Tunbridge, August 16, 1803.

P. S. You shall hear from me again when I have any thing within the compass of your plan to communicate.

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

THE late Dr. Wilson, Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, in passing through the College Square one morning, met some Irishmen, who walked along without capping. The Doctor called one of them, and asked him, "Do you know who I am?"—"No, Sir."—"How long have you been in College?"—"Eight days, Sir."—"Oh! very well," said the Doctor, walking away, "*puppies* don't open their eyes till the *ninth* day."

THE late Dr. Leland, Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, chanced one day, at a commencement in that University, to put a few questions to a young man of very moderate capacity. The Doctor asked him his name—"Scarlet, Sir," answered the trembling candidate.—"It may be so," said the Doctor, "and yet you are not *deep* read."

A FELLOW in *St. Giles's*, on receiving an inquiry as to the mode he was willing to serve in against the enemy, replied, "He was ready to *jaw him dead!*"

AN Irish paper has the following advertisement—"John Tilney, of Rathdrum, in the county of Fermanagh, has just gone out of second mourning for his last dear wife, so that there is now a *vacancy* for any good humoured woman, under forty, who wishes to taste the *sweets of matrimony.*"

THE following advertisement is copied from the Vermont Journal—"Run away from his wife and children, on Friday last, John Spriggs, five feet three inches high; squint eyed; a long red nose with a lofty bridge; primes and loads—takes snuff and chews tobacco; fiddle-backed; very loquacious, so much so, that he will talk to himself rather than let his poor tongue get a little rest; affects a great deal of religion; usually carries a prayer book in one pocket, and a pack of cards in the other."

At the bottom of the account delivered to the corporation of Norwich, of the result of the proving the city brass cannon, was a *N. B.*—"It is customary for the corporal to have the old metal when any of the pieces burst"—to which an answer was given, that "the corporation is of opinion the corporal does not want brass."

WHEN the late Dr. Lucas, the John Wilkes of his day in Ireland, was returned to serve in Parliament as a representative for the city of Dublin, the facetious Counsellor Costello happened to meet with Mrs. H. a lady of high spirit, whose family had supported the interest of the unsuccessful candidate. "Well, Counsellor," said the lady, "your friend Lucas has gained the election!"—"Yes, Madam."—"No wonder, Sir; all the blackguards voted for him."

"No,

— "No, Madam; your *two sons* did not." The lady flew off in a violent rage.

SOME years ago, a lunatic in Bedlam was asked, "How he came to be there?"—He answered, "By a dispute."—"What dispute?"—"The poor Bedlamite replied—"The world said I was mad; I said the world was mad; and they out-voted me."

BON MOT OF A JEW.—About thirty years ago, some Jews were executed at Tyburn, for robbing the house of Mrs. Hutchins, at Chelsea, and shooting her manservant. Immediately after it became customary with some of the lower rabble, whenever they met a Jew in the streets, to insult him, by hollowing after him—"Hutchins, Chelsea, Chelsea, &c." which being one day repeated to a Jew, an old cloathsman, he turned round, and jocosely answered—"Tis very hard you wont let our people have a little beet of de gallows—but vant to keep it all to yourselves."

IMPROMPTU on the Marriage of Captain Edward James Foot, of the Royal Navy, to Miss Patten—

May the union, cemented on Wednesday, at Matin,

Be blissful, and crown'd with abundance of fruit!

May the Foot ever closely adhere to the Patten;

The Patten for ever stick close to the Foot!

And tho' Pattens are used but in moist, dirty weather,

May their journey thro' life be unclouded and clean!

May they long fit each other; and moving together,

May only one sole (soul) be still cherish'd between.

ANOTHER Epigram on Captain Foot's Marriage with Miss Patten—

With a Patten for wife,
Thro' the rough ways of life
May he safely and happily jog—
May the ring never break,
Nor the knot be found weak,
Nor the Foot find the Patten a Clog.

EPITAPH in Denmore churchyard, Ireland—"Here lie the remains of John Hall, grocer. This world is not worth a fig, and I have good raisins for saying so."

WHEN Counsellor Costello was told that Dr. Johnson, and Mr. Sheridan, author of the Pronouncing Dictionary, and father of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, were pensioned, he observed, that it was a curious age, when one man received three hundred a-year for *inventing hard words*, and another two hundred a-year for teaching us *how to pronounce them*.

A MISS LAMBE, a young lady of large fortune, but unrecommended by any share of beauty, or grace of person, was lately married, when just out of her minority, to a young officer, who had nothing but his pay, but who united the elegance of an Adonis to the strength of a Hercules. A person expressing his surprize at the match, was answered, "You may depend upon it that the *Lamb* would not have gone off so well, had it not been for the *Mint sauce*!"

A YOUNG pert prating lawyer one day boasted to the facetious Counsellor Costello, that he had received five-and-twenty guineas for speaking in a certain case. "And I," said Mr. Costello, "received double that sum for holding my tongue in the same cause."

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.

The following are the returns of the best gentlemen shots, on the first day of September; viz.—Mr. Coke bagged from his own gun twenty two brace of partridges, at Holkham. Mr. T. Sheridan, killed at Lord Cholmondely's, at Houghton, one brace and a half; birds not plentiful. Gen. Lennox, at Goodwood, brought home fourteen brace. Lord Paget killed only eight brace and a half in the environs of Colchester; birds very thin. Lord John Townsend killed twelve brace round his domain, of Balls, in Hertfordshire. The Capels were very successful in the purlieus of Cashio-berry. Lord Fitzharris, on a visit to the Earl of Pembroke, at Wilton in Wiltshire, brought down thirteen brace before breakfast; and going again in the course of the day, he made up the number twenty brace and a half!

THE Hon. Thos. Coventry in Gloucestershire; bagged 28 brace and a half of birds, besides hares, without touching a preserve.

ON the 5th inst. Mr. John Walton, gamekeeper to Henry Blundell, Esq. of Ince, for a trifling wager, went out with a double barrelled gun, attended by one dog, and in the course of the day killed $22\frac{1}{2}$ brace of partridges, being $2\frac{1}{2}$ more than he had engaged to kill.

MONDAY morning, September 12th, their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of York and Cambridge

met near Virginia Water, and had an excellent day's sport, in shooting over that part of Windsor Great Park. Their Royal Highnesses were very successful, and afterwards returned to Oatlands.

ONE Edinburgh Paper tells us, that "the partridges are remarkably plenty and strong," while another of the same date says, "the birds are scarce, and in general ill-grown." Which are we to believe? "Who shall decide when *shooters* disagree?" Neither of these accounts, perhaps, *hit the mark*, and truth may lie between.

THE *guinea-whist* tables at Margate, furnish some of the most entertaining topics of conversation in the place. Their hour of rising is known, every morning, at the bathing rooms, better than that of the sun, and the stories of their gains and losses, teach the gapers of the ensuing evening how to distribute their looks of envy and contempt. The I-O-U's run only for two days, the time of obtaining remittances from London; but the gentlemen sometimes *run* for a longer term.

AMONGST the great achievements of sporting gentlemen which we daily hear and read of, there is no instance more truly worthy of record, than one that can be evidenced any day at Grantham—a veteran, who has seen between eighty and ninety winters, pursuing the sports of the field with the energy of youth, who kills six
shots

shots in ten throughout the season, and defies the boldest rider in the hunt.

COURSING.—The celebrated courser, Mr. Swinfen, of Derbyshire, has added to his greyhound stud, by the purchase of Young Snowball, a dog never beaten. The price, we understand, fifty guineas. The dog is gone to make a cross with the breed of Mr. Mundy, as well as Mr. Swinfen; as those gentlemen now course together.

LORD MIDDLETON, it is understood, is likely again to commence courser, with the addition of some greyhounds of the Warwickshire breed.

SINGULAR DETECTION OF A HORSE-STEALER.—In May last, Mr. Goring of Staines, lost a valuable horse, which he could not find the least trace of, notwithstanding the most diligent search and inquiry: last week, however, a gentleman driving through Staines in a gig, the horse made a sudden halt opposite Mr. Goring's house, nor could his utmost efforts induce the animal to quit the spot. This circumstance attracting a number of persons, and among the rest Mr. G. he presently knew it to be the horse which had been stolen from him so long since. The gentleman, of course, gave reference to the person he purchased it of; and from him it was traced to two others, when the person who stole it was apprehended, and has since been committed for trial.

It is a matter of doubt whether the rein-deer, sent by the Emperor of Russia to the Duke of Norfolk, can live long in this climate. Those brought from Lapland by Sir Henry Liddel, died within the first year after their arrival.

HINT FOR HORSE-DEALERS.—A person advertising a horse for

sale, in London, states, "that he is as good a horse as *any* in town, and *by far the best* in England."

FOOT RACE.—On Monday afternoon, Sept. 5, a vast concourse of people assembled in the Long Walk, leading to the Great Park at Windsor, to witness a race between Bolton and Holder, two privates in the Staffordshire Militia; who had betted to run one hundred and twenty yards, and on which considerable sums were depending. Colonel Sneed, and several persons of note were present. The bets at starting were greatly in favour of Holder, who is a tailor, had often run before, and had not been beaten. For the first eighty yards he kept the lead; but Bolton, having gained his speed, passed him, and came in about two yards before Holder. The victor, Bolton, is a potter by trade; and after the race, he publicly challenged any man in England to run two hundred yards.

ANOTHER RACE.—Capt. Robertson, of the South Gloucester Militia, for a wager of forty guineas, started, one day last week, from the camp at Brighton for London, to which place he was to walk, and return back again on foot to the camp, a distance of one hundred and eight miles, in forty eight hours, and which he performed, with apparent ease, two hours and forty minutes within the given time.

SOME days ago, the following bet of two hundred guineas was decided at Watton, between Mr. T. Manning, of Colvestone, and Mr. J. G. Wyer, of Downham Market. Mr. Wyer engaged to carry a twenty-stone sack of flour one mile, without laying it down, or having any assistance to rest, which he performed on the turnpike road in thirty minutes, and ran with it several yards, after he won the bet, before he laid it down. Mr.

Manning

Manning gave Mr. Wyer thirty guineas to make the bet.

ON Monday the 12th instant, after evening parade, on Pitchcroft Ham, adjoining Worcester, a man of the name of Henry White, aged above fifty, belonging to the Royal Army of Reserve, engaged for a bet of a guinea, to jump in a sack one hundred yards in one minute, which he completed in forty-five seconds.

A BET was made in the early part of this month, to run a poney, about thirteen hands high, from London, to the fifty mile stone on the Colchester road, and back again, in thirteen hours. The poor animal went to the extent of his journey, and returned to the Black Boy Inn, Chelmsford, in about six hours, and did not appear much distressed; but when it reached the Cauliflower, at Ilford, about eight miles short of the place whence it started, its strength and spirit became totally exhausted, and it dropped down and expired! The losers upon this occasion—and we understand they are numerous—will not be pitied, and the winners have our sincere wishes, that when they again sport their money on so barbarous an occasion, a contrary fate may attend them.

THE following accident occurred at Brighton, on Tuesday October 23d, during a cricket match made by General Lennox, and Major Bartlett, both of whom played with six of the officers of the South Hants Militia, and six of the officers of the Sussex, and four of the privates of each regiment. The South Hants were taking their last innings, when the gentleman at the wicket struck the ball to an immense height in the air; a grenadier and an officer in the Sussex, both rushing forwards at the same moment to catch the ball in its descent, met in con-

tact with such dreadful violence, that they were both dashed to the earth. The grenadier was for some time insensible; the blood gushed in torrents from his nose, and his face was much lacerated and bruised. As he revived, he complained of an acute pain in his left side, and had a trifling expectoration of blood. A surgeon being on the ground, he was now bled, and soon after he was sufficiently recovered to walk from the field. The officer, though he received some severe contusions, was not so materially hurt.

A CURIOUS circumstance happened lately at Somers-Town, the result of which excited some laughter. A dog running down the New Road, with his tongue hanging out of his mouth, was supposed by some persons to be mad. A report to this effect was instantly spread: a great number of people armed themselves in order to destroy him; bludgeons, stones, pistols, in short, every instrument of death, made its appearance to destroy this supposed mad dog. The animal finding himself attacked on all sides, took refuge in a newly erected vault, around which an immense number of people were collected, but into which none dared venture. During the time the dog thus kept them at bay, his exploits were recounted by the surrounding multitude; and, according to their account, he had infused his venom into hogs, sheep, horses, cows, dogs; indeed the mischief he had done was immense: at length, however, a gentleman's servant arrived in search of the dog, who stated, that, in consequence of a severe beating, the animal had ran away from his master: and, to the astonishment of all present, he called the dog from his cavern, which immediately followed him.

POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

PROLOGUE, AND LYRICAL
ADDRESS.

*Delivered and chaunted, at the opening of
Covent Garden Theatre, by Mr. Fawcett.*

FROM Thespian camps, where Summer colours fly,
Return'd to Winter Quarters, here am I.
Proud of my mission, by the General sent,

To bid ye welcome to our Royal Tent;
To hope this favour'd field you'll oft review,

Where many a battle will be fought for you;

To hope you'll often greet, as heretofore,

With golden smiles, the Covent Garden Corps.

In Fame's Gazette, perhaps, our mimic band

Has advertis'd some change in its command;

Has told ye here a favourite Chief you'll find,

Vice another favourite resign'd;

And our new Captain we salute with pride,

Since by your judgment he's approv'd as tried,

Yet inclination, duty, all impel

To speak of him who lately rul'd so well,

Who, though he quit a truncheon for the ranks,

His mirthful efforts still shall ask your thanks,

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And hold, while honour'd here with approbation,

His post of honour in a private station.

Henceforth, when Music shall essay the strain,

With all your best lov'd songsters in her train;

When gay Thalia shall alternate court
Your smiles, bedeck'd with flowers of frolic sport,

In laughter's intervals, at times you'll hear

Melpomene petition for a tear.

Thus Artists render vivid tints more bright,

By blending shadow with opposing light;
And, faith, our artists through past days of heat,

(Pointing to the new Decorations)

Have toil'd your warmer patronage to meet.

Should you approve their pains to make us gay.

Haply, each morn, some modish dame may say—

"John, take a side-box; there's no room below;

"No room at all? Oh! then I'm sure I'll go,

"'Tis only empty places one avoids;

"So, John, be sure we call to-day at Lloyds,

"Where ev'ry body runs to give their mite;

"And, for a wonder, all are in the right."

Then, "Speed the Plough," let's join with heart and hand,

Lords, Ladies, Gentle, Simple, Sea and Land;

U u

Each Castle, Village, City, Ship, and
Town,
Should form a Club to knock invaders
down:
And ever may we boast this House bring-
full
Of friends, determin'd to support John
Bull;
And should his desp'rate foes our fury
brave,
We'll chaunt their requiem in a loyal
stave.

TUNE—*The Island.*

IF the French have a notion
Of crossing the ocean,
Their luck to be trying on dry land,
They may come if they like
But we'll soon make 'em strike,
To the lads of the tight little Island.
Huzza! for the boys of the Island!
The brave Volunteers of the Island,
The fraternal embrace,
If folks want in this place,
Will present all the ARMS in the
Island.

They say we keep shops
To vend broadcloth and slops,
And of Merchants they call us a sly
land;
But tho' War is their trade,
What Briton's afraid
To say he'll ne'er sell 'em the
Island?
They'll pay pretty dear for the Island.
If fighting they want in the Island,
We'll shew 'em a sample;
Shall make an example,
Of all who dare bid for the Island.

If met they shon'd be,
By the Boys of the Sea,
I warrant they'll never come nigh
land;
If they do, those on land,
Will soon lend 'em a hand,
To foot it again from the Island,
Huzza, for the King of the Island!
Shall our Father be robb'd of his
Island?
While his Children can fight,
They'll stand up for his right
And their own, to the tight little
Island.

EPILOGUE

TO

THE MAID OF BRISTOL.

*Being an Address to the Patriotism of the
English—Written by G. Colman, junr.,
and spoken by Mr. Elliston.*

IN times like these, the Sailor of our
Play
Much more than common Sailors has to
say:—
For Frenchmen, now, the British Tars
provoke,
And doubly tough is every Heart of
Oak;
Ready to die or conquer at command—
While all are Soldiers who are left on
land.
Each English soul's on fire to strike the
blow
That curbs the French and lays a Ty-
rant low.
Sweet wolf!—how lamb-like!—how,
in his designs,
"The maiden modesty of Grimbold"
shines.
Strifes he concludes 'twixt nations who
agree;
Freedom bestows on states already free;
Forcing redress on each contented town,
The loving ruffian burns whole districts
down;
Clasps the wide world, like death, in his
embrace;
Stalks guardian-butcher of the human
race;
And, aping the fraternity of Cain,
Man is his brother—only to be slain.
And most Religion's mantle be pro-
fan'd,
To cloak the crimes with which an Athe-
ist's stain'd?
Yes!—the mock Saint, in holy motley
dress'd,
Devotion's Public Ledger stands con-
fess'd;
Of every, and no faith, beneath the
sun;—
"Open to all, and influenc'd by none;"
Ready he waits, to be, or not to be,
Rank Unbeliever, or staunch Devotee.
Now, Christians' deaths, in Christian
seal, he works,
Now worships Mahomet, to murder Turks;
Now

Now tests the Creed, and gives Free-
thinking scope,

Now dubb'd "Thrice Catholic," he
strips a Pope.

A mongrel Mussulman, of Papal
growth,

Mufti and Monk, now neither, or now
both;

At mosque, at church, by turns, as craft
thinks good,

Each day in each—and every day in
blood!

God! must this mushroom despot of
the hour,

The spacious world encircle with his
power?

Stretching his baneful feet from pole to
pole,

Stride Corsican Colossus of the whole!

Forbid it, Heaven! and forbid it, man!

Can man forbid it!—Yes; ~~THE ENGLISH~~
can.

'Tis their's, at length, to fight the World's
great cause,

Defend their own, and rescue other's
laws.

What Britons would not, were their
hairs all lives,

Fight for their charter, for their babes
and wives;

And hurl a Tyrant from his upstart
throne,

To guard their King securely on his
own.

A FAREWELL TO MARGATE.

FAREWELL! ye chalky cliffs, where
lovers walk,

In dread of tumbling over as they talk;

Farewell! ye stylish farms, and stoney
field;

Ye russet lanes so open to the sun,

Where whiskies, buggies, sulkies, tan-
dems, run,

And all the dear delicious dust they
yield!

Farewell! ye flinty sands, so damp, so
soft,

On whose stupendous margin echo cries,
And multiplies the fib, while Strephon—

lies,

And gazers peep upon us from aloft!

Where Eurus sends his fogs amid the
air,

And nymphs cut shoes—at half a pound
per pair!

Where slippery sea-woods trip us as
we stray,

Where city mermaids scud about in
clusters,

To poke for crabs, while surly Oceans
blusters,

And pools insidious intercept the way.

Farewell! blythe Dandelion, and its
sports,

So matchless—so ecstatic—so divine!

Where dapper cits, like little gods ap-
pear,

Wounding young Chloes with a civil
leer;

Where shepherds learn to eat, and dance,
and court;

Swilling hot coffee 'neath a fervid
beam;

Devouring half-bak'd crumpets while
they steam,

So fraught with Cambridge-butter, or
with grease;

Where gentry with half-a-crown a-
piece,

And hungry beaux in the meridian
dine!

Farewell! ye raffling-shops, where For-
tune fires

Her vagrant crew to quit life's solid
joys,

For gilded gew-gaws, and illusion's
toys,

While knavery moves the puppet's she
inspires!

The hoy's in motion—I must now de-
part,

Like a young turkey-pout, with heavy
heart,

I must return to industry's brown
tub,

To get up small-clothes, and to darn a
stocking;

Is not this irksome, horrible, and shock-
ing?

Will Cupid suffer it?—I fear he
will.

Why are our moments sprinkled o'er
with ill?

Pity your absent friend—

PRISCILLA GRUB.

EPITAPH

EPITAPH
ON
A FAVOURITE SPANIEL.

By the late Mr. Cowper.

THOUGH once a puppy, and though
Fop by name,
Here moulders one whose bones some honour claim;
No sycophant, although of spaniel race;
And though no bound, a martyr to the chase.
Ye squirrels, rabbits, leverets, rejoice,
Your haunts no longer echo to his voice.
This record of his fate, exulting view,
He died, worn out with vain pursuit of you.

"Yes," the indignant shade of Fop replies,
"And worn with vain pursuits, Man also dies!"

THE PHEASANT.

CLOSE by the borders of the fringed lake,
And on the oak's expanding bough is seen;
What time the leaves the passing zephyrs shake,
And sweetly murmur through the sylvan scene;

The gaudy pheasant, rich with varying dyes,

That fade alternate, and alternate glow;
Receiving now his colours from the skies,
And now reflecting back the wat'ry bow.

He flaps his wings, erects his spotted crest,

His flaming eyes dart forth a piercing ray,

He swells the lovely plumage of his breast,

And glares a wonder on the orient day.

Ah! what avail such heav'nly plumes as thine,

When dogs and sportsmen in thy ruin join.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

HAVING an invincible detestation of the immodest dresses of the present race of females, I try every method to shew it. But

"——— ridiculum acri
Fortius ac melius."

Observing lately, at the Cheltenham Spa, that the young ladies drank too freely of that active element; some funny, but wicked gnome, whispered in my ear the following Lines.

WHEN thro' the frame the rumbling waters flow,
To find a passage to the shades below;
Haste, thin-clad nymphs! to Cloacina's throne;
Bend at her shrine, and Chelder's virtues own:
Lest, by long tarrying at the fountain-place,
The cob-web muslin manifest disgrace.
Or, rise, ye quilted rumps! again to fame,
And shield the Dears from accidental shame.
13th Sept. 1803. SYLPH.

CONTENT.

'TIS not in Pleasure's giddy round;
'Tis not in Mirth, Content is found;
It is not in a monarch's treasures;
It is not in a sultan's pleasures;
It is not in a sumptuous board;
It is not in a miser's hoard;
It is not in the sparkling bowl;
(For 'tis not wine that soothes the soul.)
She sits not at preferment's gate;
She waits not on a prince's state;
But in the cot of rosy Health,
Careless of Luxury and Wealth;
Or by some flow'ry river's side,
Or in some wood, at even-tide,
Content, and all her blissful train reside.

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THE RACING CALENDAR.

AYR, SCOTLAND.

ON Wednesday, January 5th, Mr. Don's ch. h. Applegarth, beat Mr. Oswald's c. by Star, 3 yrs old, 12st. each;—three miles, 100gs.

FARNDON, CHESHIRE.

ON Monday the 14th, and Tuesday the 15th of March, Sir W. W. Wynne's gr. h. Knutsford, walked over for the two annual prizes.

NEWMARKET

Craven Meeting, 1803.

ON Monday, April 11th, the Craven Stakes, a subscription of 10gs. each, for all ages; two yr olds carrying 6st. three yr olds, 8st. four yr olds, 8st. 9lb. five yr olds, 9st. 11lb. six yr olds, 9st. 5lb. and aged 9st. 7lb. Across the Flat.

Sir F. Standish's b. h. Eagle, by Volunteer, 6 yrs old — 1
Ld Clermont's b. c. Rumbo, by Whiskey, 2 yrs old 2

Mr. Robson's br. c. Orange Flower, 4 yrs old — 3
Ld Grosvenor's ch. c. Northampton, 3 yrs old — 4
D. of Grafton's ch. c. Flambeau, 4 yrs old — 5
Mr. Delmé Radcliffe's b. g. Rebel, 6 yrs old — 6
Mr. Fletcher's b. c. Strathspey, by Pipator, 3 yrs old — 7
6 to 4 on Eagle; 4 to 1 against Rebel, and 7 to 1 against Rumbo.

Mr. Dawson's ch. c. Quiz, by Buzzard, 8st. beat Mr. Fletcher's b. c. Highland Fling, 8st. 7lb. B.C. 1000gs.

45 to 20 on Quiz.

Mr. Warrington's b. c. Jack Chance, by Fortunio, 7st. 2lb. beat Mr. Shafto's br. h. Velvet-horn, 8st. 7lb. Two middle miles of B. C. 200gs, h. ft.

5 to 1 on Jack Chance.

The first Class of the Otland Stakes of 50gs each, h. ft. D. I. (9 Subscribers). The forfeits of 10gs each from those (5) who declared the same by the 14th of January, were divided between the owners of the second horses in the three Classes.

Mr. Wordell's b. c. Harefoot, by Benningbrough, 3 yrs old, 5st. 7lb. — — 1
Ld

Ld Clermont's ch. c. Piscator, 3 yrs old, 6st. 8lb. — 2
 Mr. Wyndham's b. c. Galloper, 3 yrs old, 5st 9lb. — 3
 Mr. Ladbroke's br. f. Julia, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. — 4
 Mr. Watson's b. h. Lignum Vitæ 5 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. — 5
 Gen. Grosvenor's b. h. Quicky, 5 yrs old, 7st 5lb. — 6
 Mr. Sitwell's b. c. Pipplin, 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. — 7
 Even betting on Lignum Vitæ, 7 to 2 agst Julia, 6 to 1 agst Pipplin, 10 to 1 against Harefoot, and 10 to 1 against Piscator.

On Tuesday, the 12th, Mr. Watson's b. c. Gaoler, by Volunteer, 8st. 2lb. beat Mr. Wilson's b. f. Sophia, 7st 12lb. across the Flat, 200gs, h. ft.
 6 to 4 on Gaoler.

D. of Grafton's b. f. Penelope, by Trumpator, 4 yrs old, 8st 9lb. beat Sir F. Standish's b. c. Duxbury, 3 yrs old, 8st. across the Flat, 200gs, h. ft.
 2 to 1 on Duxbury.

Mr. Whaley's br. m. Tuneful, by Trumpator, beat Mr. Fletcher's ch. m. Allegranti, 8st. 7lb. each, Ab. M. 2000gs.
 7 to 4 on Tuneful.

Sweepstakes of 200gs each, h. ft.
 D. I.

Sir C. Bunbury's br. c. Orlando, by Whiskey, 8st. 3lb. 1
 Mr. Wilson's b. c. by young Eclipse, 8st. 7lb. — 2
 D. of Grafton's b. c. Tyrant, 8st. 3lb. — 3
 6 and 7 to 4 agst Tyrant, 2 to 1 agst Young Eclipse, and 5 to 2 and 3 to 1 agst Orlando.

The second Class of the Oatland Stakes of 50gs each, h. ft. D. I.

Mr. Dawson's ch. c. Quiz, by Buzzard, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 1

Mr. J. Edwards's Gulliver, 3 yrs 6st. 6lb. — 2
 Mr. Coventry's ch. c. Sir John, 3 yrs old, 7st 6lb. — 3
 Mr. F. Neale's ch. h. Bobtail, aged, 9st. 3lb. — 4
 Mr. C. Day's ch. f. by Buzzard, out of Tulip, 4 yrs old, 6st 10lb. — 5
 Mr. Kellerman's br. c. Fusileer, 4 yrs old, 6st. 5lb. — 6
 Ld Grosvenor's b. c. Squire Teazle, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. 7
 Mr. Heming's b. h. Kill Devil, 5 yrs old, 9st. 1lb. — 8
 Sir F. Standish's b. f. sister to Gouty, 4 yrs old, 7st 12lb. 9
 3 to 1 and 7 to 2 agst Quiz, 4 to 1 agst Gulliver, 5 to 1 agst Bobtail, and 5 to 1 agst Fusileer.

Produce Sweepstakes of 200gs each, h. ft. colts. 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st. R. M. (3 Subscribers.)

Sir F. Standish's c. by Sir Peter, out of Horatia, recd. forfeit.

Sir C. Bunbury's b. f. Eleanor, by Whiskey, recd. 50gs from Mr. Sitwell's Fieldfare, 8st. 7lb. each, last three miles of the Beaton Course, 200gs, h. ft.

On Wednesday, the 13th, a Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. across the Flat. (4 Subscribers.)

Sir C. Bunbury's b. f. Pamela, by Whiskey, out of Lais, 8st. 2lb. — 1

D. of Grafton's ch. c. by Buzzard, out of Garland, 8st. 6lb. 2
 Mr. Panton's b. f. by Pot80's, out of Camilla, 8st. 2lb. — 3
 6 to 4 agst Pamela.

Subscription Plate of 50l. D. M. for two yr olds, carrying 6st. 10lb. three yr olds, 8st. 5lb. four yr. olds 8st. 13lb. five yr olds, 9st. 4lb. six yr olds and aged, 9st. 8lb. With this condition, that the winner was to be sold for 200gs, if demanded, &c.

Ld Grosvenor's ch. f. Margery,
by John Bull, out of Maid of
All-work, 8 yrs old — 1
D. of Grafton's ch. c. Flambeau,
4 yrs old — 2
Sir F. Standish's ch. c. Brother
to Eagle, 3 yrs old — 2
Mr. Howorth's ch. c. Malta, 4
yrs old — 4
Mr. Delmé Radcliffe's br. h.
John O'Great, 5 yrs old — 5
7 to 4 agst Flambeau, and 4. to
1 agst any other.

The third Class of the Oatlands
Stakes of 50gs each, h. ft. D. 1.
(9 Subscribers.)

Sir H. Williamson's b. c. Wal-
ton, by Sir Peter, 3 yrs old,
6st. 11lb. — 1
Sir F. Standish's b. c. Duxbury,
3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. — 2
Sir C. Bunbury's b. f. Eleanor,
4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. — 3
5 to 4 agst Duxbury, 6 to 4 agst
Eleanor, and 7 to 2 agst Walton.

Mr. Whaley's br. m. Tuneful,
by Trumpator, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.
recd. 170gs from Mr. Abel Cra-
ven's dark b. m. by Weasel, dam
by Espersykes, 6 yrs old, 5st. 7lb.
across the flat, 200gs.

On Thursday the 14th, Mr.
Sitwell's b. c. Pipylin, by Sir Peter,
8st. 3lb. beat Mr. Wyndham's
Gallopier, 7st. 7lb. R. M. 50gs.
6 to 4 on Pipylin.

Sweepstakes of 20gs each. Two
yr old Course.

Mr. Wilson's Surprise, by Buz-
zard, 8st. 10lb. — 1
Mr. Coventry's ch. m. Jenny
Spinner, 7st. 6lb. — 2
Ld Graves's br. h. Mittimus, 8st,
1lb. — 3
Mr. Day's ch. f. by Buzzard, out
of Tulip, 7st. 12lb. — 4
6 to 4 agst Surprise, and 10 to
1 against Jenny Spinner.

Subscription Plate of 50l. for two
yr olds, carrying 7st. three yr olds,
8st. 5lb. and four yr olds, 8st.
12lb.—Two yr old Course.

Ld Grosvenor's b. c. Squire
Teazle, by Mr. Teazle, 4 yrs
old — 1
Mr. Sitwell's b. c. Pipylin, 3 yrs
old — 2

Mr. Ladbroke's br. f. Julia, 3 yrs
old; Mr. Delmé Radcliffe's gr.
f. by Precipitate, 2 yrs old; Mr.
Watson's gr. f. by Beningbrough,
2 yrs old; Sir F. Standish's ch. c.
brother to Eagle, 3 yrs old;
D. of Grafton's b. c. Pic Nic,
3 yrs old; and Ld Clermont's
ch. c. Piscator, 3 yrs old; also
started—but the Judge could
place only the first two.
7 to 4 agst Piscator, 7 to 2 agst
Julia, 4 to 1 agst Pipylin, 4 and
5 to 1 agst Squire Teazle.

Sir C. Bunbury's br. c. Orlando,
by Whiskey, 3 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.
recd. ft. from the D. of Grafton's
f. Duckling, 2 yrs old, 7st. 8lb.
R. M. 100gs, h. ft.

Mr. Whaley's br. c. Wilkes, by
Sir Peter, 8st. recd. 15gs from Mr.
Sitwell's Fieldfare, 8st 7lb. D. I.
100gs, h. ft.

Mr. Watson's gr. f. by Bening-
brough, out of Faunus's dam, 8st.
recd ft. from Gen. Grosvenor's br.
g. by Mr. Teazle, out of Reptile,
8st. 3lb. across the Flat, 100gs,
h. ft.

CATTERICK-BRIDGE.

ON Wednesday, April the 13th,
a sweepstakes of 10gs each,
for two yr old colts, carrying 8st.—
two miles. (9 Subscribers.)

Ld

Ld Strathmore's b. c. by Pipator, out of Queen Mab — 1
 Mr. G. Hutton's ch. c. by Delpini, out of Charmer — 2
 Mr. T. Hutchinson's b. c. Adam, by Constitution — 3
 Mr. Barker's b. c. by Screveton, out of Sandhopper — 4
 Mr. W. Hutchinson's b. c. by Beningbrough, dam by Weasel — 5
 Ld Darlington's b. c. by Ditto, out of Abigail — 6
 6 to 4 agst Mr. Barker's colt, and 2 to 1 agst the winner.

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for two yr old fillies carrying 8st.—a mile and half. (8 Subscribers.)

Mr. Bowman's b. f. Susan, by Overton, out of Drowsy — 1
 Mr. Linton's b. f. by Star, dam by Boudrow — 2
 Ld Belhaven's b. f. by Benningbrough, dam by Highflyer — 3
 Mr. Lidderdale's b. f. by ditto, dam by Garland — 4
 Mr. Coulson's ch. f. Lady Mary, by Trumpator — 5
 Mr. Dent's b. f. Selima, by Selim — 6
 Mr. Mellish's b. f. Lady Cow, by John Bull (stirrup broke) — 7
 6 to 4 agst Susan.

Ld Strathmore's b. c. by Pipator, out of Queen Mab, 8st. 2lb. walked over for a Match agst Mr. G. Hutton's ch. c. by Delpini, out of Charmer, 8st. two miles, 100gs.

Ld Strathmore's same colt, 8st. recd. ft. from Ld Darlington's b. c. out of Abigail, 8st. 3lb. two miles, 200gs, h. ft.

On Thursday, the 13th, Hunters Sweepstakes of 5gs each, rode by Gentlemen, 12st. The winner of the Catterick or Lambton Hunt Stakes, 3lb. extra, two miles. (12 Subscribers.)

Ld Darlington's ch. h. Olympus, 12st. 3lb. (Ld D.) — 1
 Mr. R. W. Peirse's gr. m. by Restless (Mr. F. Hartley) — 2
 Mr. J. Peirse's br. h. Cyclops (owner) — 3
 Col. Bell's gr. g. Smut, by Ice-lander (Mr. Mellish) — 4
 Mr. Richmond's b. g. Spankaway (Mr. Hartley) — 5
 5 and 6 to 4 on Olympus.

Sweepstakes of 5gs each, made up 50l. from the fund, for all ages; 3 mile heats.

Mr. Peirse's b. f. by Beningbrough, out of Rosamond, 3 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. — 3 1 1
 Mr. Clifton's ch. c. Le Superb, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. (stirrup broke, and bolted) — 1 dis
 Mr. W. Carter's b. f. by Beningbrough, 2 yrs, 5st 5lb. (bolted) — 2 dis
 Mr. Wardale's b. c. Pine Apple, by Overton, or Beningbrough, 3 yrs old, 7st 11lb. — pd
 Mr. Coulson's bl. f. Indian Queen, by Spadille, or Restless, 3 yrs old, 7st 9lb. — pd
 7 to 4 on Le Superb, and after the heat 3 to 1.

Mr. W. Hutchinson's Earby by Mufty, 7st. 7lb. walked over for a Match agst Mr. Kincaid's Obi, 8st. two miles, 50gs h. ft.

NEWMARKET

FIRST SPRING MEETING.

ON Monday, April 25th, 50l. by Subscription, for four yr olds; 7st. 9lb. five yr olds, 8st. 3lb. six yr olds and aged, 8st. 7lb. R. C.

Mr. Dawson's ch. c. Quiz, by Buzzard, 4 yrs old, walked over.

Mr. Norton's b. c. Flocton, by Benningbrough, 8st. 2lb. beat Mr. Howorth's b. c. Bob Handy, 8st. 4½lb. R. M. 100gs, h. ft. 4 to 1 on Flocton.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for colts and fillies rising three yrs old; colts carrying 8st. 4lb. fillies, 8st. R. M. (6 Subscribers.)

Sir F. Standish's b. c. brother to Stamford, by Sir Peter — 1
D. of Grafton's ch. c. by Buzzard, out of Garland — 2
Mr. Lockley's b. c. Herschell, by Telescope, out of Maid of Ely — 3
4 and 5 to 1 on brother to Stamford.

Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Young Eclipse, 8st. beat Mr. Sitwell's b. c. Pipylin, 8st. 5lb. Two middle miles of B. C. 200gs, h. ft. 3 to 1 on Young Eclipse,

Mr. Howard's ch. c. Creeper, by Dragon, 8st. 1lb. beat Mr. Wyndham's br. c. Galloper, 8st. 2lb. D. I. 200gs, h. ft. 4 to 1 on Creeper.

Mr. Howorth's f. by Skyscraper, out of Cælia, recd 25gs from Mr. Watson's f. by Benningbrough, out of Gaoler's dam. 8st. each. R. M. 100gs, h. ft.

Mr. Watson's b. c. Gaoler, by Volunteer, 8st. 1lb. recd 90gs from Mr. Howorth's Aniseed, 8st. 7lb. R. M. 200gs, h. ft.

Mr. Howard's sch. c. Creeper, 7st. 2lb. recd 85gs from the D. of Grafton's b. c. Tyrant, 8st. 7lb. D. I. 200gs, h. ft.

ton's b. c. Tyrant, 8st. 7lb. D. I. 200gs, h. ft.

Mr. Watson's b. c. Gaoler, 8st. 5lb. recd ft. from Mr. Wilson's b. f. Sophia, 8st. 1lb. Across the Flat, 200gs, h. ft.

Sir F. Standish's b. c. Duxbury, by Sir Peter, recd 80gs from Mr. Whaley's Informer, 8st each. Across the Flat, 200gs, h. ft.

Ld Darlington's Haphazard, by Sir Peter, 7st. 12lb. recd 100gs from Ld Sackville's Dick Andrews, 8st. 4lb. B. C. 500gs, h. ft.

Mr. Howorth's b. m. Aniseed, 7st. 11lb. agst Mr. Howard's b. h. Chippenham, 7st. 7lb. R. M. 100gs, h. ft.—Off by consent.

On Tuesday, the 26th, Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Buzzard, out of Young Eclipse's dam, 1 yr old, 6st. 7lb. beat Mr. Sitwell's Regina, 2 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. Yearling Course, 50gs. 6 and 7 to 4 on Mr. Wilson's colt.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for four yr olds, D. I. (6 Subscribers.)

Mr. Jones's br. c. Orange-flower, by Trumpator, 7st. 4lb. 1
D. of Grafton's b. f. Penelope, 8st. — 2
Ld Sackville's b. c. Pacifcator, 7st. 6lb. — 3
13 to 8 on Penelope, 4 to 1 agst Orange-flower, and 4 to 1 agst Pacifcator.

The King's Plate of 100gs, for five yr old mares, carrying 10st. R. C.

Mr. Garforth's gr. m. Marcia, by Coriander — 1
Mr. Collinson's sch. m. Allagranti 2
5 to 1 on Marcia.

Sweepstakes Of 100gs each, h. ft. D. C.—(5 Subscribers.)

Ld Sackville's b. h. Dick Andrews, b. Andrews,

draws, by Joe Andrews, 5 yrs old, 9st. — 1
 Mr. Wilson's b. h. Surprize, 5 yrs old, 7s. 7lb. — 2
 Mr. F. Neale's ch. h. Bobtail, aged, 8st. 10lb. — 3
 Mr. Watson's b. h. Lignum Vitæ 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. — 4
 11 to 8 agst Dick Andrews, 5 to 2 agst Surprize, 3 to 1 agst Lignum Vitæ, and 8 to 1 agst Bobtail.

On Wednesday, the 27th, Handicap Sweepstakes of 25gs each, Across the Flat,

Mr. Whaley's br. c. Timbertoe, (late Wilkes) by Sir Peter, 8st. 7lb. — 1
 Mr. Howard's ch. c. Creeper, 7st. 13lb. — 2
 Mr. Howorth's ch. c. Malta, 8st. 7lb. — 3
 Ld. Sackville's b. c. Pacificator, 9st. 5lb. — 4
 13 to 8 agst Timbertoe, and 2 to 1 agst Pacificator.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for three yr olds, Across the Flat. (7 Subscribers.)

Ld F. G. Osborne's b. c. Gulliver, by Precipitate, 7st. 3lb. 1
 Mr. Wastell's gr. f. Scotia, 8st. 2
 Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Young Eclipse, 8st. 2lb. and Mr. Wardell's b. c. Harefoot, 6st. 6lb. also started, but were not placed.
 3 to 4 on Young Eclipse, 3 to 1 agst Harefoot, 4 and 5 to 1 agst Scotia, and 6 to 1 agst Gulliver.

Mr. Watson's b. c. Gaoler, by Volunteer, 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. beat Sir C. Bunbury's Orlando, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. R. M. 100gs, h. ft. 7 to 4 on Orlando.

Fifty Pounds, by Subscription, for three yr olds, 7st. 4lb. four yr olds, 8st. 7lb. and five yr olds, 9st. D. C.

Sir H. Williamson's b. c. Walden, by Sir Peter, 3 yrs old 1

Mr. Watson's b. h. Lignum Vitæ, 5 yrs old — 2
 11 to 8 on Walton.

On Thursday, the 28th, Mr. Coventry's ch. c. I'm-Yorkshire-Yet, (late Sir John) by Stride, 7st. 13lb. beat Ld F. G. Osborne's b. c. Gulliver, 7st. 5lb. Across the Flat, 100gs, h. ft.
 Even betting and 5 to 4 on Yorkshire.

The King's Plate of 100gs, for four yr olds, 11st. five yr olds, 11st. 9lb. six yr olds and aged, 12st. R. C.

Ld Sackville's b. h. Dick Andrews, by Joe Andrews, 5 yrs old — 1
 Sir C. Bunbury's b. f. Eleanor, 4 yrs old — 2
 Ld Grosvenor's b. c. Squire Teazle, 4 yrs old — 3
 Mr. Jones's br. c. Orange-flower, 4 yrs old — 4
 7 to 2 on Dick Andrews, 6 to 1 agst Eleanor, and 10 to 1 agst Orange-flower,

DURHAM.

ON Tuesday, April 26th, a Maiden Plate of 50l given by the City Members, for two yr old colts, 8st. 3lb. and fillies, 8st. — 2-mile heats.

Mr. T. Hutchinson's b. c. Adam, by Constitution 1 1
 Mr. Walton's b. c. by Stride, dam by Abba Thulle 4 2
 Mr. Coulson's b. f. Lottery, by Beningbrough — 3 3
 Mr. Ackers's br. f. Handmaid 2 dr

On Wednesday, the 27th, a Maiden Plate of 50l. given by the County Members, for two yr olds, 6st. three yr olds, 7st. 9lb. four yr olds, 8st. 4lb. five yr olds, 8st. 9lb. six

RACING CALENDAR.

7

six yr olds and aged, 9st. Mares allowed 3lb.—3-mile heats.

Mr. Ackers's br. f. Handmaid,
by John Bull, 2 yrs old 1 1
Mr. W. Hutchinson's b. c. by
Beningbrough, 2 yrs old 2 2
Mr. Lonsdale's b. c. Sledwich,
by Pipator, 3 yrs old — 3 3

On Thursday, the 28th, the
Lambton Hunt Stakes of 5gs each,
for hunters carrying 12st—2-mile
heats. (10 Subscribers.)

Col. Seddon's b. g. Rowland,
by Spanker — 1 1
Mr. D. Shafto's br. g. Alpha,
by Ruler — 2 2
Mt. L. W. Hartley's gr. h. by
Windleston — 3 3

On Friday, the 29th, 50l. for
horses that never won more than
100l. at one time.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Stephenson's b. f. Cotil-
lion, by Overton, 4 yrs old,
8st. 3lb. — 1 1
Mr. W. Hutchinson's b. c.
Earby, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. 2 2
Mr. Carter's b. f. by Bening-
brough, 2 yrs old, 6st. 1lb. 3 ds

CHESTER.

ON Monday, May 2d, a Maiden
Plate of 50l. for all ages;—
4-mile heats.

Mr. Harris's b. c. by Ham-
mer, 4 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. 1 1
Capt. Pigot's b. g. Wall-
flower, by Walnut, 6 yrs
old, 8st. 9lb. — 2 2
Mr. Clifton's b. c. Alligator,
by Buzzard, 4 yrs old, 7st.
6lb. — — 3 3

Sweepstakes of 15gs each, for
maiden horses; three yr olds, 6st.
12lb. four yr olds, 8st. five yr olds,
8st. 10lb. six yr olds, 9st. and aged,
9st. 2lb. Mares allowed 3lb.—
two miles. (7 Subscribers.)

Mr. J. G. Legh's b. h. Cheshire
Cheese, (late Belisle) by Sir
Peter, 5 yrs old, — 1
Mr. Lloyd's ch. c. by John Bull,
4 yrs old, — — 2
Ld Grosvenor's b. c. by ditto,
3 yrs old, — — 3
Mr. Jodrell's b. g. Supervisor,
6 yrs old, — — 4
Col. Cotton's b. g. Parachute, by
Beningbrough, 4 yrs old, and
Sir W. W. Wynn's b. c. by
Glaucus, 3 yrs old, — pd
Mr. Vernon's c. by King Fer-
gus, out of Xenia, beat Sir W. W.
Wynn's c. by Glaucus, out of Shep-
herdess, 8st. each, once round,
50gs.

Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. c. Moun-
taineer, by John Bull, beat Mr. L.
Brooke's c. by Beningbrough, 8st.
each, twice round, 100gs, h. ft.

Sweepstakes of 15gs each, for
maiden horses; three yr olds, 6st.
12lb. four yr olds 8st. five yr olds,
8st. 10lb. six yr olds, 9st. and aged,
9st. 2lb. Mares allowed 3lb.—
two miles. (7 Subscribers.)

Mr. C. Cholmondeley's b. h.
Cheshire Cheese (late Belisle)
by Sir Peter, 5 yrs old, — 1
Mr. Lloyd's ch. c. by John Bull,
4 yrs old — — 2
Mr. Jodrell's b. g. Supervisor,
6 yrs old, — — 3
Sir W. W. Wynn's br. c. by
Glaucus, 3 yrs old, — 4
Ld Grosvenor's b. c. Tulipson,
by John Bull, out of Tulip, 3
yrs old; and Col. Cotton's
b. g. Parachute, by Bening-
brough, 4 yrs old, — pd

A Maiden Plate of 50l. for all
ages;—4-mile heats

Mr. Harris's b. c. by Ham-
mer, 4 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. 1 1
Mr. Pigot's b. g. Wall-flower,
6 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. — 3 2
Mr. Clifton's b. c. Alligator,
4 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. — 2 3
b 2 Mr.

Mr. Vernon's c. by King Fergus, out of Xenia. beat Sir W. W. Wynn's c. by Glaucus, out of Shepherdess, who ran on the wrong side of a Post, 8st. each, once round, 50gs.

Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. c. Mountaineer, by John Bull, beat Mr. Langford Brooke's c. by Benningbrough, out of Caddy Moddy, 8st. each, twice round, 100gs, h. ft.

On Tuesday, May 3d, a Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, for three yr olds, the property of Subscribers; colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 3lb.—once round and a distance. (6 Subscribers.)

Mr. Glover's b. c. Cockspinner, by Moorcock, out of Mule-spinner, — 1

Ld Grosvenor's b. c. Tulipson 2

Mr. Storey's b. f. Deceitful, by Traveller — 3

Mr. Massey's br. c. by Soldier 4

Sir W. W. Wynn's br. f. by John Bull — 5

The Earl of Chester's Plate of 100gs, for four yr olds, and upwards;—thrice round.

Mr. C. Cholmondeley's b. h. Cheshire Cheese, by Sir Peter, 5 yrs old, 9st. — 1

Mr. Graham's b. c. Earl of Chester, by Benningbrough, dam by Justice, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. 2

Mr. Harris's b. c. by Hammer, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. — 3

Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. c. Mountaineer, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. 4

Mr. Jodrell's b. g. Supervisor, 6 yrs old, 9st. — 5

The City Member's Plate of 50l. for three and four yr olds; three yr old colts, 6st. 8lb. fillies, 6st. 6lb. four yr old colts, 8st. 4lb. fillies, 8st. 1lb.—2-mile heats.

Sir T. Gascoine's ch. f. by Buzzard, out of Violet, 4 yrs old 1 1

Ld Grosvenor's ch. c. Northampton, 4 yrs old — 2 2

Mr. Harris's b. g. by Hammer, 3 yrs old — 3 3

Mr. Pigot's ch. g. Hugo, by Gabriel, 4 yrs old — 4 dr

Mr. Graham's b. c. Earl of Chester, 4 yrs old — 5 dr

On Wednesday, the 4th, a Sweepstakes of 25gs each, for horses the property of Subscribers; four yr olds, 7st. 12lb. five yr olds, 8st. 10lb. six yr olds, 9st. 2lb. and aged, 9st. 5lb. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—two miles. (7 Subscribers.)

Mr. C. Cholmondeley's Cheshire Cheese, 5 yrs old — 1

Mr. Massey's b. c. Bay Moston, 4 yrs old — 2

Ld Grey's ch. h. Edgar, 5 yrs old — 3

Sir W. W. Wynn's gr. h. Knutsford, 5 yrs old — 4

Sir S. Glynn's ch. c. Captain Absolute, by John Bull, beat Sir T. Mostyn's gr. c. by John Bull, both 4 yrs old, 8st. each, twice round, 50gs.

The City and Corporation Plate of 50l. for three yr olds, a feather; four yr olds, 7st. 4lb. five yr olds, 8st. 4lb. six yr olds, 9st. and aged, 9st. 4lb. Mares allowed 3lb.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Ackers's b. m. Fair Forester, by Alexander, 5 yrs old — 1 2 1

Mr. Marsh's bl. h. Pilgrim, 6 yrs old — 2 1 3

Mr. Bailey's gr. h. Nautilus, 6 yrs old — 3 3 2

On Thursday, the 5th, a piece of Silver Plate, value 50l. the gift of Earl Grosvenor, for three yr olds a feather; four yr olds, 7st. 5lb. five yr olds, 8st. 2lb. six yr olds, 8st. 11lb. and aged, 9st. 1lb. Mares allowed 3lb.—4-mile heats.

Sir

Sir T. Gascoigne's ch. c. by
 Beningbrough, 4 yrs old 2 1 1
 Mr. Ackers's b. m. Fair
 Forester, 5 yrs old — 1 2 dr
 Mr. Birch's ch. m. 8st. beat Mr.
 Lockley's gr. m. 7st.—one mile,
 50gs.

On Friday, the 5th, a Handicap
 Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with
 20gs added, for horses the property
 of Subscribers;—once round. (16
 Subscribers.)

Ld Grosvenor's Northampton,
 by John Bull, 4 yrs old, 8st.
 8lb. — 1

Mr. Massey's Bay Moston, 4 yrs
 old, 8st. 13lb. — 2

Sir. S. Glynn's Captain Abso-
 lute, 4 yrs old, 8st, 8lb. — 3

Mr. Storey's Deceitful, 3 yrs old,
 7st. 11lb. — 4

Mr. Hale's Prime Minister (late
 Macclesfield) 4 yrs old, 8st.
 10lb. — 5

Mr. Bayley's Nautilus, 6 yrs old,
 9st. 6lb. — 6

Mr. Marsh's Grinder, 6 yrs old,
 9st. 7lb. — 7

Sir W. W. Wynn's Knutsford,
 5 yrs old, 9st, 4lb. — 8

Mr. C. Cholmondeley's Mob-
 berly Crab, aged, 9st. 9lb.
 (broke down) — 9

The Ladies Plate of 50l. for
 three yr olds, a feather; four yr
 olds, 7st. 5lb. five yr olds, 8st. 5lb.
 six yr olds, 8st. 12lb. and aged, 9st.
 2lb. The winner of one fifty, car-
 rying 3lb. of two, 5lb. and of three
 or more, 8lb. extra;—4-mile heats.

Sir T. Gascoigne's ch. f. by
 Buzzard, 4 yrs old — 1 1

Mr. Massey's Bay Moston, 4
 yrs old — 2 2

Mr. Graham's Earl of Ches-
 ter, 4 yrs old — 3 3

Mr. Hale's Prime Minister, 4
 yrs old — 4 4

During the week, a Main of

of Cocks was fought at the New
 Cock-pit, in St. John's Lane, be-
 tween Sir Peter Warburton, Bart.
 (Rigby feeder) and Windsor Hun-
 locke, Esq. (Harrison feeder) for
 10gs a battle, and 200 the main,
 which was won by the former, one
 battle a head, as follows:

Cheshire. Derbyshire.

	M. B.	M. B.
Monday	4 2—3 0	
Tuesday	4 1—4 0	
Wednesday	3 1—5 0	
Thursday	3 1—5 0	
Friday	6 1—2 0	
	20 6	19 0

FARNDON, CHESHIRE.

THE two annual Prizes were
 walked over for by Mr. Bay-
 ley's gr. h. Nautilus, and not by
 Sir W. W. Wynn's Knutsford, as
 stated in our last Magazine.

MADDINGTON MEETING,

WINCHESTER COURSE.

ON Wednesday, May 4th, Mr.
 Biggs's Esher, by Erasmus,
 12st. beat Sir H. Lippincott's Bri-
 gadier, 12st. 7lb. three miles, 200gs,
 h. ft.

Mr. Græme's Shum Sheer Jung,
 by Pegasus, beat Mr. Villebois's
 Emperor, 13st. each, three miles,
 200gs.

Sweepstakes of 5gs each, with
 50l. added by the Club, for horses
 that never won a hundred at one
 time;—four miles. (12 Subscrib-
 ers.)

Ld Graves's b. h. Whirligig, by
 Whiskey, 5 yrs old, 11st. 1
 Mr. Elton's b. h. Yam, 5 yrs old;
 11st. 10lb. — 2

Mr.

Mr. Græme's ch. f. Fair Charlotte, 4 yrs old, 9st. 5lb. — 3

Mr. Byndloss's c. Garnerin, 4 yrs old, 9st. 12lb. — 4

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, King's Plate weights. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—two miles. (7 Subscribers.)

Mr. Byndloss's Giles, by Trumpator, 5 yrs old — 1

Mr. Scrope's Dotterel, 5 yrs old 2

The Cup, value 50gs, for horses that never started, paid, or received forfeit, before the 25th of March last;—2-mile heats.

Sir H. Lippincott's b. g. by Fortunio, 6 yrs old — 1 2 1

Mr. Byndloss's ch. g. Blemish, 6 yrs old — 2 1 2

On Thursday, the 5th, Ld Graves's Mittimus, by Ruler, 11st. 7lb. beat Mr. Græme's Knight Errant, 10st. the last mile, 50gs. The winner to be sold for 40.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 5gs each, with 30gs added. The winner to be sold for 150gs, if demanded, &c.—the last mile.

Mr. Elton's Yam, 5 yrs old, 11st. 10lb. — 1

Mr. Græme's Fair Charlotte, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. — 2

Mr. Villebois's Spice, 5 yrs old, 10st. 12lb. — 3

Mr. Miles's Florist, 5 yrs old, 11st. 9lb. — 4

Ld Graves's Mittimus, 6 yrs old, 11st. 9lb. Mr. Biggs's Esher, aged, 11st. 9lb. and Mr. Byndloss's Blemish, 6 yrs old, 11st. — pd

Ld Graves's Mittimus, 10st. 2lb. beat Mr. Villebois's Spice, 9st. 7lb.—one mile, 25gs.

Mr. Scrope's Dotterel, by Buzzard, 10st. 3lb. beat Mr. Byndloss's

Garnerin, 8st. 7lb.—two miles, 50gs.

Fifty Guineas for horses, &c. that never won the value of 20l. except at Maddington or Bilbury, carrying 11st. 7lb.—2-mile heats.

Mr. Elton's Yam, by Pot80's, 5 yrs old — 1 1

Mr. Miles's ch. m. Peggy Rose, 5 yrs old — 2 0

Mr. Villebois's br. h. Emperor, aged — 3 0

On Friday, the 6th. Mr. Byndloss's Giles, by Trumpator, 10st. 2lb. beat Ld Graves's Whirligig, 10st. 1lb.—one mile, 50gs. h. ft.

Mr. Biggs's Esher, by Erasmus, 10st. beat Mr. Græme's Shutin Sheer Jung, 10st. 12lb.—one mile, 50gs.

Handicap Plate of 60l.—heats, the last mile.

Mr. Biggs's Esher, aged, 10st. 13lb. — 0 3 1 1

Mr. Scrope's Dotterel, 5 yrs old, 11st. 8lb. — 2 1 2 2

Mr. Byndloss's Giles, 5 yrs old, 12st. — 1 2 3 dr

Ld Graves's Mittimus, 6 yrs old, 10st. 6lb. — 0 4 dr

Mr. Miles's Peggy Rose, 5 yrs old, 10st. 12lb. — 3 0 dr

Mr. Villebois's Emperor, aged, 10st. 12lb. — 0 0 dr

Mr. Villebois's Spice, by Coriander, beat Mr. Græme's Knight Errant, 10st. each;—one mile, 25gs.

Sir H. Lippincott's b. g. by Fortunio, 10st. beat Mr. Byndloss's Blemish, 9st. 11½lb.—one mile, 25gs.

Mr. Miles's Florist, by Escape, 10st. 7lb. beat Mr. Byndloss's Garnerin, 9st. 2lb.—one mile and a half, 25gs.

The Match between Brigadier and Florist was not run.

NEWMARKET

NEWMARKET,

SECOND SPRING MEETING.

ON Monday, May 9th, Mr. Wilson's b. f. Peggy, by Buzzard, out of a Tandem mare, 2 yrs old, 7st. 2½lb. beat Mr. Howorth's b. c. Bob Handy, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.—Yearling Course, 25gs.

7 to 4 on Peggy.

Mr. Howorth's ch. h. Malta, by Buzzard, 8st. 2lb. beat Mr. Howard's ch. c. Creeper, 8st.—Across the Flat, 100gs, h. ft.

5 to 2 on Malta.

Sweepstakes of 50gs each, h. ft.—Two yr old Course.

Ld Stawell's br. c. Sir David, by Trumpator, out of Apollo's dam, 8st.

Mr. Lake's b. f. by Coiner, out of a Diomed mare, 7st. 9lb.

Mr. Howorth's c. by Spear, out of Thalia, 8st.

5 to 1 on Sir David,

Fifty Pounds by Subscription, for four yr olds, 7st. 8lb. five yr olds, 8st. 6lb. six yr olds, 8st. 12lb. and aged, 9st. 2lb. Dut. C. With this condition, that the winner was to be sold for 200gs, if demanded, &c.

Mr. Wyndham's br. c. Galloper, by Pot8o's, 4 yrs old

Sir F. Standish's b. m. sister to Gouty, 5 yrs old

Mr. Howorth's ch. h. Malta, 5 yrs old

Mr. Dawson's br. g. by Mr. Teazle, 4 yrs old

Mr. Smith's b. c. brother to Chuckle, 4 yrs old

Mr. Golding's b. h. Beaster, aged

5 to 2 agst Malta, 7 to 2 agst Galloper, and 4 to 1 agst sister to Gouty.

Sweepstakes of 50gs each, h. ft. Two yr old Course.

Mr. Norton's b. c. Flocton, by Benningbrough, 7st. 12lb. recd 20gs from the D. of Grafton's b. f. Duckling, 8st. 9lb. and 15gs from Sir C. Bunbury's b. f. Pamela, 7st. 12lb.

Mr. Dawson's ch. h. Quiz, by Buzzard, 7st. 13lb. recd ft. from Ld Grosvenor's Squire Teazle, 7st. 6lb. B. C. 100gs, h. ft.

Mr. Dawson's ch. h. Quiz, 7st. 8lb. recd 80gs from Mr. Wyndham's ch. h. Babylon, 7st. B. C. 200gs, h. ft.

Mr. Wastell's gr. f. Scotia, by Delpini, 8st. 7lb. recd 30gs from Mr. Howard's ch. c. Creeper, 7st. 9lb. Across the Flat, 100gs, h. ft.

Mr. Whaley's Timbertoe (late Wilkes) by Sir Peter, 7st. recd ft. from Mr. Cresswell's f. by Buzzard, out of Tulip, 7st. 4lb. Across the Flat, 50gs, 20 ft.

On Tuesday, the 10th, Mr. Watson's ch. c. Trombone, by Trumpator, beat Mr. Ladbroke's br. f. Julia, 8st. 11lb. each, Ab. M. 100gs.

5 to 2 on Trombone.

Fifty Pounds, for three yr old colts, carrying 6st. 4lb. fillies, 8st. R. M.

D. of Grafton's b. f. Duckling, by Grouse

Ld Clermont's b. c. Rumbo, by Whiskey

Mr. Delmé Radcliffe's gr. f. by Precipitate

Mr. Howorth's b. c. Bob Handy

Mr. Whaley's ch. c. by Pegasus

Ld Sandes's b. c. Gift, by Buzzard

Ld Grosvenor's b. c. Nettle

7 to 4 agst Rumbo, 4 to 1 agst the gr. f. by Precipitate, and 5 to 1 agst Duckling.

Ld

Ld Sackvill's b. h. Dick Andrews, by Joe Andrews, 6 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. beat Mr. Dawson's ch. h. Quiz, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. D. I. 100gs.

6 to 4 on Dick Andrews.

The Jokey Club Plate of 50gs, by horses, &c. the property of Members of the Jokey Club, for four yr olds carrying 7st. 2lb. five yr olds, 8st. 3lb. six yr olds, 8st. 9lb. and aged, 8st. 11lb. B. C.

Ld Sackvill's b. h. Dick Andrews, 6 yrs old, walked over.

On Wednesday, the 11th, Mr. Wilson's b. f. Peggy, by Buzzard, 2 yrs old, 7st. beat Ld Grosvenor's b. c. Nettle, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. First half of Ab. M. 50gs.

5 to 2 on Peggy.

Ld Grosvenor's b. h. Squire Teazle, by Mr. Teazle, 8st. 2lb. beat Watson's b. h. Lignum Vitæ, 8st. 8lb. R. M. 100gs.

5 to 2 on Lignum Vitæ.

Mr. Coventry's ch. h. Sir John, by Stride, beat Mr. F. Neale's ch. h. Flambeau, 8st. each, Ab. M. 100gs.

2 to 1 on Sir John,

Sweepstakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. D. I.

Mr. Watson's ch. h. Trombone, by Trumpator, 5 yrs old, 8st. 1

Mr. Wilson's b. h. Surprise, 6 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. — 2

D. of Grafton's b. m. Hornby Lass, aged, 8st. 7lb. — 3

Mr. Howard's Creeper, 4 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. — pd ft.

7 to 4 agst Trombone, 2 to 1 agst Surprise, and 3 to 1 agst Hornby Lass.

Sweepstakes of 25gs each, Across the Flat.

Mr. Wilson's b. h. Surprise, by Buzzard, 6 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 1

Mr. Howorth's Malta, 5 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. — — 2

Mr. F. Neale's ch. h. Flambeau, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. — 3

Mr. Delmé Radcliffe's gr. f. by Precipitate, 3 yrs old, 6st. 8lb. 4
6 to 4 on Surprise, and 3 to 1 agst the gr. filly.

Fifty Pounds for three yr olds, 6st. 2lb. four yr olds, 8st. five yr olds, 8st. 7lb. six yr olds and aged, 8st. 12lb. Two middle miles of B. C. With this condition, that the winner was to be sold for 100gs, if demanded, &c.

Sir F. Standish's ch. c. brother to Eagle, 4 yrs old, walked over.

Mr. Wardell's b. c. Harefoot, by Benningbrough, recd ft. from Mr. Sitwell's br. c. Pipplin, 7st. each, B. C. 100gs. h. ft.

Mr. Watson's ch. c. Trombone, recd 75gs from Mr. F. Neale's ch. h. Flambeau, 8st. each, Ab. M. 200gs, h. ft.

MIDDLEHAM.

ON Wednesday, May 11th, the Jockey Stakes of 10gs each, for three yr old colts, 8st. 3lb. and fillies, 8st.—two miles. (8 Subscribers.)

Mr. Lonsdale's b. c. by Pipator, out of Heroine, by Phænomon — 1

Mr. Collinson's b. f. by Benningbrough, dam by Highflyer — 2

Mr. Field's b. c. brother to Wrestler — 3

Mr. Franks's b. f. Lady Cow — 4

Mr. Mangle's b. c. by Walnut, dam by Javelin — 5

Mr. Wilson's bl. c. by Traveller — 6

Mr. Sikes's b. c. Telemachus, by Traveller — 7

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for hunters, not thorough-bred, 13st. Rade by Gentlemen.—two miles. (6 Subscribers.)

Mr.

Mr. Chamberlain's gr. g. Why-not, by Slope, (rode by Mr. Wilson) — 1
Mr. Morley's gr. m. (Mr. F. Hartley) — 2
Mr. W. Chaytor's b. g. (Mr. Chaytor) — 3

On Thursday, the 12th, Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for fillies, 8st.—one mile and a half. (5 Subscribers.)

D. of Leeds's b. f. by Star, out of Heroine, by Boudrow — 1
D. of Hamilton's b. f. by Walnut, dam by Javelin — 2

A Maiden Plate of 50l. for three yr olds, 7st. 8lb. and four yr olds, 8st. 10lb.—2-mile heats.

Sir H. Williamson's gr. c. brother to Honest John, by Sir Peter, 3 yrs old 3 1 1
Mr. Walton's b. c. by Antæus, 3 yrs old — 1 2 3
D. of Hamilton's b. c. by Walnut, 3 yrs old — 2 3 2

Mr. Burton's b. h. Success, by Ruler, 4 yrs old, 8st. beat Mr. Keadry's b. m. Hazard, by Chance, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.—two miles, 50gs.

BROCKET-HALL.

ON Friday, May 20th, Mr. Lamb's b. f. Rose-bud, by Buzzard, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. beat Mr. Brand's c. by Mr. Byng's Banker, 2 yrs old, 6st.—the last half mile, 50gs.

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for horses, bona fide the property of the Subscribers, carrying 12st. each, that never started, paid, or received forfeit, before the 1st of March, 1803; rode by gentlemen;—2-mile heats. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb. (15 Subscribers.)

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Major R. Pigot's ch. g. Gary Owen, 5 yrs old, by Hubby, dam by Magnet, out of Dolly — 1 1
Mr. Gutteridge's b. h. Young Cardock, by Cardock, dam by Pontac, 5 yrs old — 2 2
D. of St. Albans's gr. g. Kickshaw, by Trinket 3 dr

A Gold Cup, value 100gs, being a Subscription of 10gs each, the surplus in specie, for all ages:—twice round the Course, about three miles and a half. (15 Subscribers.)

Mr. Dawson's ch. h. Quiz, by Buzzard, 5 yrs old, walked over.

On Saturday, the 21st, a Plate of 50l. for all ages; three yr olds, 6st. 12lb. four yr olds, 8st. 6lb. five yr olds, 9st 2lb. six yr olds, 9st. 7lb. and aged, 9st. 9lb.—2-mile heats. The winner to be sold for 200gs, if demanded, &c.

Mr. Lamb's b. f. Rose-bud, 3 yrs old — 1 1
Mr. Dockeray's ch. f. Careless Lass 3 yrs old — 2 2
Mr. Howorth's Minima, 4 yrs old (ran out of the Course) dis

The Brocket Stakes, a Sweepstakes of 10gs each;—2-mile Course. Three yr olds, 6st. 7lb. four yr olds, 7st. 12lb. five yr olds, 8st. 10lb. six yr olds, 9st. 11lb. and aged, 9st. 4lb. The winner to be sold for 100gs, if demanded, &c. (8 Subscribers.)

Mr. Lamb's Rose-bud, 3 yrs old 1
Mr. Howorth's Minima, 4 yrs old; (ran out of the Course) dis

YORK,

SPRING MEETING.

ON Tuesday, May 24th, Mr. H. F. Mellish's b. c. Little Joey, by Coriander, out of Rubrough's

brough's dam, beat Mr. Walker's b. c. by Screveton, dam by King Fergus, 8st. each;—two miles, 100gs, h. ft.

6 and 7 to 4 on Little Joey.

On Thursday, the 26th, a Sweepstakes of 20gs each;—two miles. (5 Subscribers.)

Sir. T. Gascoigne's ch. h. Lennox, by Delpini, 5 yrs old, 9st. — 1

Ld Fitzwilliam's c. Orville, 4 yrs old, 8st 5lb. — 2

Mr. Wentworth's b. f. Primrose, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. — 3

4 to 1 agst Lennox, 6 and 7 to 4 on Orville, and 3 to 1 agst Primrose.

Mr. H. F. Mellish's b. g. Peter, by Cavendish, dam by Valentine, (rode by himself) beat Mr. Lowson's b. g. Morgan Ratler, (rode by Mr. F. Hartley) 12st. each;—two miles, 200gs.

3 to 1 on Morgan Ratler.

Mr. Atkinson's b. m. by Trumpator, beat Mr. Shepherd's ch. m. by Overton, 8st. each, for 50gs;—four miles.

2 and 3 to 1 on the winner.

On Friday, the 27th, the Stand Plate of 50l. for all ages;—four miles.

Sir T. Gascoigne's Lennox, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. — 1

Mr. Wentworth's f. Primrose, 4 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. — 2

Mr. Croft's b. c. Liquorice, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. — 3

Mr. Garforth's b. c. by Traveler, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. — 4

Mr. Walton's b. c. by Antæus, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. — 5

Mr. Peirse's f. by Beningbrough, 4 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. — 6

11 to 8 agst Lennox, 3 and 4 to 1 agst Primrose, and the same agst Liquorice.

A Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for three yr olds; colts, 8st. and fillies, 7st. 12lb.—The last mile and half. (9 Subscribers.)

Ld Darlington's br. c. Doncaster, by Sir Peter, out of Skelton's dam — 1

Mr. Walker's br. c. by Ormond 2

Mr. W. Lee's c. Strap, by Beningbrough — 3

Sir H. T. Vane's b. c. by Coriander — 4

Mr. J. Hutchinson's ch. f. by Beningbrough — 5

Mr. G. Hutton's gr. c. by Delpini — 6

Even betting on Doncaster, 3 to 1 agst Strap, 4 to 1 agst Mr. Walker's c. the same agst Mr. Hutton's c. and high odds agst the other two.

On Saturday, the 28th, 50l. for all ages;—2-mile heats.

Sir T. Gascoigne's ch. f. by Buzzard, out of Violet, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. 3 1 1

Mr. Walton's b. f. by Trumpator, ditto — 2 3 2

Mr. Wentworth's Barnaby, aged — 1 2 dr

Even betting on Barnaby, and 6 to 4 agst Sir T. Gascoigne's filly; after the first heat, 2 to 1 on Sir T. Gascoigne's filly.

EPSOM.

[Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb. for all the Plates.]

ON Wednesday, May 25th, 50l. for four yr olds, 7st. 8lb. five yr olds, 8st. 7lb. six yr olds, 8st. 13lb. and aged, 9st. 2lb.—3-mile heats.

Mr. Forth's ch. h. Brighton, by Volunteer, 6 yrs old 1 1

Mr. Durand's ch. c. Morgan Ratler, 4 yrs old — 3 2

Mr.

Mr. Wardell's b. c. Harefoot,
4 yrs old — 2 3

Mr. Harris's ch. f. sister to Allegranti, by Pegasus, 8st. 11lb. beat Mr. Wyndham's ch. c. by Volunteer, out of Atropa, 7st. 12lb. both 2 yrs old, the Woodcot Course, 100gs, h. ft.

On Thursday, the 26th, the first year of the renewal of the Derby Stakes of 50gs each, h. ft. for three yr old colts, 8st. 5lb. and fillies, 8st. —the last mile and half; the owner of the second horse receiving 100gs out of the Stakes. (35 Subscribers.)

Sir H. Williamson's b. c. Ditto
Ditto, by Sir Peter, dam by Dunganon — 1

Ld Grey's b. c. by Sir Peter, out of Fanny, by Diomed — 2

Sir F. Standish's b. c. brother to Stamford — 3

Mr. Watson's c. Dreadnought, by Buzzard, dam by Alfred 4

Sir H. T. Vane's b. c. Discussor, by Patriot — 5

Col. Kingscote's ch. c. by Young Woodpecker — 6

7 to 4 agst brother to Stamford, 7 to 2 agst Ditto Ditto, 5 and 6 to 1 agst Discussor, and 9 to 1 agst Ld Grey's colt.

Fifty Pounds, for horses, &c. that had not won more than one 50l. Plate, since the 1st of March, 1802; four yr olds, 7st. 4lb. five yr olds, 8st. 6lb. six yr olds, 9st. and aged, 9st. 3lb.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Forth's b. h. Revenge,
by Tom Tit, out of Lethe,
5 yrs old — 4 1 1

Mr. Durand's b. h. Jack
Chance, 5 yrs old — 1 2 2

Mr. Whaley's Arragote, 6
yrs old — 5 3 dr

Mr. Wyndham's br. c. Galloper, 4 yrs old — 2 dis

Mr. Pearce's b. c. Omnium,
brother to Lurcher, 4 yrs
old — — 3 dis

On Friday, the 27th, the first year of the renewal of the Oaks Stakes of 50gs each, h. ft. for three yr old fillies, carrying 8st.—the last mile and half; the owner of the second filly receiving 100gs out of the Stakes. (24 Subscribers.)

Sir T. Gascoigne's b. f. Theophania, by Delpini, out of Violet, by Shark — 1

Mr. Harris's ch. f. sister to Allegranti — 2

D. of Grafton's b. f. by Potso's, out of Prunella — 3

Ld Stawell's b. f. by Waxy, out of Active — 4

Sir C. Bunbury's b. f. Pamela 5

Ld Egremont's b. f. by Driver, out of Tag — 6

Mr. Stacpoole's b. f. Sweetheart, by Volunteer — 7

2 to 1 agst the Prunella filly, 5 to 2 agst Theophania, 6 and 7 to 1 agst sister to Allegranti, 8 to 1 agst Pamela, and 8 to 1 agst the Waxy filly.

Fifty Pounds for three and four yr olds;—2-mile heats.

Mr. Coventry's ch. f. Laura,
by Pegasus, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. — 1 1

Mr. Lowe's b. f. Rosetta, 3 yrs
old, 7st. 4lb. — 2 2

On Saturday, the 28th, Ld Egremont's ch. f. Lampedosa, by Precipitate, out of Bobtail. 8st. 7lb. beat Mr. Howorth's b. c. by Spear, out of Thalia, 8st. 4lb. (Give-and-take-weights.) Woodcot Course, 100gs, h. ft.

Sweepstakes of 50gs each, h. ft. (moved from Ascot) for 2 yr old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—the last three quarters of a mile. (3 Subscribers)

Mr. Ladbroke's ch. c. by Volunteer, dam by Dunganon 1

Mr. Browne's b. f. by Pegasus,
out of Countess — 2

Mr. Ladbroke's Georgiana, 8st. 6lb. recd 20gs from Mr. Wardell's Harefoot, 7st. 4lb.—the last mile, 50gs, h. ft.

GOODWOOD, SUSSEX.

ON Wednesday, April 20th, a Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for horses; &c. bona fide the property of the Subscribers, three months before the day of naming, (January the 1st) that never won before the day of running, carrying 12st.—two miles. (6 Subscribers.)

Ld Egremont's b. g. brother to Shoveller, by Woopecker, 5 yrs old — 1
 D. of Richmond's b. m. Arachne, by Cobweb, 5 yrs old — 2
 Mr. Prior's b. c. by Traveller, 4 yrs old — 3
 Mr. Byndloss's ch. g. Blemish, 5 yrs old — 4

Hunters Plate of 60gs, rode by Gentlemen, 12st.—2-mile heats.

Sir G. Thomas's ch. m. Matrannee, by Precipitate, aged 1 1
 D. of Richmond's gr. h. You-know-me, aged — 2 2
 Mr. Byndloss's ch. h. Hermit, by Pot80's, aged — 3 3
 Miss Le Clerc's br. m. 6 yrs old — 4 dr

Mr. Ladbroke's Alchymist, by Precipitate, beat Mr. Byndloss's Garnerin, 8st. each;—two miles, 50gs, h. ft.

Mr. Byndloss's Giles, by Trumpator, 4 yrs old, 8st. beat the D. of Richmond's Cedar, aged, 9st.—one mile, 50gs.

The City of Chichester's Plate of 50l. for all ages; two yr olds, 6st. three yr olds, 7st. 7lb. four yr olds, 8st. 5lb. five yr olds, 8st. 10lb.

six yr olds and aged, 8st. 12lb.—3-mile heats.

Mr. Durand's Sir Sidney, by Pegasus, 5 yrs old — 1 1
 Mr. Hyde's Skyrocket, 5 yrs old — 2 2
 Mr. Prior's bl. c. by Trumpator, 2 yrs old — dis

On Thursday, the 21st, Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for horses bred in Sussex; two yr olds, 6st. three yr olds, 8st. four yr olds, 8st. 9lb. five yr olds, 9st. 1lb. six yr olds, 9st. 5lb. and aged, 9st. 7lb.—one mile. (6 Subscribers.)

Ld Egremont's ch. f. Trinidad, by Young Woodpecker, out of Platina — 1
 Sir G. Thomas's br. c. Leader, by Driver, 3 yrs old — 2
 D. of Richmond's ch. h. Cedar, aged — 3

The City of Chichester's Plate of 50l. for three yr olds, 7st. 5lb. and four yr olds, 8st. 8lb.—2-mile heats.

Mr. Durand's ch. c. Morgan Ratler, by Mr. Teazle, 3 yrs old — 2 1 1
 Mr. Ladbroke's ch. c. Alchymist, 3 yrs old — 1 2 2

Handicap Plate of 50l.—2-mile heats.

Mr. Hyde's Skyrocket, by Skyscraper, 5 yrs old, 9st. 7lb. — 4 0 1 1
 Sir G. Thomas's Metrannee, aged, 9st. 7lb. 1 0 2 dr
 Mr. David's b. c. Carlisle, 3 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. — 2 dr
 Mr. Prior's bl. c. by Trumpator, 2 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. — 3 dr

On Friday, the 22d, the Ladies' Plate of 60gs, for four, five, and six yr olds, and aged horses, King's-plate-weights;—2-mile heats.

Mr.

Mr. Byndloss's Giles, by
Trumpator, 4 yrs old 2 1 1.

Mr. Ladbroke's Marianne,
4 yrs old — 1 2 2

Mr. Byndloss's Garnerin, by
Restless, beat Sir G. Thomas's
Leader, 8st. each;—two miles,
50gs, h. ft.

Gen. Lennox's Shark, 13st. 4lb.
recd from Mr. Dupré's Glow-worm,
14st. 4lb.—two miles, 50gs.

that the winner was to be sold for
200gs, if demanded, &c.

Mr. Durand's ch. c. Morgan
Ratler, by Mr. Teazle, 4
yrs old — — 1 1

Mr. Sutton's br. g. Star, 6 yrs
old. — — 2 2

Mr. David's b. c. Carlisle, by
Stride, 4 yrs old — 3 3

Mr. Forth's ch. h. Brighton, 6
yrs old — — 4 dr

GUILDFORD.

ON Tuesday, May 31st, His
Majesty's Plate of 100gs, for
four yr olds, 10st. 4lb. five yr olds,
11st. 6lb. six yr olds, 12st. and aged,
12st. 2lb.—1-mile heats.

Mr. Durand's br. c. Maid-
tone, by Beningbrough, 4
yrs old — 1 1

Mr. David's b. c. Carlisle, 4
yrs old — 2 2

On Wednesday, June 1st, the
Town Plate of 50l. for three yr
olds, 7st. 4lb. and four yr olds, 8st.
7lb. Fillies and geldings allowed
2lb. The winner of a Plate or
Sweepstakes, 3lb. extra.—2-mile
heats, with the condition that the
winner was to be sold for 100gs,
if demanded, &c.

Ld Stawell's b. f. by Waxy,
out of Active, 3 yrs old 1 0 1

Mr. Hyde's b. c. Venture,
yrs old — 3 0 2

Mr. Lowe's b. f. Rosetta
3 yrs old — 2 3 3

On Thursday, the 2d, the Mem-
bers Plate of 50l. for four yr olds,
7st. 7lb. five yr olds, 8st. 7lb. six
yr olds, 9st. 1lb. and aged, 9st. 5lb.
The winner of a Plate or Sweep-
stakes, 3lb. extra; of two, 5lb.
Mares and geldings allowed 2lb.
—1-mile heats, with this condition,

MANCHESTER.

ON Wednesday, June 1st, a
Sweepstakes of 20gs each,
three yr olds, a feather; four yr
olds, 7st. 8lb. five yr olds, 8st. 7lb.
six yr olds, 9st. and aged, 9st. 3lb.
Mares allowed 3lb.—four miles.
(5 Subscribers.)

Sir W. W. Wynn's b. c. Ashton,
by Beningbrough, 4 yrs old 1

Mr. Brooke's ch. f. Tiney, by
Trimmer, dam by Bagot, 3
yrs old — — 2

Mr. Smith's br. h. Citizen, 6 yrs
old — — 3

Fifty Pounds for three yr old
colts, 6st. 10lb. fillies, 6st. 8lb.
and four yr old colts, 8st. 3lb.
fillies, 8st. A winner of one 50l.
in the present year, 3lb. extra, and
of two or more, 5lb. extra;—2-
mile heats.

Ld Grosvenor's ch. c. Nor-
thampton, by John Bull, 4
yrs old — — 1 1

Mr. Harris's b. c. Ormskirk,
4 yrs old — — 2 2

Mr. Dent's b. f. Selima, 3 yrs
old — — 3 3

On Thursday, the 2d, a Maiden
Plate of 50l. four yr olds, 7st. 12lb.
five yr olds, 8st. 5lb. six yr olds,
9st. 10lb. and aged, 9st. 1lb.
Mares and geldings to be allowed
2lb.

2lb.—The best of three 4-mile heats.

Mr. Trafford's b. g. Supervisor, by Spadille, 6 yrs old	1 1
Mr. Brooke's gr. c. Smoker, 4 yrs old	3 2
Mr. Harris's b. c. Young Damper, 4 yrs old	2 3

On Friday, the 3d, a Hunters Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for horses, &c. that never started for Plate, Match, or Sweepstakes, or had been put in training before the time of naming, 9st. each.—four miles. (6 Subscribers.)

Mr. Smith's ch. h. by Citizen, out of a Marske mare	1
Mr. Dyott's b. g. by Fortunio, out of Young Flora, 5 yrs old	2
Mr. Rushton's br. m. aged	3
Mr. Astley's General, by Warwick	4

Fifty Pounds for all ages; three yr olds, 6st. 3lb. four yr olds, 7st. 11lb. five yr olds, 8st. 4lb. six yr olds, 8st. 10lb. and aged, 9st. 11lb. A winner of one 50l. in the present year, carrying 3lb. extra, of two, 5lb. extra. Mares and geldings allowed 2lb.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Smith's b. h. Citizen, by Citizen, 6 yrs old	4 1 1
Mr. Harris's b. c. Ormskirk, 4 yrs old	1 2 dr
Mr. Dyott's b. m. Eliza, 5 yrs old	2 dr
Mr. Dent's b. f. Selima, 3 yrs old	3 dis
Mr. Brooke's ch. f. Tiney, 3 yrs old	dis

MALTON.

ON Wednesday, June 1st, a Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for all ages; three yr olds, 6st.

10lb. four yr olds, 8st. five yr olds, 8st. 7lb. six yr olds, 8st. 12lb. and aged, 9st.—two miles. (4 Subscribers.)

Ld Fitzwilliam's br. c. Sparrowhawk, by Buzzard, 4 yrs old	1
Mr. Hutchinson's ch. g. by Abba Thulle, out of Expectation, 6 yrs old	2

A Maiden Plate of 50l. for three yr olds, 6st. 7lb. four yr olds, 7st. 8lb. five yr olds, 8st. 11lb. six yr olds and aged, 8st. 5lb. Mares allowed 2lb.—2-mile heats.

Sir R. Winn's ch. c. Tankersley, by Overton, 4 yrs old	2 1 0 1
Mr. Garforth's b. c. by Traveller, 4 yrs old	1 4 0 2
Mr. Simpson's b. c. Rudston, 3 yrs old	3 3 3
Mr. Hutchinson's f. by Benningbrough, 3 yrs old	5 2 dr
Mr. Wentworth's Joseph, 4 yrs old	6 5 dr
Mr. Walker's c. by Screveton, 3 yrs old	7 6 dr
Mr. Hodgson's c. Fun, 3 yrs old	4 dr

In the account sent us of these races, it appears that Mr. Simpson's colt started for the fourth heat, came in first, and walked over for a fifth. That he was not entitled to start, after the dead heat, will, we presume, be evident on perusal of the following rule, viz. "In running of heats, if it cannot be decided which is first, the heat goes for nothing, and they may all start again, except it be in the last heat; and then it must be between the two horses, that if either had won, the race would have been over, but if between two, that the race might not have been determined, then it is no heat, and the others may all start again."

The above we conceive to have been the law on this point, for more than half a century.

On Thursday, the 2d, a Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for three yr old fillies,

RACING CALENDAR.

19

fillies; carrying 8st.—a mile and three quarters,

Mr. C. Bowman's b. f. Susan, by Overton, out of Drowsy 1
Mr. Ackers's br. f. by John Bull, bought of Mr. Hilton — 2
Mr. L. Saville's br. f. sister to Moss Rose — pd

On Friday, the 3d, a Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for three yr old colts, 8st. 2lb. fillies, 8st. The winner of the Three yr old Stakes at York, carrying 3lb. extra.—two miles.

Ld Darlington's br. c. Doncaster, by Sir Peter, walked over.

Ld Fitzwilliam's br. f. Louisa, by Ormond, and Mr. J. Welburn's br. c. by Abba Thulle, out of Comet's dam, pd.

Fifty Pounds for any horse, &c. that never won a Prize of 100l. three yr olds, 6st. 3lb. four yr olds, 7st 8lb. five yr olds, 8st. 7lb. six yr olds, 8st. 13lb. and aged, 9st. 2lb. A winner, since the 1st of March. last, 3lb. extra. Mares allowed 3lb.—3-mile heats.

Mr. Ackers's f. Handmaid, by John Bull, 3 yrs old — 1 1
Mr. Garforth's c. by Traveller, 4 yrs old — 2 2
Mr. Hutchinson's ch. g. 6 yrs old — 3 ds

BEVERLEY.

ON Tuesday, June 7th, a Sweepstakes of 20gs each, with 20gs added by the Town, for three yr old colts, 8st. and fillies, 7st. 12lb.—a mile and half. (5 Subscribers)

Mr. Lee's b. c. Strap, by Beningbrough, walked over.

Mr. Wharton's br. c. by Abba Thulle; and Mr. Burton's b. c. by Beningbrough, pd.

The Members Plate of 50l. for three and four yr olds;—2-mile heats.

Mr. Bowman's Susan, by Overton, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. 1 1
Mr. Lee's Strap, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2 2

On Wednesday, the 8th, 50l. for maiden horses; three yr olds, 6st. 8lb. four yr olds, 7st. five yr olds, 8st. six yr olds, 8st 10lb. and aged, 9st.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Barlow's b. h. by Jupiter, 5 yrs old — 1 1
Mr. Robinson's c. by Beningbrough, 3 yrs old — 2 2
Mr. Thompson's Chatsworth, 6 yrs old — 3 3
Mr. Hodgson's b. f. Frolick, 4 yrs old — dis

On Thursday, the 9th, the Town Plate of 50l. for three yr olds, a feather; four yr olds, 7st. five yr olds, 8st. six yr olds, 8st. 10lb. and aged, 9st. The winner of one Plate this year, carrying 3lb. extra, of two, 5lb. extra; 4-mile heats.

Mr. Croft's b. c. Liquorice, by Traveller, 4 yrs old 1 1
Mr. Thompson's Chatsworth, 6 yrs old — 3 2
Mr. Robinson's b. c. 3 yrs old 2 ds

The Welter Stakes of 10gs each, 13st.—twice round the Course; Gentlemen riders. (6 Subscribers.)

Col. Acklom's ch. h. by Dragon, out of Jessica, 6 yrs old, was the only one named; but in the account sent us, it is omitted to be mentioned whether he walked over or not.

TENBURY.

TENBURY.

ON Wednesday, June 8th, a Maiden Plate of 50l. for all ages—not run for.

Mr. Fryer's b. f. 3 yrs old, and Mr. Graham's b. c. Earl of Chester, were entered, but the latter fell lame.

On Thursday, the 9th, 50l. for all ages;—4-mile heats.

Mr. Glover's ch. c. Blemish, by King Fergus, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. — 1 1
Mr. Adams's b. g. Grinder, 6 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. — 2 2

The Cock Mains between Worcestershire, (Potter feeder) and Herefordshire, (Scull, feeder) were both won by the former.

CARLISLE.

ON Wednesday, June 8th, the King's Plate of 100gs, for four yr olds, 7st. 7lb. and five yr olds, 8st. 8lb.—4-mile heats.

Ld Belhaven's b. c. by Beningbrough, out of Miss Tomboy, 4 yrs old — 1 1

Mr. Walton's b. f. Farewell, 4 yrs old — 2 dr

Mr. Stephenson's b. m. Cottillion, 5 yrs old — 3 dr

Mr. Hassell's b. m. beat Mr. Bonner's ch. h. 12st. each;—two miles, 50gs.

On Thursday, the 9th, 50l. for all ages;—4-mile heats.

Mr. Walton's b. f. Farewell, by Pipator, out of Farewell, by Slope, 4 yrs old 1 1

Mr. Stephenson's Cottillion, 5 yrs old — 2 2

Mr. Robinson's b. h. Earby, 5 yrs old, — 3 dr

On Friday, the 10th, the 50l. for three and four yr olds;—2-mile heats.

Ld Belhaven's b. f. by Beningbrough, dam by Highflyer, 3 yrs old — 1 1
Mr. Stephenson's b. f. Cantata, 3 yrs old — 2 2

ASCOT-HEATH.

ON Tuesday, June 14th, the King's Plate of 100gs for horses that had regularly hunted with His Majesty's Stag-hounds; four yr olds, 11st 2lb. five yr olds, 11st. 9lb. six yr olds, 11st. 12lb. and aged, 12st. Mares allowed 4lb.—4 mile heats.

Mr. Batson's b. m. Novice, by Pegasus, aged — 1 1

Mr. Prince's b. g. Heart of Oak, aged — 2 2

Mr. Sadler's b. h. Sir Bertram, 5 yrs old — 3 ds

5 to 2 on Sir Bertram.

The second and last year of a Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 25gs added from the Fund, for three yr old colts, 8st. 7lb. and fillies, 8st. 2lb.—the New Mile. (11 Subscribers.)

Mr. Coventry's ch. f. Laura, by Pegasus — 1

Sir C. Bunbury's b. f. Pamela, 2

Mr. Abbey's b. g. Little John, by Calomel, out of Seedling 3
2 to 1 and 5 to 2 on Laura.

The second and last year of a Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 25gs added, for all ages;—two miles and a half. The winner to be sold for 300gs, if demanded, &c. (11 Subscribers.)

Mr. Durand's ch. c. Morgan Ratler, by Mr. Teazle, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. — 1

Mr.

Mr. Ladbroke's ch. m. Georgian, 6 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. — 2
2 to 1 on Morgan Ratler.

On Wednesday, June the 15th, 50l. for four yr olds, 7st. 5lb. five yr olds, 8st. 3lb. six yr olds, 8st. 9lb. and aged, 8st. 12lb.—3-mile heats. Mares allowed 3lb. The winner of one Plate in the year 1803, 4lb. of two or more, 7lb. extra.

Mr. Durand's Morgan Ratler,
by Mr. Teazle, 4 yrs old 1 1
Mr. Sutton's gr. g. Mars, 4 yrs
old — — 3 2
Mr. Ladbroke's Mary Ann, 5
yrs old — — 2 dr

Thursday the 16th, 50l. for horses belonging to Huntsmen, Yeomen-Prickers, and Keepers of Windsor Forest and Great Park, carrying 12st.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Sharp's b. g. Stag-
hunter — — 2 1 1
Mr. Nottage's ch. m. Tatip 1 2 2
Mr. Godden's ch. m. Hap-
hazard — — 3 3 dr

Fifty Pounds for all ages; heats about two miles, 124 rods each: four yr olds, 7st. 10lb. five yr olds, 8st. 6lb. six yr olds, 8st. 11lb. and aged, 9st. The winner to be sold for 150gs, if demanded, &c. Mares allowed 3lb.

Mr. Marsden's Jack-a-lantern,
5 years old — — 1 1
Mr. Hyde's brother to Re-
peator, 4 yrs — — 2 2

On Friday the 17th, 50l. for three yr old colts, 8st. 2lb. and fillies, 7st. 11lb. the New Mile heats. The winner of a Plate in 1803, carrying 4lb. and of the Derby, Oaks, or Ascot Stakes, 6lb. extra.

Mr. Coventry's ch. f. Laura; Mr. Abbey's b. g. Little John; and Sir C. Bunbury's Pamela; were entered—the two former were
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drawn, and the latter walked over, but the Plate is with-held.

Fifty Pounds for horses, &c. that had not won a Plate, Match, or Sweepstakes, of 50l. value, in the year 1803; four yr olds, 7st. 6lb. five yr olds, 8st. 4lb. six yr olds, 8st. 10lb. and aged, 8st. 13lb.—heats, two miles and half each. Mares allowed 4lb. The winner of this Plate to be sold for 300gs, if demanded, &c.

Mr. Ladbroke's Mary-Ann,
by Musti, 5 yrs old — 1 1
Mr. Prince's Heart of Oak,
aged — — 2 2

On Saturday the 18th, a Handicap Plate of 50l.—heats, about two miles, 124 rods each.

Mr. Hyde's Burbridge, late
Skyrocket, by Skyscraper, 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. 1 4 1
Mr. Ladbroke's Mary-Ann,
5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. — 2 1 2
Mr. Marsden's Jack-a-Lan-
tern, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 4 2 dr
Mr. Emden's b. g. by E-
scape, 6 yrs old, 8st.
10lb. — — 3 3 dr

NEWTON.

ON Wednesday, June 15th, a Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for three old colts, 8st. 3lb. and fillies, 8st.—two miles. (5 Subscribers.)

Sir W. Gerard's b. c. by Star,
dam by Pontac — 1
Mr. Bettison's b. c. by Old Tat 2

Fifty Pounds given by Thomas Brooke, Esq. for three and four yr olds;—2-mile heats.

Mr. T. L. Brooke's b. c.
Bay Moston, by Soldier,
4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. — 2 1 1
d d d

Ld Grosvenor's ch. c. Northampton, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. — — 1 2 dr

On Thursday the 16th, a Maiden Plate of 50l.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Smith's ch. h. Manchester, by Citizen, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. — — 1 1

Mr. Harris's b. c. Young Dampier, 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. — 2 2

On Friday, no race for the 50l.

During the week, a Main of Cocks was fought between the Earl of Derby and Richard Crosse, Esq. for 10gs a battle, and 200 the main, which was won by the latter, one a-head.—Goodall and Lister, feeders.

	Ld Derby.		Mr. Crosse.	
	M. B.		M. B.	
Tuesday	3	1—2	3	
Wednesday	2	3—4	0	
Thursday	5	1—7	1	
Friday	4	1—2	2	
	14	6	15	6

BRIDGENORTH.

ON Wednesday the 15th of June, 50l. given by Mr. Whitmore, and on Thursday the 16th, 50l. given by Mr. Hawkins Browne, for want of race horses, were run for by hacks.

On Friday the 17th, the Ladies Plate of 60l. for three and four yr olds.—2-mile heats.

Sir S. Glynn's ch. c. Captain Absolute, by John Bull, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. — 1 1
Mr. Glover's ch. c. Blemished Boy, 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. 3 2
Mr. Ralph's br. c. Prime Minister, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. 2 3

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

ON Monday the 20th of June, a Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for three yr old colts, 8st. and fillies, 7st. 10lb.—two miles. (7 Subscribers.)

Mr. Wm. Walker's b. c. by Screveton, out of Sandhopper 1
Ld Strathmore's b. c. by Pipator, out of Queep Mab — 2
Sir H. Williamson's b. c. Transit 3
3 to 1 on the Pipator colt,

Same day, Mr. Storey's b. c. Neeho, by Javelin, out of Lethe, walked over for a Match agst Mr. Fletcher's b. c. Strathspey, 8st. each, two miles, 100gs.

On Tuesday the 21st, the King's Plate of 100gs, for five yr olds, 10st.—3-mile heats, was walked over for by Mr. Cholmondeley's b. h. Cheshire Cheese, by Sir Peter,

On Wednesday the 22d, the Members Plate of 50l. for three yr olds, 7st. 4lb. and four yr olds, 8st. 4lb.—2-mile heats. A winner of a Plate or Sweepstakes since the first of March, carrying 3lb. of two, 5lb. extra. Mares allowed 3lb.

Mr. Wm. Walker's b. c. by Screveton, out of Sandhopper, 3 yrs old — 1 1
Sir H. Williamson's gr. c. Starling, 3 yrs old — 4 2
Mr. Mellish's b. c. Little Joey, by Coriander, 3 yrs old 2 3
Mr. Walton's b. c. by Stride, dam by Abba Thulle, 3 yrs old — 3 4
2 to 1 on the winner.

On Thursday the 23d, the Free-men and Innkeepers Plate of 50l. for horses that never won that sum in Plate or Sweepstakes; three yr olds, 6st. 10lb. four yr olds, 8st. five

five yr olds and upwards, 8st. 7lb. —3-mile heats.—Mares allowed 3lb.

Sir H. Williamson's b c. Transit, by Benningbrough, 3 yrs old — 1

Lieut. Col. Dundas's ch. c. by Stride, dam by Pontac, 3 yrs old — 2 dr
4 to 1 on Transit.

The Gold Cup, value 100gs, the surplus in specie, a Subscription of 10gs each, for horses of all ages; three yr olds, 5st. 12lb. four yr olds, 7st. 10lb. five yr olds, 8st. 6lb. six yr olds and aged, 8st. 11lb. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb. —4-miles. (14 Subscribers.)

Ld Strathmore's b. c. by Pipator, 3 yrs old — 1

Mr. Baker's b. c. Adam, by Constitution, 3 yrs old — 2

Mr. Mellish's b. c. Stockton, 4 yrs old — 3

Mr. Storey's b. c. Neeho, 4 yrs old — 4

Even betting, and 5 to 4 on winner.

On Friday the 24th, the Gentlemen's Plate of 50l. for all ages, 4-mile heats, was not run for, Mr. Mellish's b. c. Stockton, 4 yrs old, being the only horse entered.

Same day, the Ladies' Plate of 50l. for all ages,—2-mile heats.

Mr. Mellish's b. c. Stockton, by Gabriel, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. — 2 1 1

Sir Hedworth Williamson's gr. c. Starling, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. — 3 2 2

Mr. Boulton's b. h. Lethe, 6 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. — 1 3 dr
6 to 4 on Stockton, and 2 to 1 agst Starling.

A Main of Cocks, consisting of 30 battles, was fought during the week, between the Gentlemen of

Northumberland (Small, feeder) and those of Durham (Sunley, feeder) which was won by the latter, 20 to 10;—the byes (18) were equal.

BIBURY MEETING.

ON Tuesday, June 21st, the Craven Stakes, a sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 20gs added by the Club, for three yr olds, 10st. four yr olds, 11st. five yr olds, 11st. 6lb. six yr olds, and aged, 11st. 12lb. The New Mile. The winner to be sold for 250gs, if demanded, &c. (4 Subscribers.)

Ld Sackville's Pacificator, by Trumpator, 5 yrs old — 1
Col. Kingscote's Fop, brother to Magic, 5 yrs old — 2

The Sherborne Stakes of 50gs each, 30 ft. four miles, 21 Subscribers, 15 of whom having declared ft. by 10 o'clock on Monday evening, June 13th, paid only 10gs each.

Ld Graves's Whirligig, by Whiskey, 5 yrs old, 10st. 11lb. — 1

Mr. Kellermann's Pyrrhus, 5 yrs old, 11st. — 2

Mr. Bradshaw's Voter, aged, 11st. — 3

Mr. Fuller's Clodhopper, aged 10st. 5lb. — 4

Gen. Grosvenor's Quick, 6 yrs old, 10st. 3lb. — 5

H. R. H. the P. of Wales's Rebel, aged, 12st. 2lb. — 6

Rebel the favourite, 3 to 1 and 7 to 2 agst Whirligig.

The Welter Stakes, a Subscription of 20gs each, for horses, &c. bona fide, the property of the Subscriber, that never started, paid or received forfeit, before the day of naming, carrying 13st. each;—3-mile heats. (23 Subscribers.)

d 2

Mr.

Mr. Craven's br. g. Fine Ear, by Fortunio, dam by Atlas, aged — 4 1 1
 Mr. L. Savile's b. h. Rosebush, 6 yrs old — 1 2 2
 Mr. Fuller's b. h. Pelican, by Woodpecker, 6 yrs old — 5 3 3
 Mr. Herbert's b. g. Phantom, by Spectre, aged 2 4 4
 Mr. Cholmondeley's b. h. by Alexander, dam by Sweetbriar, 5 yrs old. — 3 dr
 2 to 1 on Rosebush; after the second heat the same; after the third heat; 3 to 1 on Fine Ear.

On Wednesday, the 22d, a Sweepstakes of 25gs each, 15 ft.—four miles. (10 Subscribers.)

Ld Sackville's b. h. Dick Andrews, by Joe Andrews, 6 yrs old, 11st. 10lb. walked over
 Sir W. W. Wynn's b. c. Ashton, 4 yrs old, 10st. 5lb. read. 50gs to withdraw

M. Miles's Florist, by Escape, 9st. 3lb. beat Mr. Bradshaw's Voter, 10st. 5lb. Red Post, in, 25gs

Sweepstakes of 5gs each, for horses, &c. that never won more than 100gs, except at Bibury;—three miles. (20 Subscribers.)

Mr. Byndloss's b. h. Giles, by Trumpator, 5 yrs old, 11st. 5lb. — — — 1

Ld Sackville's ch. c. by Pot80's, out of Young Camilla, 4 yrs old, 10st. 2lb. — — — 2
 Sir W. W. Wynn's b. c. Ashton, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. — 3
 Even betting on Ashton agst the field.

Handicap Plate of 50l.—2-mile heats.

Mr. Kellermann's b. h. Fusileer, by Volunteer, 5 yrs old, 11st. 3lb. — 0 1 1
 Mr. Worrall's b. h. Florist, 5 yrs old, 11st. 2lb. — 0 2 2

Mr. Byndloss's gr. h. Hackneyman, 6 yrs old, 11st. 13lb. — — — 4 3 3
 Major Pigot's b. g. Wallflower, 5 yrs old, 10st. 13lb. — — — 3 4 4
 Hackneyman the favourite.

On Thursday, the 23d, Fifty Pounds for horses, &c. that never won more than 50gs at one time, except at Bibury, 12st.—2-mile heats.

Mr. Kellermann's b. h. Pyrrhus, by Alexander, 5 yrs old — — — 2 1 1

Ld Sackville's br. h. Pacificator, 5 yrs old — 1 2 2
 15 to 8 on Pacificator, and after the first heat, 6 and 7 to 1, he won; after the second heat, 6 to 1 on Pyrrhus.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 10gs each;—2-miles. (6 Subscribers.)

Ld Sackville's Whirligig, by Whiskey, 5 yrs old, 10st. 10lb. 1
 Mr. Elton's Yam, 5 yrs old, 10st. 3lb. — — — 2
 Mr. Cholmondeley's b. h. by Alexander, 5 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. — — — 3
 Whirligig the favourite.

Handicap Plate of 50l.—heats, 2-miles and a distance.

Mr. Craven's b. g. Fine Ear, Fortunio, aged, 10st. 12lb. — — — 4 1 1
 Mr. Miles's Peggy Rose, 5 yrs old, 11st. 2lb. — 5 3 2
 Mr. Pigot's ch. g. Hugo, 4 yrs old, 9st. 7lb. — 2 4 3
 Gen. Grosvenor's Quick, 6 yrs old, 11st. 4lb. (broke down) — — — 1 2 dr
 Mr. Herbert's b. g. Phantom, aged, 10st. 7lb. — 3 5 dr

On Friday, the 24th, the Barrington Stakes of 25gs each, 10gs forfeit, for all ages;—2-miles. Three

Three yr olds to carry 9st. 7lb. four yr olds, 10st. 10lb. five yr olds, 11st. 4lb. six yr olds, and aged, 11st. 9lb. The winner to be sold for 150gs, if demanded, &c. (4 Subscribers.)

Ld Sackville's Pacificator, by Trumpator, 5 yrs old, walked over.

Col. Kingscote's Tango, by Buzard, 4 yrs old, 10st. beat Mr. Douglas's ch. g. Apollo, by Apollo, dam by Boston, 6 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. from the Red Post, in, 25gs.

Mr. Miles's Florist, by Escape, 10st. 3lb. beat Col. Kingscote's Pop (who ran out) 10st. the Old Mile, 25gs.—2 and 3. to 1 on Florist.

Ld Sackville's ch. c. by Pot8o's, 10st. beat Sir W. W. Wynn's Ashton, 9st. 13lb. two miles, 100gs.—2 to 1 on the winner.

Handicap Plate of 50l.—heats, the New Mile.

H. R. H. the P. of Wales's Rebel, by Trumpator, aged, 11st. 10lb.	—	—	1 1
Mr. Kellermann's Fusileer, 5 yrs old, 11st. 2lb.	—	—	7 2
Mr. Miles's Florist, 5 yrs old, 10st. 12lb.	—	—	4 3
Mr. Bradshaw's Voter, aged, 10st. 11lb.	—	—	6 4
Mr. Cholmondeley's b. h. by Alexander, 5 yrs old, 9st. 10lb.	—	—	5 5
Mr. Elton's Yam, 5 yrs old, 11st. 2lb.	—	—	2 6
Major Pigot's Wall-flower, 5 yrs old, 10st. 2lb.	—	—	8 7
Col. Kingscote's Pop, 5 yrs old, 10st. 9lb.	—	—	3 dr
Mr. Douglas's Apollo, 6 yrs old, 9st. 13lb.	—	—	9 dr

5 to 4 agst Rebel; and after the heat, 5 to 2 he won.

LUDLOW.

ON Thursday, June 23d, a Maiden Plate of 50l.—heats, twice round.

Mr. Clifton's ch. c. Lismahago, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.	1	1
Mr. Fryer's b. f. 3 yrs old, 5st. 11lb.	—	2 dr

Sweepstakes of 15gs each, for three yr old colts, 8st. 3lb. and fillies, 8st. (the owner of the second horse receiving back his Stake—two miles. (6 Subscribers.)

Mr. Bettison's b. c. by Sir Peter, dam by Alfred	—	1
Mr. J. Lord's ch. c. by King Fergus, out of Xenia	—	2
Mr. T. Carr's b. f. by Volunteer, dam by Highflyer	—	3
Sir W. W. Wynn's br. f. by John Bull, dam by Sir Peter	—	4

On Friday the 24th, a Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 20l. added by the Town;—four miles. (5 Subscribers.)

Mr. Marsh's bl. h. Pilgrim, by Restless, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.	1
Mr. Smith's gr. h. Dapple, aged, 9st. 2lb.	2
Mr. Richardson's br. f. by Marske, dam by Revenge, 4 yrs old	3

Fifty Pounds, for all ages;—4-mile heats.

Mr. Clifton's Lismahago, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.	3	1	1
Mr. Smith's Dapple, aged, 9st. 1lb.	—	1	2
Mr. Lord's ch. c. Blemish'd Boy, 3 yrs old, 6st. 3lb.	2	dr	

LAMBOURN.

ON Wednesday, June 29th, Sweepstakes of 5gs each, for hunters, carrying 12st.—2-mile heats. (15 Subscribers.)

Mr.

Mr. Dundas's b. g. Namesake 1
 Mr. G. Bowes's b. h. Conrad 2
 Mr. Lucas's b. m. by Country-
 man, 6 yrs old — 3

The Earl of Craven's Plate of 50l.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Jones's br. h. Orange-flower, by Trumpator, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. — — 1 1

Major Snell's b. h. St. Vincent, 6 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. 2 2

Mr. Byndloss's b. h. Giles, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. — 3 dr

On Thursday, the 30th, a Sweepstakes of 10gs each;—four miles.—(7 Subscribers.)

Mr. Jones's Orange-flower, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. — 1

Col. Kingscote's Fop, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. — — 2

A Maiden Plate of 50l. for three yr olds, 6st. 4lb. four yr olds, 7st. 7lb. five yr olds, 8st. 7lb. six yr olds, 9st. and aged, 9st. 4lb.—2-mile heats.

Mr. Coventry's ch. c. Sir John, by Stride, 4 yrs old 1 1

Col. Kingscote's b. h. Fop, 5 yrs old — — 3 2

Mr. Frogley's b. h. by Spadille, 5 yrs old — — 2 3

Mr. Price's b. g. 4 yrs old 4 dr

Mr. Waldron's b. g. Sportsman, aged — — 5 dr

Mr. Dundas's Namesake, recd ft. from Mr. Bowes's Pic Nic, 12st. each, two miles, 50gs h. ft.

NEWCASTLE, STAFFORDSHIRE.

ON Wednesday, June 29th, a Maiden Plate of 50l. for three yr olds, 6st. 4lb. four yr olds, 7st. 2lb. five yr olds, 8st. six yr olds, 8st. 6lb. and aged, 8st. 10lb. Mares allowed 2lb. 4-mile heats.

Capt. Graham's br. c. Earl of Chester, by Ben-
 ingbrough, 4 yrs old 2 2 1 1

Mr. S. Howard's br. c. by Soldier, 3 yrs old 3 1 2 dr

Mr. M. Willington's b. m. 6 yrs old — — 1 dis

On Thursday, the 30th, the Members' Purse of 50l.—4-mile heats.

Ld Grey's ch. h. Edgar, by Trumpator, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. — — 1 1

Mr. Smith's br. h. Citizen, 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. — — 4 2

Mr. Brooke's b. c. Bay Moston, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. — — 3 3

Mr. Boist's b. g. King Edward, aged, 8st. 12lb. — 2 dr

IPSWICH.

ON Tuesday, July 5th, His Majesty's Plate of 100gs, for three yr olds, 7st. 11lb. and four yr olds, 9st. 5lb. Fillies allowed 3lb.—2-mile heats.

Ld Clermont's b. c. Rumbo, 3 yrs old — — 1 1

Sir C. Bunbury's br. c. Orlando, 4 yrs old — — 2 2
 2 to 1 on Orlando,

On Wednesday, the 6th, no race for want of horses.

Mr. Golding's Lampedo being the only one entered, recd. 20gs, and entrance-money returned.

On Thursday, the 7th, the Town Purse of 50l.—2-mile heats.

Sir C. Bunbury's b. m. Eleanor, by Whiskey, 5 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. — — 1 1

Mr. Williams's b. h. Peacemaker, 6 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. 3 dr

STAMFORD.

STAMFORD.

ON Tuesday, July 5th, a Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for 3 yr olds, once round and a distance. (8 Subscribers.)

Ld Grosvenor's b. c. Baron Bull, by John Bull, out of Isabella, 8st. 2lb.	—	—	1
Ld Fitzwilliams's br. f. Louisa, 8st.	—	—	2
Mr. Watson's gr. f. by Bening- brough, 8st.	—	—	3

The Town Plate of 50l. for all ages;—heats, twice round, with this condition, that the winner was to be sold for 150gs, if demanded, &c.

Mr. Wardell's b. h. Meteor, by Meteor, aged, 9st. 10lb.	—	—	3	1	1
Mr. Saile's br. h. Pacifica- tor, 5 yrs old, 9st. 7lb.	—	—	1	2	2
Mr. Watson's gr. f. 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.	—	—	—	—	2 dr

On Wednesday, the 6th. the Gold Cup, value 100gs, a Subscription of 10gs each, for all ages;—four miles. (10 Subscribers.)

Mr. Watson's b. h. Lignum Vitæ, by Walnut, 6 yrs old, 9st.	—	—	—	1
Ld Grosvenor's b. h. 'Squire Teazle, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. broke down)	—	—	—	2
5 to 4 on Lignum Vitæ.				

A Maiden Plate of 50l. for three yr old colts, 8st. 2lb. and fillies, 8st.—heats, once round.

Mr. Phillips's ch f. Purity, by John Bull, out of the dam of Dick Andrews	—	—	1	1
Mr. Sitwell's b. c. by Moor- cock, out of Gilliflower	—	—	3	2
Ld Sondes's b. c. Gift, by Buz- zard	—	—	—	4 3

Ld Grosvenor's br. f. by Sir
Peter, out of Nimble — 2 4
Even betting on the Nimble filly
agst the field.

On Thursday, the 7th, the Mar-
quis of Exeter's Plate of 50l. for
four yr olds, 7st. 2lb. five yr olds,
8st. 3lb. six yr olds, 8st. 11lb. and
aged, 9st. The winner of one
Plate this year, carrying 3lb. of two,
5lb. extra.—heats, thrice round.

Mr. Watson's ch. h. Trom- bone, by Trumpator, 5 yrs old	—	—	1	1
Mr. Edwards's b. c. brother to Vivaldi, 4 yrs old	—	—	2	2
Mr. Sitwell's br. h. Fieldfare, 5 yrs old (bolted)	—	—	—	dis

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for
all ages, twice round. (8 Sub-
scribers.)

Mr. Watson's b. h. Lignum Vitæ,
walked over,

GLAMORGANSHIRE.

CARDIFF-HEATH.

ON Wednesday, July 6th, a
Maid Plate of 50l. for three
yr olds, 7st. four yr olds, 8st. 6lb.
five yr olds, 9st. six yr olds, 9st.
4lb. and aged, 9st. 7lb. Mares and
geldings allowed 3lb.—2-mile
heats.

Mr. Philipps's b. h. Rolla, by Overton, 6 yrs old	—	—	1	1
Mr. Jones's b. c. by Joy, 3 yrs old	—	—	2	2 1
Col. Colby's b. m. by Falcon, 6 yrs	—	—	5	3 2
Sir R. Bloss's b. f. 3 yrs old	—	—	4	4
Mr. Jenner's b. c. by Buz- zard, 3 yrs old	—	—	3	5 3

(To be continued.)

STOCKBRIDGE.

STOCKBRIDGE.

ON Wednesday, July 6th, a Sweepstakes of 20gs each;—two miles. (6 Subscribers.)

Mr. Scrope's b. h. Dotterelli, by Buzzard, 5 yrs old, 9st. 10lb. 1
Mr. Jones's Orange-flower, 5 yrs old, 9st. 10lb. — 2
Mr. Kellermann's Fusileer, 5 yrs old, 9st. 10lb. — 3
5 to 4 on Orange-flower.

A Maiden Plate of 50l. for three yr olds, 6st. four yr olds, 8st. five yr olds, 8st. 12lb. six yr olds, 9st. 5lb. and aged, 9st. 7lb. Mares and geldings allowed 2lb.—4-mile heats.

Col. Kingscote's b. h. Pop, by Volunteer, 5 yrs old 4 1 1
Mr. Smallbone's ch. f. Enchantress, 3 yrs old — 5 2 2
Mr. Frogley's b. h. Tom Shuffleton, 5 yrs old 1 3 dr
Mr. Braithwaite's b. c. Venture, 3 yrs old — 2 4 dr

Mr. Stackpoole's b. f. Sweetheart, by Volunteer, beat Mr. Greville's b. c. 3 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. each, two miles, 200gs.

On Thursday, the 7th, Hunters Sweepstakes of 10gs each;—three miles. (6 Subscribers.)

Mr. Scrope's g. Pantomime, by Overton, dam by Delpini, 4 yrs old, 10st. 1lb. — 1
Mr. Pigot's ch. g. Hugo, 4 yrs old, 10st. 1lb. — 0
Mr. Graeme's Fair Charlotte, 4 yrs old, 10st. 1lb. — 0
Mr. Abbey's b. c. Hercules, 4 yrs old, 10st. 4lb. — 4

Fifty Pounds for three and four yrs olds;—2-mile heats.

Mr. Sutton's gr. g. Mars, by Precipitate, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. — 1 3 1
Mr. Braithwaite's b. c. bro-

ther to Repeater, 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. — 2 1 3
Mr. Abbey's b. g. Little John, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. 4 4 2
Mr. Pigot's ch. g. Hugo, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. — 3 2 dr

NEWMARKET,

JULY-MEETING.

ON Monday, July 11th, Lord Stawell's b. f. by Waxy, out of Active, 8st. beat Mr. Lowe's b. f. Rosetta, 7st. 11lb. across the Flat, 50gs.

6 to 5 on Rosetta.

The second and last year of the July Stakes, a Subscription of 50gs each, 30gs ft. for two yr olds; colts carrying 8st. 2lb. and fillies, 8st.—Two yr old Course. (9 Subscribers.)

Ld Stawell's b. f. by Buzzard, out of Thrush's dam — 1
Ld Clermont's b. c. by Buzzard, out of Gipsy — 2
Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Buzzard, dam by Highflyer, out of Elm's dam — 3

Gen. Grosvenor's ch. c. by John Bull, out of Dido; D. of Grafton's ch. f. by Pot80's, out of Sea Fowl; Mr. Ladbroke's ch. c. by Volunteer, out of a Dugannon mare; and Mr. Pantons b. f. Allegetta, by Trumpator, out of Young Camilla; also started, but the judge could place only the first three.

5 to 2 agst Ld Clermont's c. 3 to 1 agst Ld Stawell's f. and 7 to 2 agst Mr. Wilson's c.

The Town Plate of 50l. for three yr old colts, carrying 8st. 4lb. fillies, 8st.—last mile and a distance of B. C.

N. B.

N. B. The late Mr. Perram, by his will, directed his executors to pay 20gs to the winner of this Plate.

D. of Grafton's b. f. Parasol,
by Pot80's, out of Prunella 1
Ld Clermont's b. c. Rumbo 2
Ld Grosvenor's br. c. by John
Bull, out of Olivia — 3
Mr. Rd. Boyce's b. c. The Doc-
tor, by Pegasus, out of Plais-
tor's dam — 4
6 to 4 agst Parasol, and 7 to 4 agst
Rumbo.

On Tuesday, the 12th, 50l. for
three yr olds, carrying 6st. 9lb.
four yr olds, 8st. five yr olds, 8st.
8lb. six yr olds, 8st. 12lb. and aged,
9st. D. I.

Ld Clermont's b. c. Rumbo, by
Whiskey, 3 yrs old — 1
D. of Grafton's b. m. Penelope,
5 yrs old — 2
Ld F. G. Osborne's b. c. Gulli-
ver, 4 yrs old — 3
Ld Grosvenor's br. F. by Sir
Peter, out of Nimble, 3 yrs
old — 4
5 to 4 on Penelope, 5 to 2 agst
Rumbo, and 4 to 1 agst Gulliver.

Mr. Wilson's b. h. Surprise, by
Buzzard, 6 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. beat
Mr. Howorth's ch. h. Malta, 5 yrs
old, 7st. 7lb. Ab. mile, 50gs.
2 to 1 on Surprise.

On Wednesday, the 13th, Sweep-
stakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for two
yr old colts, carrying 8st. 3lb. fil-
lies, 8st. Two yr old course. (7
Subscribers.)

Mr. Ladbroke's c. Volontiers,
by Volunteer, out of a Dun-
gannon mare — 1
Sir C. Bunbury's ch. f. sister to
Orlando — 2
Mr. Lake's ch. f. by Volunteer,
out of Euphrosyne — 3
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Gen. Grosvenor's f. Two Shoes,
by Asparagus, out of a sister
to Mother Bunch — 4
5 to 4 agst Volontiers, and two to 1
agst Sir C. Bunbury's filly.

Sweepstakes of 15 gs each, Two
yr old Course.

Ld Grosvenor's br. c. Cesario,
by John Bull, out of Olivia, 3
yrs old, 6st. 10lb. — 1
Mr. Wilson's b. h. Surprise, 6
yrs old, 8st. 10lb. — 2
Ld. Clermont's ch. c. Piscator,
4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. — 3
6 to 5 on Surprise..

WINCHESTER.

ON Tuesday, July 12th, H. R.
H. the P. of Wales's Grey
Arabian, beat Mr. Dillon's White
Arabian, 6st. each, four miles,
100gs.

His Majesty's Plate of 100gs, for
four yr olds, 10st. 4lb. five yr olds,
11st. 6lb. six yr olds 12st. and aged,
12st. 2lb.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Byndloss's b. h. Giles,
by Trumpator, 5 yrs old 2 1 1
Mr. Scrope's b. h. Dotterell,
5 yrs old — 1 2 2
Mr. Durand's ch. c. Morgan
Ratler, 4 yrs old — 3 3 dr
H. R. H. the P. of Wales's
b. c. Carlisle, 4 yrs old 4 dr

Mr. Scrope's b. g. Pantomime,
by Overton, 4 yrs old, 8st. agst
Mr. Staepoole's b. f. Sweetheart,
3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. two miles,
100gs.—Pantomime walked over.

On Wednesday, the 13th, 50l.
for five yr olds, 8st. 4lb. six yr
olds, 9st. and aged, 9st. 6lb.—
4-mile heats.

Mr. Jones's Orange-flower, 5
yrs old — 1 1
Major

Major Snell's St. Vincent, 6
yrs old — — 2 2

Fifty Pounds for three and four
yr olds;—2-mile heats.

Mr. Scrope's Pantomime, 4
yrs old, 8st. 11lb. — 1 1

Mr. Durand's Morgan Ratler,
4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. — 2 2

On Thursday, the 14th, a Maiden
Plate of 50l. for three yr olds, 6st.
four yr olds, 7st. 12lb. five yr olds,
8st. 7lb. six yr olds, 8st. 13lb. and
aged, 9st. 2lb.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Branthwayte's b. c. bro-
ther to Repeater, 4 yrs
old — — 2 1 1

Mr. Durand's b. f. by Pre-
cipitate, 4 yrs old — 1 2 2

Mr. Abbey's b. c. Little
John, 3 yrs old — 3 3 3

Hunters Plate of 50l.

Mr. Jolliff's b. c. by Tom Tit, 4
yrs old, walked over.

GLAMORGANSHIRE.

(Concluded.)

ON Thursday, July 7th, a free
Plate of 50l.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Philipps's b. h. Rolla,
by Overton, 6 yrs old,
9st. 7lb. — — 1 1

Col. Kingscote's ch. c.
Tango, 4 yrs old, 8st.
6lb. — — 2 2 0 0

Mr. Jenner's gr. g. High-
lander, 6 yrs old, 9st.
11lb. — — 3 3 0 0

After two dead heats, Col. Kings-
cote and Mr. Jenner divided the
entrance-money.

Mr. Wrixon's ch. c. Jack of the
Green, by Buzzard, out of Gar-

land, 3 yrs old, 7st. beat Mr.
Jones's b. f. Elfrida, by Rocking-
ham, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. one mile,
200gs.

CARMARTHEN.

ON Monday, July 11th, 50l.
for three yr olds, 6st. 8lb.
and four yr olds, 7st. 10lb. A
winner of one Plate this year, 4lb.
of two, 7lb. extra.—2-mile heats.

Mr. Wrixon's ch. c. Jack of
the Green, by Buzzard, 3
yrs old — — 1 1

Mr. J. Philipps's b. c. Whis-
key, 4 yrs old — 3 2

Col. Kingscote's ch. c. Tango,
4 yrs old — — 2 3

On Tuesday, the 12th, 50l. for
horses bred by Subscribers, inha-
bitants of the Principality; three
yr olds, 6st. 8lb. four yr olds, 7st.
10lb. five yr olds, 8st. 4lb. extra
weights as above;—2-mile heats.

Mr. J. Philipps's b. c. by
Whiskey, 4 yrs old — 1 1

Mr. Jones's b. c. by Joy, 3 yrs
old — — 2 2

Col. Colby's b. m. 5 yrs old 3 3

On Wednesday, the 13th, 50l.
for three yr olds, 6st. four yr olds,
7st. 7lb. five yr olds, 8st. 4lb. six
yr olds, 8st. 12lb. and aged, 9st.
extra weights as above;—4-mile
heats.

Mr. Jenner's gr. g.
Highlander, by Rat-
ler, 6 yrs old — 5 1 2 0 1

Mr. Edwards's br. g.
Shum Sheer Jung,
aged — — 4 2 1 0 2

Mr. M. Philipps's Rol-
la, six yrs old — 1 3 dis

Mr. C. Day's ch. m.
Gazer, 6 yrs old 2 dr

PRESTON.

PRESTON.

ON Tuesday, July 12th, a Sweepstakes of 20gs each, with 30gs added by the Committee, for three yr old colts, 8st. 3lb. and fillies, 7st. 12lb.—two miles. (7 Subscribers.)

Mr. G. Hutton's ch. c. by Del-
pini, out of Charmer — 1
Ld Darlington's b. c. by Bening-
brough, out of Abigail — 2

A Maiden Plate of 50l.—3-mile heats.

Sir W. Gerard's bl. g. Col-
lier, by Comet, 6 yrs old,
8st. 8lb. — — 1 1
Mr. Dyott's b. g. 5 yrs old,
8st. 5lb. — — 2 2

On Wednesday, the 13th, 50l. given by the Earl of Derby, for three yr old colts, 8st. 3lb. and fillies, 8st. A winner carrying 3lb. extra.—2-mile heats.

Mr. Hutton's ch. c. by Del-
pini — — 1 1
Mr. Harris's b. c. Laudanum 2 2

Hunters Sweepstakes of 10gs each, 12st.—2-mile heats. (6 Subscribers.)

Sir W. W. Wynn's b. h. by
Alexander, 5 yrs old — 1 1
Mr. Lomax's br. m. Tear De-
vil, aged — — 3 2
Mr. Dyott's b. g. by Fortu-
nio, 5 yrs old — 2 3

On Thursday, the 14th, the Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 30gs added, for all ages;—four miles. (6 Subscribers.)

Mr. C. Cholmondeley's Cheshire Cheese, by Sir Peter, walked over.

The Members' Purse of 50l. for three yr olds, 6st. 3lb. four yr olds, 7st. 9lb. five yr olds, 8st. 5lb. six yr olds, and aged, 8st. 10lb. A

winner of one Plate this year, carrying 3lb. of two or more, 5lb. extra. Mares and geldings allowed 2lb.—4-mile heats.

Mr. C. Cholmondeley's Che-
shire Cheese, 5 yrs old — 1 1
Mr. Harris's b. c. Ormskirk,
4 yrs old — — 2 2

During the week, a Main of Cocks was fought between the Earl of Derby (Goodill, feeder) and Richard Crosse, Esq. (Lister, feeder) for 10gs a battle, and 200 the main, which was won by his Lordship, as follows:

	Lister.	Goodill.
	M. B.	M. B.
Monday Morn.	0 1—7	1
Even.	4 0—3	2
Tuesday	3 0—4	2
Wednesday	2 0—5	2
Thursday	5 1—2	1
	14 2	21 8

NANTWICH.

ON Tuesday, July 19th, a Sweepstakes of 5gs each, with 40l. added;—2-mile heats. (3 Subscribers.)

Ld Grosvenor's b. c. Tulip-
son, by John Bull, 3 yrs old,
7st. — — 1 1
Mr. Hales's br. c. Prime Mi-
nister, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 2 dr

On Wednesday, the 20th, a Sweepstakes of 15gs each, for three yr old colts, 8st. 3lb. and fillies, 8st.—two miles. (5 Subscribers.)

Ld Grosvenor's b. c. Tulipson 1
Sir W. W. Wynn's br. f. by
John Bull — — 2
Mr. Carr's b. f. by Volunteer 3

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for all ages;—three miles. (9 Subscribers.)

Mr. C. Cholmondeley's b. h. Cheshire Cheese, by Sir Peter, 3 yrs old, walked over.

On Thursday, the 21st, 50l. for all ages;—4-mile heats.

Mr. Glover's ch. c. Blemished Boy, by King Fergus, 3 yrs old, a feather — 1 1

Sir W. W. Wynn's gr. g. Knutsford, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. — — — 4 2

Mr. Smith's br. h. Citizen, 6 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. — 6 3

Mr. Harris's b. c. Ormskirk, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. — 2 4

Sir W. Gerard's bl. g. Collier, 6 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. 5 5

Mr. Jodrell's b. g. Supervisor, 6 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. 3 dr

CHELMSFORD.

ON Tuesday, July 19th, Her Majesty's Plate of 100gs, for fillies; three yr olds, 7st. 7lb. four yr olds, 9st.—2-mile heats.

Ld Stawell's b. f. Elizabeth, by Waxy, 3 yrs old — 1 1

Mr. Coventry's ch. f. Laura, 3 yrs old (ran out) — 2 dis
4 to 1 on Laura.

On Wednesday, the 20th, the Steward's Plate of 50l.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Hyde's b. h. Burbridge, by Skyscraper, 6 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. — 2 1 1

Mr. Howorth's ch. h. Malta, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (fell) — — 1 dis
6 to 4 on Malta.

On Thursday, the 21st, a Maiden Plate of 50l. for three yr olds, 7st. and four yr olds, 8st. 5lb. Fillies and geldings allowed 3lb.—2-mile heats.

Mr. Galwey's bl. c. Flageolet, by Trumpator, 4 yrs old 1 1

Mr. Moreland's ch. c. by Pegasus, 3 yrs old — 3 2

Mr. Newman's b. c. Bob Handy, 3 yrs old — 2 3

Mr. Hyde's b. c. by Dunganon, 4 yrs old — — 4 4

Bob Handy the favourite, who ran another heat for the entrance money, and won it, beating the Pegasus colt.

OXFORD.

ON Monday, July 25th, the Gold Cup, value 100gs, the remainder in specie, a Subscription of 10gs each; for four yr olds, 7st. 7lb. five yr olds, 8st. 7lb. six yr olds, 9st. and aged, 9st. 11lb.—four miles. (15 Subscribers.)

Sir T. C. Bunbury's b. m. Eleanor, by Whiskey, 5 yrs old — — — 1

Mr. Ladbrooke's br. f. Julia, 4 yrs old — — — 2

Mr. Kellermann's b. h. Pyrrhus, 5 yrs old — — — 3

Mr. Craven's ch. h. Frolick, aged — — — 4
5 to 2 on Eleanor.

The Town Plate of 50l. for four yr olds, 7st. 7lb. five yr olds, 8st. 4lb. six yr olds, 8st. 12lb. and aged, 9st. 2lb. Winner of one Plate in 1802, carrying 3lb. extra, of two, 5lb.—4-mile heats.

Mr. David's b. c. Cartale, by Stride, 4 yrs old 3 1 1

Mr. Jones's br. h. Orange-flower, 5 yrs old — 1 2 dr

Mr. Stratton's br. g. Banquo, aged — — 2 3 dr

Mr. Prince's b. h. Heart of Oak, aged — — 4 dr

Orange-flower the favourite, who fell lame.

On

On Tuesday, the 26th, the Hunters Sweepstakes of 5gs each, rode by gentlemen; five yr olds, carrying 11st. 5lb. six and aged, 11st. 7lb. Mares allowed 3lb. — four miles. (25 Subscribers.)

Mr. Lumley Savile's br. h. Rosebush, by Sir Peter, 6 yrs old	1
Mr. Lockley's g. by Apollo	2
Mr. Herbert's b. g. Phantom, aged — — —	3
Ld Graves's ch. m. Czarina, 5 yrs old — — —	4

Fifty Pounds for three and four yr olds;—2-mile heats.

Mr. Ladbrooke's Julia, by Whiskey, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. — — —	1 1
Mr. Kellermann's ch. f. Mary, 3 yrs old, 6st, 11lb. — —	2 2
Mr. Frogley's gr. c. 3 yrs old, 7st. — — —	3 3

On Wednesday, the 27th, the D. of Marlborough's Plate of 50l. Cup weights;—3-mile heats.

Sir C. Bunbury's b. m. Eleanor, 5 yrs old — —	1 1
Mr. Sutton's Garnerin, 4 yrs old — — —	2 2
Mr. Day's ch. m. Gazer, 6 yrs old — — —	3 dr

High odds on Eleanor.

Mr. Stratton's Banquo, by Fortunio, 10st. 2lb. beat Mr. Harrison's Cayenne, 9st. two miles. 50gs.

LAMBERTON.

On Tuesday, July 5th, 50l. for three yr olds.

Ld Belhaven's b. f. by Benningbrough — — —	1 1
Sir H. Williamson's gr. c. Starling — — —	2 2
Mr. Hodgson's br. c. Sir Andrew — — —	3 3

The Hunters Sweepstakes of 10gs each (5 Subscribers) was walked over for, by Ld Home's ch. g. by Dragon.

On Wednesday, the 6th, 50l. for all ages.

Sir H. Williamson's bl. c. Midnight, walked over.

On Thursday, the 7th, 50l. for all ages.

Sir H. Williamson's bl. c. Midnight, by Whiskey, 4 yrs old — — —	1 1
Mr. Baillie's br. f. by Tickle Toby — — —	2 2

The Tickle Toby Stakes of 10gs each (4 Subscribers) was won by Mr. J. Hodgson's b. c. beating Mr. Baillie's br. f. dam by Florinel.

KNUTSFORD.

On Tuesday, July 26th, Maiden Plate of 50l.—3-mile heats.

Mr. Atkinson's b. m. Nancy, by Trumpator, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. — — —	1 1
Mr. Harris's b. c. Young Dampier, by Symmetry, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. — —	3 2
Mr. Lindop's b. m. 6 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. — — —	2 4
Mr. Richardson's br. f. by his Marske, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. — —	4 3

On Wednesday, the 27th, a Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for all ages;—three miles. (11 Subscribers.)

Sir W. Gerard's b. c. Ashton, by Benningbrough, 4 yrs old, 8st. — — —	1
Ld Stamford's ch. h. Edgar, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. — —	2
Mr. Smith's gr. h. Dapple, aged, 8st. 12lb. — — —	3

A Sub-

A Subscription of 5gs each, with 40gs added; for three yr olds;—2-mile heats. The owner of the second horse received his Stake back.

Ld Grosvenor's b. c. Tulipson, by John Bull, 8st. 7lb. — — 1 3 1

Mr. Ackers's b. f. Handmaid, 3 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 2 1 2

Mr. Glover's ch. c. Blemished Boy, 8st. 7lb. — — 3 2 3

Mr. Howard's b. c. by Nobleman, out of Daffodil, 8st. 2lb. (fell) — dis

Mr. Simson's bl. g. Mutton Chop, carrying a feather, beat Mr. C. Sedgwick's b. g. Lamb's Fry, 10st. ten miles, 100gs.

On Thursday, the 28th, a Handicap Stakes of 10gs each, with 20gs added by the Stewards;—one mile. (6 Subscribers.)

Sir W. W. Wynn's Ashton, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. walked over.

Ld Grosvenor's b. c. Tulipson, 3 yrs old, 7st. — — pd

Mr. Cholmondeley's br. h. Cheshire Cheese, 5 yrs old, 10st. pd

Sixty Pounds for all ages;—4-mile heats.

Sir W. W. Wynn's b. c. Ashton, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. — — 1 2 1

Mr. Smith's gr. h. Dapple, aged, 8st. 12lb. — — 4 1 2

Mr. Glover's b. g. Cockspinner, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. — — 2 3 dr

Mr. Walton's b. f. Farewell, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. 3 dr

HUNTINGDON.

ON Tuesday, August 2d, 50l. for three, four, and five yr olds;—2-mile heats.

Sir C. Bunbury's b. m. Eleanor, by Whiskey, 5 yrs old, 9st. 6lb. — — 1 1

Mr. Sitwell's b. h. Fieldfare, 5 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. — — 2 2

Mr. Bones's br. c. Bob Handy, 3 yrs old, 7st. — — 3 dr

Mr. Golding's gr. f. by Pot-8o's, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. 4 dr

Mr. Wilson's b. c. 3 yrs old, 7st. — — — dis

On Wednesday, the 3d, 50l. for four yr olds and upwards;—2-mile heats.

Sir C. Bunbury's Eleanor, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. — — 1 1

Mr. Sitwell's b. c. Pipulin, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. — — 2 dr

On Thursday, the 4th, 50l. for four yr olds and upwards;—4-mile heats. The winner to be sold for 150gs, if demanded, &c.

Mr. Phillip's b. h. Meteor, by Meteor, aged, 8st. 8lb. 1 1

Mr. Golding's b. m. Lampido, 5 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. 2 dr

Mr. Swift's b. g. Brass, by Brass, 4 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. 3 dr

TAUNTON.

ON Tuesday, August 2d, a Maiden Plate of 50l.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Pain's ch. f. Enchantress, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. 2 1 1

Mr. Harris's gr. g. Belcher, aged, 9st. 4lb. — — 1 2 2

Mr. Hyde's b. m. Kitty Tick, aged, 9st. 4lb. — — 3 dr

Mr. Curtis's b. h. Wine-bibber, 8st. beat Sir H. Lippincott's b. g. Brigadier, 9st. four miles, 200gs.

On Wednesday, the 3d, 50l. for three yr olds, 7st. four yr olds, 7st. 12lb. five yr olds, 8st. 7lb. six yr olds,

olds, 9st. and aged, 9st. 3lb.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Pain's Enchantress, 3 yrs old — — — 1 1

Mr. Harris's Belcher, aged 3 2

Mr. Curtis's Wine-bibber, 6 yrs old — — — 2 3

Mr. Band's ch. g. Nightshade, aged — — — 4 4

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, rode by gentlemen, 12st.—4-mile heats. (7 Subscribers.)

Col. Andrews's br. h. Run-away, by Escape — — — 1 1

Sir H. Lippincott's Brigadier 2 dr

WORCESTER.

ON Tuesday, August 2d, a Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for three yr olds, 6st. four yr olds, 7st. 4lb. five yr olds, 8st. 2lb six yr olds, 8st. 10lb. and aged, 9st. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—one-mile heats. (10 Subscribers.)

Mr. Coventry's ch. c. Sir John, by Stride, 4 yrs old 1 1

Mr. A. Craven's ch. h. Frolick, aged — — — 2 2

Mr. Adams's b. g. Clifton, 6 yrs old — — — 4 3

Mr. C. Day's ch. m. Tulip, 5 yrs old — — — 3 4

Mr. Knudson's gr. g. Arabian, 5 yrs old — — — 5 dr

Mr. Dyott's b. m. Eliza, 5 yrs old — — — dis

Mr. Berrow's b. f. by Sir Peter, 3 yrs old — — — pd

Mr. Jones's br. h. Orange-flower, 5 yrs old — — — pd

The City Members' Plate of 50l. for horses that had not won or received ft. before the first of May; —4-mile heats.

Mr. Coventry's ch. c. Lisma-

hago, by Acacia, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. — — — 1 1

Capt. Graham's b. c. by Benningbrough, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. — — — 2 2

On Wednesday, the 3d, a Sweepstakes of 10gs each, weights as for the other Sweepstakes; —2-mile heats. (9 Subscribers.)

Major Snell's b. h. St. Vincent, by Fortunio, 6 yrs old — — — 1 3 1

Mr. Coventry's Sir John, 4 yrs old — — — 2 1 3

Mr. Marsh's bl. h. Pilgrim, 6 yrs old — — — 3 2 2

The County Members' Purses of this and last year, amounting together to 100l. for regular hunters bred in Worcestershire. King's Plate weights. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Squire's b. h. by Flying Gib, 5 yrs old — — — 4 1 1

Mr. Harrison's b. m. Ophira, 6 yrs old — — — 2 2 dr

Col. Newport's gr. g. Bona Fide, 6 yrs old — — — 1 dis

Mr. Walker's b. g. Revenge, aged — — — 3 dis

Mr. Coventry's Jenny Spinner, by Dragon, 6 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. beat Mr. Knudson's gr. g. Arabian, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. two miles, 100gs.

On Thursday, the 4th, Mr. Coventry's Jenny Spinner, beat Mr. Knudson's gr. g. Arabian, 8st. each, one mile, 100gs.

A Subscription Plate of 50l.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Snell's St. Vincent, 6 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. — — — 2 1 1

Mr. Coventry's Jenny Spinner, 6 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. 1 2 3

Mr. Coventry's Lismahago, 4 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. — — — 3 3 2

Fifty Pounds, given by the Hon. T. W.

T. W. Coventry, for three and four yr olds;—2-mile heats, was walked over for, by

Mr. Coventry's ch. c. Lismahago, by **Acacia**.

SWANSEA.

ON Wednesday, August 3d, a Maiden Plate of 50l.—4-mile heats.

Col. Kingscote's ch. c. Tango, by **Buzzard**, 4 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. — 1 1

Sir R. Bloss's b. f. Brandy Nan, 3 yrs old, 5st. 7lb. — 2 2

Mr. Jones's b. m. Botheranda, 5 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. — 3 3

On Thursday, the 4th, 50l. for horses, &c. of all ages, bred by Subscribers, being Inhabitants of the Principality;—4-mile heats.

Executor of the late Mr. J. Philipps, b. c. **Whiskey**, 7st. 7lb. — 3 1 1

Sir R. Bloss's b. f. Brandy Nan, 3 yrs old, 5st. 7lb. — 1 2 2

Mr. Sadler's b. c. by Young Javelin, 3-yrs old, 8st. 10lb. — 2 dis

On Friday, the 5th, a free Plate of 50l.—4-mile heats.

Col. Kingscote's Tango, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. — 2 1 1

Mr. Jenner's gr. g. Highlander, 6 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. — 1 3 3

Mr. Edwards's b. g. King Edward, aged, 8st. 11lb. — 3 2 2

Mr. Mansel Philipps's bt. h. Rolla, 6 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. — 4 dis

BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

ON Friday, August 5th, the second and last year of the renewal of a Sweepstakes of 100gs

each, for three yr old colts, 8st. 4lb. and fillies, 8st.—the last mile. The winner to be sold for 150gs, if demanded, &c. (10 Subscribers.)

Ld Stawell's b. f. Elizabeth, by **Waxy** — — — 1

H. R. H. the P. of Wales's gr. f. by Precipitate — — — 2

Mr. Harris's br. c. brother to Lurcher — — — 3

Ld Egremont's b. f. Lazy, by **Driver**, out of **Tag** — — — 4

Mr. Durand's b. f. by Guildford, out of **America** — — — 5

Mr. Rd. Boyce's b. c. The Doctor, by **Pegasus** — — — 6

Mr. Pantom's b. f. Mandane, by **Pot8o's** — — — 7

6 to 4 agst **Elizabeth**, and 2 to 1 agst the gr. f.

The first year of the **Pavilion Stakes**, of 100gs each, h. ft. for three yr old colts, 8st. 3lb. and fillies, 8st.—the last mile. (26 Subscribers.)

H. R. H. the P. of Wales's b. c. by John Bull, out of **Trumpetta** — — — 1

Col. Kingscote's ch. c. by Y. Woodpecker — — — 2

D. of Grafton's b. c. brother to Chuckle — — — 3

Mr. Lockley's b. c. Herschill — — — 4

Sir C. Bunbury's b. c. brother to Orlando — — — 5

Ld Grosvenor's b. c. Jack-of-all Trades, by **John Bull**, out of **Maid of all Work** — — — 6

Capt. Marston's b. c. brother to Viret — — — 7

7 to 4 and 2 to 1 agst the winner, 5 to 2 agst the brother to **Orlando**, and 3 to 1 agst the brother to **Chuckle**.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 50gs each, 30 ft. for three yr olds;—**New Course**. (5 Subscribers.)

D. of Grafton's b. c. Pic Nic, by **Mr. Teazle**, 8st. 2lb. — 1
Mr.

Mr. Howard's ch. c. Creeper,
7st. 11lb. — — 2
Mr. Graeme's Fair Charlotte,
7st. 7lb. — — 3
7 to 4 on Creeper.

Sweepstakes of 50gs each, 30 ft.
for two yr old colts, 8st. 8lb. and
fillies, 8st. 3lb.—Two yr old Course.
(21 Subscribers.)

Mr. Ladbroke's br. c. Bustard,
by Buzzard, out of Gipsy 1
Mr. Warrington's ch. c. by
Guildford, out of Miss Slam-
merkin — — 2
Ld Egremont's b. f. by Precipi-
tate, out of a sister to Colibri 3

H. R. H. the P. of Wales's f. by
Skyscraper, out of Grey Gaw-
key; Ld Grosvenor's br. c. Ba-
gabelle, by Sir Peter, out of
Trifle; Ld Egremont's b. f. by
Driver, out of Nightshade; and
Mr. Harris's ch. f. sister to Al-
legianti; also started, but were
not placed.

Even betting and 6 to 5 on Bus-
tard, 5 to 2 and 3 to 1 agst the
Guildford colt, and 5 to 1 agst
Mr. Harris's filly.

Fifty Pounds for four yr olds,
8st. five yr olds, 8st. 10lb. six yr
olds, 9st. 2lb. and aged, 9st. 5lb.
—heats, the New Course; the
winner to be sold for 150gs, if de-
manded, &c.

Mr. Forth's ch. h. Brighton,
by Volunteer, 6 yrs old 4 1 1
Mr. Howard's Creeper, 4
yrs old — — 1 2 2
Mr. Badley's b. h. Paulo, 5
yrs old — — 2 dr
Mr. Galwey's bl. c. Flageo-
let, 4 yrs old — 3 dr
2 to 1 agst Creeper, and 3 to 1 agst
Flageolet; after the first heat,
even betting on Brighton.

On Saturday, the 6th, the Ma-
caroni Stakes of 20gs each, rode by
Gentlemen. (8 Subscribers.)

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Major Rd. Pigot's ch. g. Gary
Gwen, by Huby, 5 yrs old,
11st. 8lb (owner) — 1
Mr. Douglas's ch. g. Apollo, 6
yrs old, 11st. 4lb. (Mr.
Hawkes) — 2
Mr. Fuller's b. h. Clodhopper,
aged, 11st. 7lb. (Mr. Lin-
dow) — 3
Even betting on Clodhopper.

The second and last year of a
renewal of the Petworth Stakes of
10gs each, for four yr olds, 7st.
7lb. five yr olds, 8st. 7lb. six yr
olds, 9st. and aged, 9st. 3lb. Mares
allowed 2lb.—four miles. The
winner to be sold for 250gs, if
demanded, &c. (13 Subscribers.)

H. R. H. the P. of Wales's b.
g. Rebel, by Trumpator,
aged — — 1
Mr. Durand's ch. c. Morgan
Ratier, 4 yrs old — 2
Mr. Byndloss's gr. h. Hackney-
man, 6 yrs old — 3
Even betting and 6 to 5 the field
agst Rebel.

Fifty Pounds for three, four, and
five yr olds; — heats, the New
Course.

Ld Egremont's ch. f. Trini-
dada, by Y. Woodpecker,
4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. — 1 1
Ld Sackville's ch. c. by Po-
tso's, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. 2 2
Even betting; and after the heat,
5 to 2 on Trinidad.

Mr. Knight's b. f. beat, at two
heats, Mr. Mead's ch. g. 7st. each,
2-mile heats, 200gs.

On Monday, the 8th, Mr. Lad-
broke's Marianne, by Mufti, 8st.
7lb. beat the D. of Grafton's Pic
Nic, 8st. last three quarters of a
mile, 100gs, h. ft.—Even betting.

Handicap Plate of 50l.—heats
New Course.

f

Mr.

Mr. Ladbroke's ch. m. Marianne, by Mufti, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. — — 1 1
 Ld F. G. Osborn's b. c. Gulliver, 4 yrs old, 8st. — — 2 2
 Mr. Durand's b. h. Busbridge, 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. 3 3
 Even betting on Gulliver, and after the heat, 6 to 5 on Marianne.

Ld Stawell's Ringtail, by Buzzard, recd. R. from Ld Egremont's Lampedosa, 7st. 11lb. each, last half mile, 100gs, h. ft.

On Tuesday, the 9th, Mr. Panton's Mandane, by Pot80's, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. beat Ld Egremont's ch. f. Lampedosa, 2 yrs old, 8st. the last half mile, 50gs.

7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Mandane.

Ld Egremont's ch. f. Trinidad, by Y. Woodpecker, out of Platina, 4 yrs old, 10st. beat Mr. Panton's Mandane, 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb. the last three quarters of a mile, 50gs. Even betting, and 11 to 10 on Mandane.

MONTROSE.

ON Wednesday, August 3d, 50l. weight for age.

Mr. Kincaid's ch. h. Obi, by Pot80's, 6 yrs old — — 1 1
 Sir H. Williamson's bl. c. Midnight, 4 yrs old — — 2 2
 5 to 4 on Midnight.

On Thursday, the 4th, 50l. weight for age.

Ld Cassillis's ch. c. Chancellor, by Trimmer, 4 yrs old — — 2 1 1
 Sir H. Williamson's Midnight — — 1 2 2

Mr. Brown's b. f. by Ruler, 4 yrs old — — 3 3 3

On Friday, the 5th, 50l. the gift of the Hon. William Maule; weight for age.

Mr. Kincaid's Obi, by Pot80's — — — 1 1
 Ld Cassillis's Chancellor — — — 2 dr

BOROUGHBRIDGE.

ON Monday, August 8th, a Gold Cup, value 100gs, being a Subscription of 10gs each, with 20gs added from the Race Fund, for three yr olds, 6st. 3lb. four yr olds, 7st. 7lb. five yr olds, 8st. 3lb. six yr olds and aged, 8st. 11lb. The winner of one 50l. in Plate or Sweepstakes this year, carrying 3lb. extra. of two or a 100l. 5lb. extra.—3-mile heats. (8 Subscribers.)

Mr. Wilson's br. c. Dick, by Buzzard, out of Fantail, 3 yrs old — — — 1 1
 Mr. Mellish's b. c. Stockton, 4 yrs old — — — 3 2
 Mr. Croft's b. c. Liquorice, 4 yrs old — — — 2 3

On Tuesday, the 9th, a Maiden Plate of 50l. for three yr old colts, 8st. 2lb. and fillies, 8st.—2-mile heats.

Mr. Hodgson's ch. c. Stretch, by Stride — — — 1 1
 Mr. Hutchinson's ch. f. by Ben- ingbrough — — — 2 2
 Mr. Storry's br. f. Deceitful — — — 3 3

On Wednesday, the 10th, the 50l. Plate for all ages;—3-mile heats—was not run for, for want of horses.

HAVER-

HAVERFORDWEST.

[Mares and geldings allowed 3lb. for all the Plates, and the winner of the Principality Plate allowed to start for the Maiden Plate, if not otherwise disqualified.]

ON Monday, August 8th, 50l. for horses bred in the Principality of Wales; three yr olds, a feather; four yr olds, 7st. 4lb. five yr olds, 8st. 6lb. six yr olds, 9st. and aged, 9st. 3lb.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Jones's br. c. by Joy, out of Superior's dam, 3 yrs old 1 1

Mr. H. Stokes's b. g. Hawk, by Falcon, 6 yrs old — 3 2

Mr. Jones's b. f. by Rockingham, dam by Evergreen, 3 yrs old — 2 dis

Mr. Collinson's gr. m. Little Pickle, by Pickle, aged dis

On Tuesday, the 9th, a Maiden Plate of 50l. for three yr olds, 6st. 4lb. four yr olds, 7st. 7lb. five yr olds, 8st. 7lb. six yr olds, 9st. and aged, 9st. 4lb.—2-mile heats.

Mr. Jones's br. c. by Joy, 3 yrs old — 1 1

Mr. Stokes's b. g. Hawk, 6 yrs old — 3 2

Mr. D. Rees's b. f. 4 yrs old 2 3

Mr. Jones's f. by Rockingham, 3 yrs old (fell) — dis

On Wednesday Morning, the 10th, 50l. for three yr olds, 7st. and four yr olds, 8st. 3lb. The winner of one Plate carrying 3lb. of two, 5lb. and of more, 7lb. extra.—2-mile heats.

Col. Kingscote's ch. c. Tango, by Buzzard, 4 yrs old — 2 1 1

Mr. Wrixon's ch. c. Jack o' the Green, 3 yrs old 1 2 2

Mr. Collin's b. c. Whiskey, 4 yrs old — 3 3 dr

Mr. Philipps's gr. pony, receive-

ing 7lb. beat Mr. Jones's bl. pony, miles. gs.

In the Evening, a free Plate of 50l. for three yr olds, 6st. 4lb. four yr olds, 7st. 9lb. five yr olds, 8st. 4lb. six yr olds, 8st. 11lb. and aged, 8st. 13lb.—4-mile heats.

Col. Kingscotes's Tango, 4 yrs old — 1 1

Mr. Wrixon's Jack o' the Green, 3 yrs old — 2 2

Mr. Jenner's gr. g. Highlander, 6 yrs old — 4 3

Mr. H. Stokes's b. g. Hawk, 6 yrs old — 3 dis

NOTTINGHAM.

ON Tuesday, August 9th, His Majesty's Plate of 100gs, for four yr olds, 10st. 4lb. five yr olds, 11st. 6lb. six yr olds, 12st. and aged, 12st. 2lb.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Smith's gr. h. Dapple, by Citizen, aged — 1 2 1

Mr. Sitwell's br. h. Fieldfare, 5 yrs old — 3 1 2

Hon. Lumley Savile's ch. h. Cinnamon, 6 yrs old 2 3 dr

Hunters Sweepstakes of 10gs each;—four miles. (14 Subscribers.)

Mr. C. Cholmondeley's b. h. Cheshire Cheese, by Sir Peter, 5 yrs old — 1

Mr. W. Hutchinson's b. h. Valiant, aged — 2

On Wednesday, the 10th, 50l. for four yr old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb. The winner of one Plate this year, carrying 3lb. extra. of two, 5lb. and of three or more, 7st.—2-mile heats.

Mr. W. Hutchinson's b. f. Spitfire — 2 1 1

Mr. Sitwell's b. c. Pipylin 1 2 2
The

The County Members Plate of 50l. added to a Sweepstakes of 5gs each, for three yr old colts, 8st. 2lb. and fillies, 8st.—1-mile heats.

Mr. Glover's b. g. Cockspin-
ner, by Moorcock — 1 1
Mr. Sitwell's b. c. by Moor-
cock — — — 2 2

On Thursday, the 11th, a Maiden Plate of 50l. three yr olds, 5st. 10lb. four yr olds, 7st. five yr olds, 8st. six yr olds and aged, 8st. 7lb. —4-mile heats.

Mr. Glover's b. g. Cockspin-
ner, by Moorcock, 3 yrs
old — — — 1 1
Mr. Bayley's br. c. by Sol-
dier, 3 yrs old — — — 2 2
Mr. W. Hutchinson's b. h.
Valiant, aged — — — 3 3

BLANDFORD.

ON Tuesday, August 9th, 50l. for three yr olds, 6st. 12lb. and four yr olds, 8st. Fifties allowed 3lb. A winner of a Plate this year, carrying 3lb. off two, 5lb. extra.—2-mile heats.

Mr. Scrope's b. g. Panto-
mine, by Overton, 4 yrs
old — — — 2 1 1
Mr. Branthwayte's b. c.
Venture, 3 yrs old — 1 dis

Hunters Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for four yr olds, 10st. 9lb. five yr olds, 11st. 9lb. six yr olds, 12st. 2lb. and aged, 12st. 4lb. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb. Gentlemen riders;—2-mile heats. (19 Subscribers.)

Mr. Byndloss's b. h. Giles, by
Trumpator, 5 yrs old — 1 1
Mr. Scrope's b. h. Dotterel,
5 yrs old — — — 2 2
Mr. Drax Grosvenor's br. h.
Admiral Nelson, aged — 3 3

Mr. Pain's ch. m. Sally Rock-
ingham, 5 yrs old — 4 4
Mr. Abbey's b. c. Hercules,
4 yrs old — — — dis

On Wednesday, the 10th, Fifty Pounds for horses, &c. that had not won a Plate of that value since March, 1802; four yr olds, 8st. 2lb. five yr olds, 9st. six yr olds, 9st. 6lb. and aged, 9st. 10lb. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Drax Grosvenor's br. h.
Admiral Nelson, by John
Bull, aged — — — 1 1
Mr. Curtis's b. h. Runaway,
aged — — — 2 2
Mr. Abbey's b. c. Hercules,
4 yrs old — — — 3 3
Mr. Craven's ch. h. Hackney-
man, 5 yrs old — — — dis

The Members Plate of 50l. for all ages;—4-mile heats.

Mr. Scrope's Dotterel, by Buz-
zard, 5 yrs old — — — 1 1
Mr. Branthwayte's Fop, 5 yrs
old (bolted) — — — dis

Hunters Sweepstakes of 5gs each, rode by Gentlemen, 12st.—2-mile heats. (18 Subscribers.)

Mr. Hodges's b. g. Frederick,
by Ruler — — — 1 1
Mr. D. Grosvenor's b. g. by
Anvil, aged — — — 2 2
Mr. Campbell's ch. g. Grog,
aged — — — 3 3

HEREFORD.

ON Wednesday, August 10th, 50l. for all ages;—4-mile heats.

Mr. Coventry's ch. c. Lisma-
hago, by Acacia, 4 yrs old,
8st. — — — 1 1
Major Snell's b. h. St. Vincent,
6 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. (lamed) 2 2
On

On Thursday, the 11th, 50l. for three and four yr olds;—2-mile heats.

Mr. Coventry's Lismahago,
8st. 12lb. — — — 1 1

Mr. Graham's b. c. Earl of
Chester, 4 yrs old, 8st.
10lb. — — — 2 2

On Friday, the 12th, 50l. for all ages;—4-mile heats.

Mr. Coventry's ch. m. Jenny Spinner, by Dragon, 6 yrs old, walked over.

LEWES.

ON Thursday, August 11th, H. R. H. the P. of Wales's gr. f. by Precipitate, beat the D. of Grafton's b. c. brother to Chuckle, 8st. each, three quarters of a mile, 50gs.—

7 to 4 on the filly.

The first year of a Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for three yr old colts, 8st. 3lb. and fillies, 8st.—the last mile and a half. (13 Subscribers.)

H. R. H. the P. of Wales's gr. f. by Precipitate — — — 1

Ld Stawell's b. f. Elizabeth — — — 2

Ld Grosvenor's b. c. Montalto, by John Bull, out of Schedoni's dam — — — 3

D. of Grafton's b. c. brother to Chuckle — — — 4

Mr. White's b. c. Financier, by Rockingham — — — 5

Mr. Warrington's b. c. by a brother to Repeater — — — 6

Mr. Byndloss's b. c. by Pot80's 7

Sir F. Poole's f. by Waxy — 8

Even betting, and 5 to 4 on Elizabeth.

His Majesty's Plate of 100gs for four yr olds, 10st. 4lb. five yr olds, 11st. 6lb. six yr olds, 12st. and aged, 12lb. 2lb.—4-mile heats.

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Mr. Durand's b. c. Maidstone, by Beningbrough, 4 yrs old 1 1

Mr. O'Hara's ch. m. All-granti, 6 yrs old — — 4 2

Ld Sackville's ch. c. by Pot-80's, 4 yrs old — — 3 3

H. R. H. the P. of Wales's Rebel, aged — — 2 4

7 to 4 on the Pot80's colt, and 5 to 1 agst Maidstone.

Mr. Watson's Trombone, by Trumpator, 8st. 3½lb. recd. ft. from Ld Sackville's Whirligig, 7st. 12lb.—the last mile and a half, 200gs, h. ft.

On Friday, the 12th, Ld Egremont's ch. f. Lampedosa, by Precipitate, 8st. 3lb. beat Mr. Panton's Allegretta, 8st.—the last half mile, 50gs.

2 to 1 on Lampedosa.

The County Plate of 50l.—heats, two miles and a half.

Mr. Ladbroke's ch. m. Marianne, by Mufti, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. — — — 1 1

Mr. Forth's Brighton, 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. — — — 2 dr

7 to 4 on Marianne.

The Town Plate of 50l. the winner to be sold for 250gs, if demanded, &c.—heats, two miles and a half.

Mr. Forth's ch. h. Brighton, by Volunteer, 6 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. — — — 0 1 1

Ld Egremont's b. f. Lassy, by Driver, 3 yrs old, 6st. 0 2 dr

2 to 1 on Brighton.

On Saturday, the 13th, the second year of a Subscription of 10gs each, for all ages;—four miles. (6 Subscribers.)

Ld Egremont's ch. f. Trinidada, by Y. Woodpecker, 4 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. — — — 1

H. R. H. the P. of Wales's Rebel, aged, 8st. 11lb. — — 2

3 to 1 on Trinidada.

g

The

The Ladies Plate, value 60gs, for all ages;—four miles.

Ld Stawell's b. f. Elizabeth, by Waxy, 3 yrs old, 5st. 9lb. 1
Ld Egremont's Trinidada, 4 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. — 2
5 to 2 on Trinidada.

Handicap Plate of 50l.—heats, two miles and a half.

Mr. Watson's ch. h. Trombone, by Trumpator, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. — 1 1
Mr. Empson's Hackneyman, 6 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. — 3 2
Ld F. Osborn's b. c. Gulliver, 4 yrs old, 7st. — 2 3
7 to 4 on Trombone.

DERBY.

ON Tuesday, August 16th, a Maiden Plate of 50l. given by His Grace the Duke of Devonshire; three yr olds, 7st. 2lb. four yr olds, 8st. 5lb. five yr olds, 8st. 10lb. six yr olds, 8st. 12lb. and aged, 9st. Mares and geldings allowed 2lb.—2-mile heats.

Mr. Sitwell's br. c. Pipylin, by Sir Peter, 4 yrs old 3 1 1
Mr. Atkinson's b. g. Ling Cropper, 5 yrs old — 1 3 2
Sir W. W. Wynn's br. f. 3 yrs old — 4 2 3
Mr. T. Carr's b. f. Charlotte, by Dungannon, 3 yrs old — 2 dr
Mr. Quincey's ch. h. Pontac, 5 yrs old (bolted) — dis

Hunters Sweepstakes of 5gs each; four yr olds, 10st. 10lb. five yr olds, 11st. 6lb. six yr olds, 11st. 12lb. and aged, 12st.—four miles. (12 Subscribers.)

Mr. Dyott's b. g. by Fortunio, out of Y. Flora, 5 yrs old 1
Mr. L. Savile's Rosebush, 6 yrs old — 2

On Wednesday, the 17th, 50l. for horses that never won a Plate of more than 50gs; three yr olds, 6st. four yr olds, 7st. 7lb. five yr olds, 8st. 3lb. six yr olds, 8st. 9lb. and aged, 9st. The winner of one 50l. this year, carrying 3lb. of two, 5lb. and of three, 7lb. extra.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Phillip's b. h. Meteor, by Meteor, aged — 4 2 1 1
Mr. Sitwell's Pipylin, 4 yrs old — 2 1 3 dis
Mr. Smith's br. h. Citizen, 6 yrs old — 5 3 2
Sir W. W. Wynn's gr. h. Knutsford, 5 yrs old (bolted) — 1 dis
Mr. Hutchinson's b. f. Spitfire, 4 yrs old — 3 dr
Mr. Glover's b. g. Cock-spinner, 3 yrs old (bolted) — dis

SALISBURY.

ON Wednesday, August 17th, a Sweepstakes of 5gs each; —2-mile heats. (21 Subscribers.)

Major R. Pigot's ch. g. Gary Owen, by Huby, 5 yrs old, 13st. 3lb. — 1 1
Mr. Goodlake's ch. g. Giant, 13st. — 2 dr

His Majesty's Plate of 100gs, for four yr olds, 10st. 4lb. five yr olds, 11st. 6lb. six yr olds, 12st. and aged, 12st. 2lb.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Byndloss's b. h. Giles, by Trumpator, 5 yrs old 4 1 1
Mr. Ladbrooke's br. f. Julia, 4 yrs old — 1 3 2
Mr. Scrope's b. h. Dotterel, 5 yrs old — 5 2 dr
Mr. Kellermann's b. h. Pyrrhus, 5 yrs old — 6 4 dr
Mr. Abbey's b. c. Hercules, 4 yrs old — 3 5 dr
Mr.

Mr. Branthwayte's b. h.
Fop, 5 yrs old — 2 dr

On Thursday, the 18th, the City Bowl, free for any horse, &c. carrying 10st.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Williams's b. g. Colonel,
by General — — 1 1

Mr. Wilkinson's ch. h. Razor 2 2

Mr. Radcliffe's gr. h. Gal-
lant — — — 3 dr

Mr. Curtis's Coriander — 4 dr

The City Members Plate of 50l. for four yr olds. 7st. 7lb. five yr olds, 8st. 5lb. six yr olds, 9st. and aged, 9st. 4lb. The winner of one Plate this year, carrying 3lb. of two, 5lb. extra.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Branthwayte's b. h.
Fop, by Volunteer, 5 yrs
old — — — 3 1 1

Mr. Curtis's b. h. Runa-
way, aged — — — 1 3 3

Mr. Kellermann's b. h. Pyr-
rhus, 5 yrs old — 4 2 2

Mr. Scrope's b. g. Panto-
mime, 4 yrs old — 2 dr

On Friday, the 19th, a Maiden Plate of 50l. for three yr olds, a feather; four yr olds, 7st. 4lb. five yr olds, 8st. six yr olds, 8st. 10lb. and aged, 9st. 3lb.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Frogley's b. h. Tom Shuf-
leton, by Spadille, 5 yrs old 1 1

Mr. Ellis's ch. g. Apollo, 6 yrs
old — — — 3 2

Mr. Waldron's b. g. Chance,
aged — — — 2 3

Mr. Brown's b. m. Larey,
aged — — — 4 dr

Mr. Drax Grosvenor's b. g.
Anvil, aged — — — dis

YORK, August Meeting.

ON Saturday, August 20th,
Handicap Sweepstakes of
50gs each, h. ft. for four yr olds;—
last three miles.

Mr. Mellish's. Stockton, by
Gabriel, 8st. 2lb. — 0 1

Sir H. Williamson's Walton,
7st. 12lb. — — 0 2

Sir R. Winn's Tankersley, 7st.
5lb. — — — 3

Ld Darlington's L'Orient, 7st.
9lb. — — — pd

Mr. Peirse's f. by Bening-
brough, 7st. 3lb. — — pd

6 and 7 to 4 on Walton, and after
the dead heat, 5 to 4 on Stock-
ton.

Ld Darlington's Agonistes, by
Sir Peter, 8st. 10lb. beat Ld Fitz-
william's Miracle, 7st. 7lb.—four
miles, 200gs, h. ft.
5 to 2 on Agonistes.

Ld Darlington's Hap-hazard, by
Sir Peter, 8st. 6lb. beat Ld Strath-
more's b. h. by Walnut, out of
Little Scot's dam, 8st.—four miles,
500gs.
2 to 1 on Hap-hazard.

On Monday, August 22d, His
Majesty's Plate of 100gs, for four
yr olds, 10st. 4lb. five yr olds, 11st.
6lb. six yr olds, 12st. and aged,
12st. 2lb.—four miles.

Ld Darlington's br. h. Ago-
nistes, by Sir Peter, 6 yrs old 1
Mr. Surtees's b. c. by Standard,
4 yrs old — — — 2
10 to 1 on Agonistes.

The second year of a Subscrip-
tion of 25gs each, for horses, the pro-
perty of Subscribers three months
before running; four yr olds, 7st.
9lb. five yr olds, 8st. 5lb. six yr
olds and aged, 8st. 10lb. Fillies
allowed 4lb.—four miles. (9 Sub-
scribers.)

Ld Darlington's b. h. Hap-ha-
zard, by Sir Peter, 6 yrs old 1

Sir T. Gascoigne's ch. h. Len-
nox, 5 yrs old — — — 2

Mr. Garforth's b. c. by Travel-
ler, 4 yrs old — — — 3

g 2 D. of

D. of Hamilton's b. c. by Walnut, 4 yrs old — — 4
 Mr. Wentworth's b. f. Primrose, 4 yrs old — — 5
 Sir H. T. Vane's b. h. Bagsman, 5 yrs old — — 6
 7 to 4 on Hap-hazard.

Produce Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for four yr olds;—four miles. (9 Subscribers.)

Sir F. Standish's b. c. Duxbury, by Sir Peter, 8st. 4lb. — 1
 Ld Fitzwilliam's b. c. Orville, 8st. 4lb. — — 2
 Sir T. Gascoigne's ch. f. by Buzzard, 8st. 1lb. — — 3
 5 and 6 to 4 on Orville.

Sweepstakes of 200gs each, h. ft.—four miles. (7 Subscribers.)

Sir T. Gascoigne's ch. c. by Beningbrough, out of Golden Locks, 8st. 4lb. — — 1
 Ld Fitzwilliam's br. c. Sparrow-hawk, 8st. 7lb. — — 2
 4 to 1 on Sparrow-hawk.

On Tuesday, August the 23d, 50l. for all ages;—4-mile heats.

Sir T. Gascoigne's ch. f. by Buzzard, out of Violet, 4 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. — 1 0 1
 Mr. Barlow's b. h. by Jupiter, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 2 0 2
 Mr. Storey's Necko, 4 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. — — 3 dr
 3 to 1 on the filly; after the first heat, 10 to 1 on her; after the dead heat, 6 and 7 to 4 she won.

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for colts, 8st. fillies, 7st. 11lb.—Two yr old Course.

Ld Darlington's ch. c. by St. George, dam by Woodpecker — — 1
 Ld Fitzwilliam's b. f. Maiden, by Sir Peter — — 2
 Mr. W. Lee's Nannette, by Screveton — — 3
 5 to 2 on the winner.

On Wednesday, the 24th, Sweepstakes of 50gs each, 20 ft. for three yr olds, colts, 8st. fillies, 7st. 12lb.—two miles. (12 Subscribers.)

Ld Strathmore's c. by Pipator, out of Queen Mab — — 1
 Ld Darlington's br. c. Doncaster, by Sir Peter — — 2
 Mr. Dawson's b. c. Macmanus, by Coriander — — 3
 Sir T. Gascoigne's b. f. Theophaenia — — 4
 Sir H. T. Vane's b. c. Discussor, by Patriot — — 5
 Mr. W. N. W. Hewett's filly, Miss Eliza Bull — — 6
 2 to 1 on Doncaster, 5 to 1 agst the winner, and high odds agst any of the others.

Fifty Pounds, given by the city of York, to be added to a Subscription Purse, for five yr olds, 8st. 7lb. each.—four miles.

Mr. Brandling's b. h. Alonzo, by Pegasus, out of a sister to Escape — — 1
 Sir H. T. Vane's b. h. Bagsman, by Traveller — — 2
 Sir T. Gascoigne's ch. h. Lennox — — 3
 5 to 4 on Alonzo, and 6 to 4 agst Lennox.

On Thursday, the 25th, Produce Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for three yr olds, colts, 8st. 2lb. fillies, 7st. 11lb.—two miles. (13 Subscribers.)

Duke of Hamilton's ch. c. by Walnut, dam by Bourdeaux 1
 Mr. Peirse's b. c. by K. Fergus, out of Rosamond — — 2
 Mr. Norton's gr. c. Sir Harry Dimsdale, by Sir Peter, out of Contessina — — 3
 Ld Fitzwilliam's b. f. Louisa, by Ormond — — 4
 Even betting on Sir Harry Dimsdale, 4 and 5 to 1 agst the winner.

Fifty

Fifty Pounds, given by the city of York, to be added to a Subscription Purse, for six yr olds, 8st. 10lb. and aged, 9st.—four miles.

Ld Darlington's br. h. Hap-hazard, 6 yrs old — — 1
Mr. Garforth's gr. m. Marcia, ditto — — — 2
Hon. L. Saville's ch. h. Cinnamon, ditto — — — 3
3 to 1 on Hap-hazard, and 4 to 1 agst Marcia.

Mr. Wilkinson's gr. pony, four yrs old, 7st. 9lb. beat Mr. Hodgson's gr. pony, five yrs old, 8st. 1½lb. 50gs.—four miles.

5 and 6 to 4 on the winner.

On Friday, the 26th, Sweepstakes of 50gs each, 20gs ft. for fillies, 8st.—last mile and half. (5 Subscribers.)

Sir J. Lawson's bay, sister to Sophia, by Buzzard — — 1
Sir R. Winn's b. Até, by Sir Peter, out of Duchess — — 2
Mr. L. Savile's br. sister to Moss Rose, by Sir Peter — — 3
5 to 4 on the winner, 6 to 4 agst Até, and 5 to 1 agst the sister to Moss Rose.

Sweepstakes of 30gs each, h. ft. for three yr olds, colts, 8st. 2lb. fillies, 7st. 12lb.—last mile and three quarters. (8 Subscribers.)

Ld Darlington's br. c. Doncaster, by Sir Peter, out of Skelton's dam — — — 1
Ld Strathmore's b. c. by Pipator, out of Queen Mab — — 2
Mr. Walker's b. c. by Screveton, out of Sandhopper — — 3
Mr. Mellish's c. by Ormond, out of Driver's dam — — 4
Mr. W. Lee's b. c. Strap, by Beningbrough — — — 5
4 to 1 agst Doncaster, 2 to 1 agst the Pipator colt, 6 to 1 agst Ormond, and 7 to 4 agst Screveton.

Fifty Pounds, given by the city of York, added to a Subscription Purse, for four yr olds; colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—four miles.

Mr. Mellish's b. c. Stockton, by Gabriel — — — 1
Ld Fitzwilliam's Orville, by Beningbrough — — — 2
Mr. Wentworth's Primrose, by Beningbrough — — — 3
Sir F. Standish's Duxbury, by Sir Peter — — — 4
Mr. Garforth's b. c. by Traveller; D. of Hamilton's c. by Walnut; Sir R. Winn's c. Tankersley, by Overton; and Sir H. T. Vane's ro. c. by Beningbrough; also started, but the judge could only place the first four.

7 to 4 agst Duxbury, 7 to 2 agst Orville, the same agst Stockton, and high odds agst any of the others.

On Saturday, the 27th, Sweepstakes of 30gs each, 10gs ft. for colts, 8st. 2lb. fillies, 7st. 13lb.—last mile and three quarters. (7 Subscribers.)

Mr. Dawson's c. Macmanus, by Coriander, out of Skyepeer — 1
Sir H. Williamson's b. c. Transit — — — 2
D. of Hamilton's b. f. by Walnut, dam by Javelin — — 3
Even betting on Transit, and 7 to 4 agst Macmanus.

York Handicap Sweepstakes of 50gs each, h. ft.—four miles. (5 Subscribers.)

Mr. Brandling's Alonzo, 5 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. — — — 1
Ld Strathmore's h. by Walnut, 6 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. — — 2
5 to 4 on Alonzo.

The Ladies' Plate, for all ages; —four miles.

Mr. Garforth's gr. m. Marcia, by Coriander, out of Faith, 6 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. — — 1

Ld

Ld Darlington's Agonistes, 6
yrs old, 8st. 12lb. — — 2
Mr. Simpson's c. Rudstone, 3
yrs old, 5st. 13lb. — — 3
5 to 2 on Agonistes, and 3 to 1 agst
Marcia.

CANTERBURY.

ON Tuesday, August 23d, the
second and last year of a
Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for three
yr olds, 7st. and four yr olds, 8st.
The winner of a Plate or Sweep-
stakes this year, carrying 3lb. ex-
tra.—two miles. (6 Subscribers.)

Mr. Durand's Maidstone, by
Beningbrough, 4 yrs old — 1
Mr. Watson's b. c. Gift, 3 yrs
old — — — 2

The second and last year of a
Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for all
ages, five yr olds, carrying 8st.
12lb.—two miles. (12 Subscrib-
ers.)

Mr. Watson's ch. h. Trombone,
by Trumpator, 5 yrs old — 1
Mr. Durand's b. h. Teddy the
Grinder, 5 yrs old — 2

The Kentish Hunter Stakes of
5gs each, 12st.—4-mile heats. (11
Subscribers.)

Sir E. Knatchbull's b. h. 6
yrs old — — 1 1
Mr. Hilton's b. m. Pleasant,
by Magpie — — 2 2

On Wednesday, the 24th, His
Majesty's Plate of 100gs, for four
yr olds and upwards;—4-mile
heats.

Mr. Durand's b. c. Maidstone,
by Beningbrough, 4 yrs old 1 1
Sir E. Knatchbull's b. h. 6 yrs
old — — — 2 2

The county Members Plate of
50l. for horses, &c. that never won

the value of 20l. at one time; three
yr olds, 6st. six yr olds, 9st. 5lb.
Mares allowed 2lb.—4-mile heats.

Ld Sondes's b. c. Gift, by
Buzzard, 3 yrs old — 1 1
Mr. Morland's ch. c. by Pe-
gasus, 3 yrs old — 2 dr
Mr. Baker's ch. c. Elegant,
3 yrs old — — dis
Mr. Campbell's ch. g. Grog,
6 yrs old — — dis
Mr. Emden's b. f. Gipsy, 3
yrs old, started, and came in
first; but having won a Cup of
the nominal value of 50l. was
deemed disqualified.

On Thursday, the 25th, the City
Plate of 50l. for three yr olds, 6st.
12lb. and four yr olds, 8st. 7lb.
Fillies allowed 2lb. The winner
of a Match this year, carrying 2lb.
and of a Plate or Sweepstakes, 4lb.
extra.—2-mile heats.

Mr. Emden's b. f. Gipsy,
by Guildford, 3 yrs old — 1 1
Ld Sondes's b. c. Gift, 3 yrs
old — — — 2 2
Mr. Morland's ch. c. by Pe-
gasus, 3 yrs old — 3 3

Col. Lake's b. g. Arthur O'Brad-
ley, by Mercury, beat Capt. Love-
lace's gr. g. Harlequin, by Del-
pini, 12st. each—a Match for 50gs.

On Friday, the 26th, the County
Plate of 50l. for three yr olds, 5st.
four yr olds, 7st. 7lb. five yr olds,
8st. 7st. six yr olds, 9st. and aged,
9st. 3lb. Mares allowed 2lb. A
winner of one Plate or Sweep-
stakes this year, carrying 2lb. of
two, 4lb. of three, 6lb. extra.—4-
mile heats.

Mr. Emden's b. f. Gipsy, by
Guildford, 3 yrs old — 1 1
Mr. Watson's ch. h. Trom-
bone, 5 yrs old — — dis
Col. Lake's b. g. Arthur
O'Bradley, aged — dis

TEWKESBURY.

TEWKESBURY.

ON Tuesday, August 23d, a Sweepstakes of 10gs each, to which was added 25gs from the Race fund, for three yr olds, carrying 6st. 8lb. four yr olds, 7st. 9lb. five yr olds, 8st. 5lb. six yr olds, 8st. 9lb. and aged, 8st. 11lb.—2-mile heats.

Ld Grey's Edgar, by Trum-
pator, 5 yrs old — 1 2 1
Mr. Kellermann's ch. f.
Mary, 3 yrs old — 3 1 3
Mr. Craven's Frolick, aged 2 3 2

Sweepstakes of 5gs each, to which was added 25gs from the Race fund, for three yr olds, carrying 6st. 4lb. four yr olds, 7st. 5lb. five yr olds, 8st. 1lb. six yr olds, 8st. 8lb. and aged, 8st. 11lb.—heats, once round the Course.

Col. Kingscote's ch. c. by Y.
Woodpecker — — 1 1
Mr. Coventry's Jenny Spin-
ner, 6 yrs old — — 4 2
Mr. Lockley's Herschell, 3 yrs
old — — 5 3
Mr. Oldfeild's Matron, 6 yrs old 3 4
Mr. Dyott's Eliza, 5 yrs old 2 dr.

On Wednesday, the 24th, 50l. for all ages;—4-mile heats.

Hon. T. Coventry's ch. c.
Lismahago, by Acacia, 4
yrs old, 8st. 3lb. — 3 1 1
Mr. Stratton's br. g. Ban-
quo, aged, 8st. 8lb. 1 2 4
Mr. Adams's br. g. Clifton
(late Grinder) 6 yrs old,
8st. 5lb. — — 4 4 2
Mr. Smith's br. h. Citizen,
6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. — 2 3 3
Mr. Day's Matron, 6 yrs
old, 8st. 3lb. — — dis

EXETER.

ON Tuesday, August 23d, 50l. for any horse, &c. carrying

8st. 7lb. Horses bred in the county of Devon, allowed 3lb.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Lang's br. h. Borring-
don, by Twilight — 2 1 1
Mr. Brown's gr. g. Belcher 3 2 2
Mr. Branthwayt's b. h. Fop
(lamed) — — 1 dr

A Sweepstakes of 5gs each, 12st. —four miles. (15 Subscribers.)

Mr. Fellowes's Fuss, by Fidget 1
Sir S. Northcote's Badgery 2
Mr. Lyon's g. Chance — 3

On Wednesday, the 24th, 50l. for four yr olds, carrying 10st. 4lb. five yr olds, 11st. 6lb. six yr olds, 12st. and aged, 12st. 2lb.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Fellowes's Fuss, walked over.

On Thursday, the 25th, 30l. Newmarket Cup weights; viz. four yr olds, 7st. 11lb. five yr olds, 8st. 8lb. six yr olds, 8st. 13lb. and aged, 9st.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Fellowes's Fuss, by Fid-
get, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. 1 1
Mr. Brown's Belcher, aged,
9st. — — — 2 2

READING.

ON Tuesday, August 30th, the three yr old Plate was run for, but as it is not yet decided whether Col. Kingscote's c. by Y. Woodpecker, or Mr. Emden's f. by Guildford, won it, we cannot properly state the particulars.

On Wednesday, the 31st, a Sweepstakes of 15gs each, h. ft. with the 50l. Plate added, for four yr olds, 7st. 6lb. five yr olds, 8st. 1lb. and six yr olds, 8st. 7lb. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—2-mile heats.

Mr. Abbey's ch. f. Margery,
by John Bull, 4 yrs old 1 1
Mr.

Mr. Ladbroke's ch. m. Marianne, 5 yrs old — 2 2
 Mr. Coventry's ch. c. Lismahago, 4 yrs old — 3 3
 Col. Gower's br. m. Nut, by Transit, 4 yrs old — 4 4
 Mr. Lefevre's gr. m. by Trentham — — 5 dr

On Thursday, September 1st, 50l. for three yr olds, 6st. 9lb. four yr olds, 7st. 9lb. five yr olds, 8st. 4lb. six yr olds, and aged, 8st. 10lb.—2-mile heats.

Mr. Ladbroke's Marianne, by Mufti, 6 yrs old — 1 1
 Mr. Hyde's b. h. Busbridge, 6 yrs old — 5 2
 Mr. Prince's b. g. Heart of Oak, aged — 4 3
 Mr. Pain's Sally Rockingham, 5 yrs old — 3 4
 Mr. Coventry's ch. m. Jenny Spinner, 6 yrs old — 2 5
 Mr. Frogley's b. h. Tom Shuffleton, 5 yrs old — 7 6
 Mr. Howdill's b. g. Creeper, by Clarinet, aged — 6 dr

CHESTERFIELD.

ON Wednesday, August 31st, the Gold Cup, a Subscrip-

tion of 5gs each, for all ages;—four miles. (13 Subscribers.)

Mr. Marsh's bl. h. Pilgrim, by Restless, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. 1
 Mr. Glossop's f. Rival, by Sir Peter, 3 yrs old, 6st. 3lb. 2
 Mr. Sitwell's h. Fieldfare, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. — 3
 Mr. Edward's b. h. Meteor, aged, 9st. — — 4

Fifty Pounds for all ages;—2-mile heats.

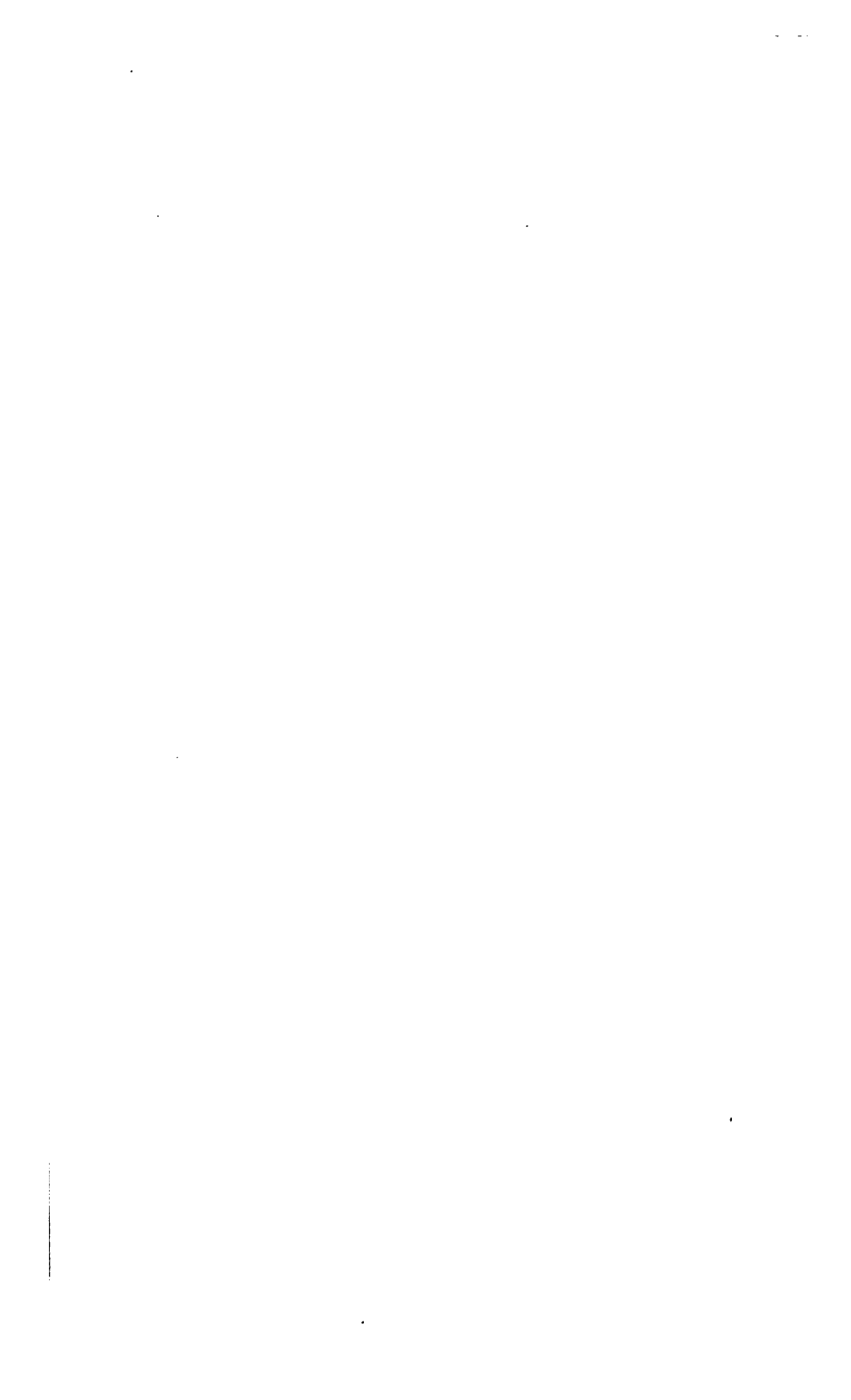
Mr. Atkinson's g. Lingcopper, brother to Surprise, by Buzzard, 5 yrs old, 9st. 5lb. — — 1 1
 Mr. Wentworth's ch. h. Joseph, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. 5 2
 Mr. Harris's c. Laudanum, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. — 3 3
 Mr. Coulson's b. f. sister to Swallow, ditto — 2 4
 Mr. Sitwell's b. g. Dart, ditto 4 ds

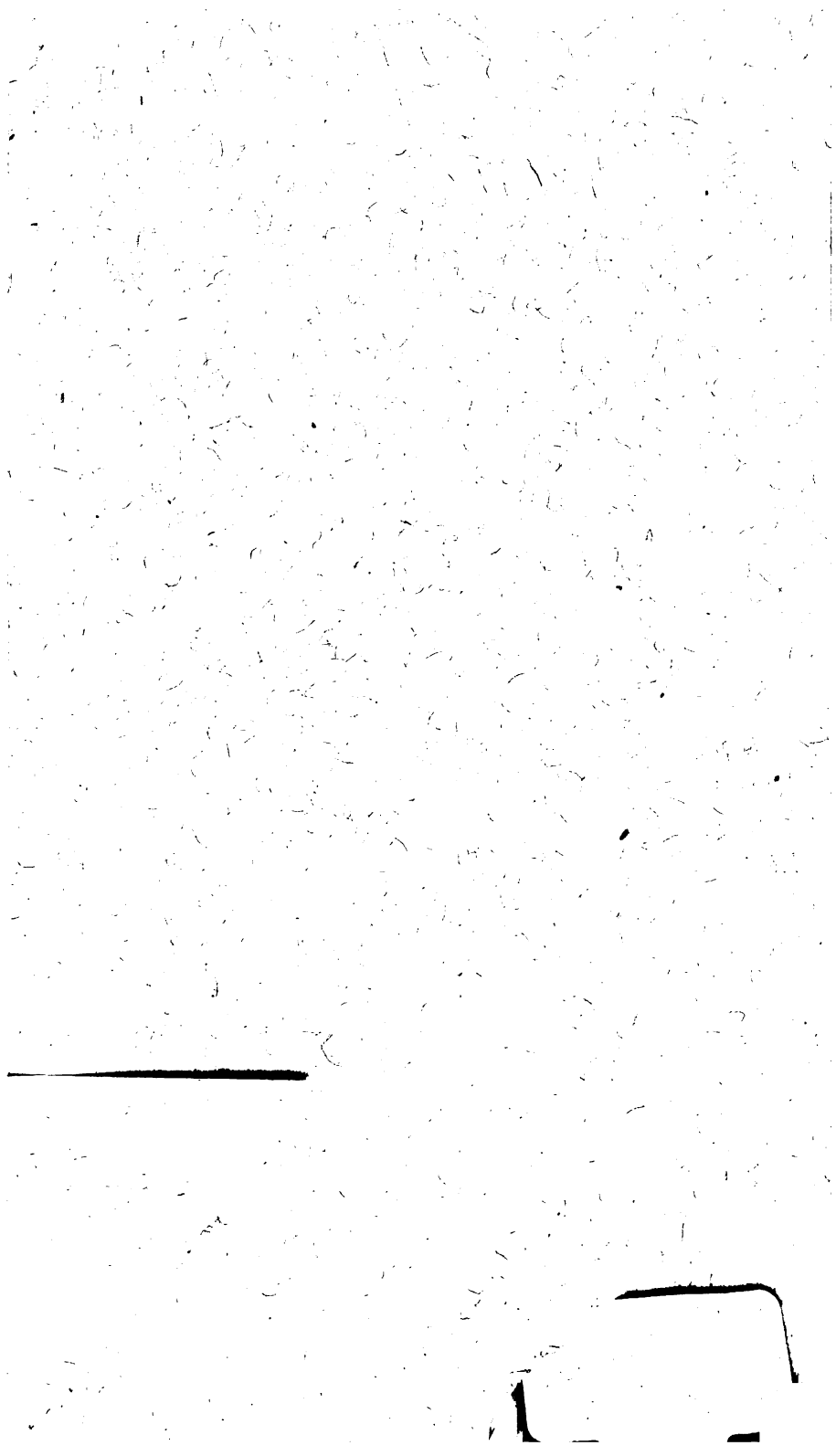
On Thursday, September 1st, 50l. for all ages;—4-mile heats.

Mr. Denham's b. h. by Walnut, out of Scotia's dam, 6 yrs old — — 1 1
 Mr. Sitwell's Fieldfare — 3 2
 Mr. Harris's Ormskirk, 4 yrs old — — 4 3
 Mr. Ackers's Handmaid, 3 yrs old — — 2 dr

75

76

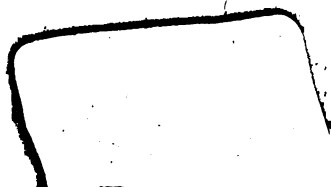




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